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MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXIII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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THE

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AND

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NOTICE.

The present number of this Magazine commences its twenty-second year, and thirty-third volume. The Proprietor would take this opportunity of thanking those subscribers who have continued their subscription from year to year, many of them during the whole of this long period. Such patronage assures him that the work has generally been acceptable to its readers, and has sustained the object for which it was established, — that of furnishing a Religious Periodical, of a useful and practical character, for Family Reading.

The Proprietor hopes that the Magazine will receive, the present year, an increase of subscribers, so much needed at the present time; especially as the cost of paper and printing has so much increased.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. JANUARY, 1865. No. 1.

"HYMNS OF THE AGES."*

HYMNS which commit themselves to our inmost memory, and cleave to it through all changes in joy and in sorrow, bearing in upon the soul truths deeper and more universal than those spoken in the creeds of the hour, furnishing it with the imagery which unrolls the scenery of heaven, and with the melodies which make audible to us beforehand its angelic harmonies, — these are the hymns of the ages. Not many such have ever been sung. Such as have been sung become more important to us than any other literature of human origin and composition in our own spiritual nurture, and the religious education of our children. The articles of a man's faith are comparatively external, made by the intellect for convenient handling, lying on the surface of his mind, or perhaps laid away in church-records to be used mainly by ministers and ecclesiastical councils. The very word, "articles," suggests something *articulated*, or cut up into convenient parcels by a process of the intellect. These are all very well; for believers and churches ought to put their convictions into as clear and definite forms as possible, always mindful that they do not become so fixed and frigid as to bar all growth, progress, and enlargement. But hymns touch the deeper fountains of our spiritual being. They reveal wellsprings of emotion to the consciousness, and give open-

* Hymns of the Ages. Third series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865.

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ings of higher and grander prospects than any sermons and liturgies, or any dogmas of theology. They suggest a great deal more than the bare words would convey in any other form, often a great deal more than dawned upon the intelligence of the singer himself, especially if he sings from a genuine inspiration. Indeed, the first gleams of a newly opening truth often come in this way. They rise seer-like upon the inward vision, or flow down through the soul in liquid melodies long before the creeds have received and fixed them in tangible form.

Domestic worship is the duty of every family; and every member of the family ought to have an active part in it. What right have we to be parents, unless we accept all the parental responsibilities and duties? But every parent is the high priest at his own domestic altar; and he is false to a most solemn trust, if there be no altar in his house, or if he suffer it to be deserted. There they are, a group of immortal beings, some of them young, tempted, and beset with snares, liable all of them to be invaded and whelmed by the tide of worldliness that sweeps over society. Every morning it is their duty, because it is their safety, to draw together, with mind and heart open to the influence that brings God near them, and his angels around them, as a camp of fire. A renewing, refining, and hallowing spirit, the spirit of prayer, begetting a sense of dependence, and of the divine omnipresence, will surely, though it may be gradually and silently, pervade the whole house, and abide in it, and be breathed into all the duties of the day. Coarseness of mind, vulgar manners, profane living, hard-eyed scheming, are evils always liable to come in and take possession of the house, and infest more or less all its members, unless the family is thus organized as a divine institution, that makes marriage and birth to be sweet and holy; unless the parents or the elder members regard the family as "the church in the house," and accept the beautiful office of priesthood at its altar.

Why, then, are these duties so often neglected and disregarded even by Christians, who acknowledge them in theory? It is not always from sheer worldliness. It is very often

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from a feeling of reserve and incompetency. We are not qualified, parents will say, to lead the devotions of the family, and make them edifying and delightful. Perhaps the memory goes back to an experience very unedifying and undelightful; of prayers mumbled as lip-service; of the Bible awfully droned out, and its grand old litanies (for such many of its chapters are) linked with degrading associations. This may be, though it is a very undevout spirit that will not find in any exercise, serious as all domestic worship must be, something good and true under its rudest forms. But there is no necessity even of these. Extemporaneous prayer should be only a part of the ritual of family worship. It should always be very short and comprehensive; and, if we lack words, there are the words in which Jesus taught his disciples to pray, which express every want we ever had or ever can have, and which are always at hand, as "vials full of odors sweet," to bear our thoughts and feelings to the Father's ear. Then the whole family, old and young, can read together, in alternation, from the Bible, using not all the same version, but different ones, — for instance, those of Noyes, Campbell, Norton, and Conybeare and Howson, — thus bringing forth ever fresh shades of meaning, approximating ever the mind of inspiration, and preventing the reading from becoming a matter of mere rote and custom. Questions and answers will occur, self-applications may be made, and not the words merely, but the facts and the imagery of the Bible, will be continually stored up in the memory; and its truths will be sure to come up, and utter themselves in days of temptation and trial.

But what we have specially in hand to say now is, domestic worship is the time and occasion for the hymn and the sacred song. It is all the better if they can be sung; but, whether sung or not, they should be *read;* and they will impart to the devotions of the family a marvellous richness, and will be a beauty and a joy for ever. Some book of devotional poetry, collected from the best sources, and wherever the Holy Spirit has struck the chords of the human lyre, should be ever at hand, should always accompany the Bible

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and the liturgy in the delightful ritual of the family altar. Some will bear to be read over and over, and have their imagery imprinted on the young mind, and glow in the imagination, and form ever afterwards the divine scenery of the soul, and attune it to heavenly music. In our opinion, words can hardly exaggerate the importance of this as a means of spiritual culture, and intellectual and moral refinement. To elevate and purify the taste, and unfold and sanctify the young imagination, is of vast consequence in this dusty and money-changing world. Nursery rhymes are well for very young children to commit to memory. But what we now recommend does vastly more than these. It furnishes the soul with its choicest and grandest imagery, — that which will be necessary to give power and vividness to the doctrines of faith, and bathe them in the emotions of the heart. Where there is no vision, the people perish; for, when faith has no imagery to give to it the substance of things not seen by the eye of flesh, it fades out from the mind, and we are in danger of sinking into unbelief and sensuality.

We want good devotional poetry, then, for other use than to sing in churches. We want it in our families; and we want it, above all, at the hour of domestic worship. Hymns for choirs do not supply this want. They are too limited in their range, and, for the most part, are selections and fragments from utterances which could not be given entire. Strains in which the poet's whole heart has flowed out of him, and which have not been cut up and altered for a special purpose, are what we need for private and family reading. There has been a dearth of such poetry, at least in any accessible form. Watts we could never leave out; but he has only two strings to his lyre, and one of these only vibrates to the divine anger. He never quite emerged from the old pagan conceptions about death and the grave; never "climbed where Moses stood, and viewed the landscape o'er." Montgomery is tender and sweet, and the Wesleys are fervid with Christian love; but there are chords which they never strike. It is very interesting to observe, that, in the devotional songs which have sung themselves within the last twenty-five years, we

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get views of the divine providence, of the work of Christ, of the divine paternity and immanence, of immortality as present and here, and not prospective, and over the river, given in tints which are more rich and varied, indicating the blushes of the new morning which is breaking upon the world.

During the last year, three new collections have appeared, each with its peculiar merits. Messrs. Longfellow and Johnson have revised their "Book of Hymns," or rather made a new one, which contains very delicious poetry. But they leave out the distinctive Christian element, though Christianity shines through their poetry in a reflected light, beautiful and pale. Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise" brings things out of his treasury which are new and old, and rich and rare. But much the best book, in our judgment, for the use which we recommend, is the third series of the "Hymns of the Ages," which has just been issued. It is the best of the three volumes which the compilers have given us. The second volume drew largely upon the quaint old English poets; and their verse was too hard and jagged to be wrought into our familiar trains of thought and feeling.

It is very evident that a different principle of selection and adaptation must govern in a compilation for choirs and churches from one which governs in a book for private devotion. Hymns to be sung, must needs be altered sometimes, — a part must be left out, and perhaps verbal alterations must be made, in order that the musical feet and pauses may be preserved. This, however, is delicate business, and often done without any show of necessity, and results in botching, and nearly spoiling some of our best hymns. But, in compilations for private use, the *ipsissima verba* ought to be given; and there is no excuse here for interpolating words and ideas into a writer's verses, and sending them forth again under his name. Sir Roundell Palmer has been careful to restore pieces which had been mutilated, to their first integrity; or, when this was not practicable, to point out where the seams and gaps had been made. The compilers of the "Hymns of the Ages," we believe, have never tampered with their authors,

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though they sometimes give us part of a strain, when the whole would have been better; and hymns which had fallen into barbarous hands, they have not always rescued, and restored to their pristine beauty. Why should they not have given us the whole of that first-class hymn of Gisborne, commencing with the line, "A soldier's course from battles won," especially as it had suffered grievous mutilation, and its richest and noblest stanzas been excluded from our church-collections? The Apocalypse describes the River of Life with waters clear as crystal, and on either side the trees growing in mystic rows, bending with fruit, and clothed with healing leaves, reflecting the sunshine that streams down from the throne. Gisborne uses these types to foreshow the peace of Paradise; but the compilers leave out the two stanzas best fitted to haunt the imagination. And why should we not have the whole of Cowper's aspiration for a closer walk with God, and for similar reasons; especially as all the stanzas are connected by the finest threads, and not one of them can be displaced, and not a word altered, without marring their perfect unity? We cannot make out that Sir Roundell has entirely restored this hymn, and effaced the marks of tinkering and botching. In Dwight's old collection, made sixty-five years ago, and soon after the hymn first appeared, we have, judging from internal evidence, the genuine reading, —

"Oh for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame;
And light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I *then* enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill."

By omitting the second stanza, so essential to the unity of the whole, and then altering the third line in the third stanza,

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substituting the words, "they have left," for "now I find," compilers have made Cowper say, that the aching void in him was occasioned by sweet memories and peaceful hours, and not, as he really does say just after, by the "sins" that drove from his breast the Holy Dove.

But worse barbarities have been practised upon Bryant. Compilers undertake to mend the rhythm of Bryant, whose verse flows like a clear brook, without a break or a gurgle, between banks of flowers. A song of consolation by him has become familiar in all our churches. We give the original as he wrote it, both because we are glad to grace our pages with it, and because it is good to look upon the face of a friend restored safe and sound, after having fallen into barbarous hands. We Italicise where the lines had been mutilated.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

Oh! deem not they are blest alone
Whose *lives* a peaceful tenor keep:
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are *promises of happier* years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though, with a pierced and *bleeding* heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each *sorrowing* day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

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There is just a shadow of reason for some of these alterations, to reduce the number of syllables, and adapt the lines to church-music, though the words are so liquid as to render this even unnecessary. Choirs could sing more easily of the "promises of happier years," than to hiss through the "*earnests*" of them, — a word which perhaps was never before used in the plural, and which never ought to be again, — and they could sing of "each sorrowing day" better than of "each *anguished* day," unless, like Demosthenes, they desire an exercise to improve their articulation by putting pebble-stones into their mouths. The original should have been faithfully given in such a coliection as the "Hymns of the Ages;" and the excellent taste of the compilers should have shown them, on the slightest reading, that Bryant could never have written such lines as they have given under his name.

The collection has hymns for a time of war, and a special department for old age. Madame Guyon's prison-notes breathe pensively out of the depths of the divine love in the soul, and show trial and suffering glorified therein. The compilers draw largely from living female writers, particularly Mrs. Stowe, Miss A. B. Waring, and Miss A. A. Procter. In these, there are indications of a broader religious experience, and of the old doctrines fusing into higher forms of faith in the warm glow and the mellowing light of the New Jerusalem. On pages 115–117 are two vesper-pieces, over the initials, "C. M. P.," published originally in the pages of this Magazine. Both are very sweet and graceful, but the second one we regard as perfect in its way; and, sung in the Spirit, and in the hush of the evening twilight, would render almost audible the chimes of heavenly bells, and "the brush of angel wings." We hope and believe that we are violating no propriety, when we credit them to Miss Charlotte Mellen Packard, whose contributions have been enough quoted and praised for her to reclaim what belongs to her.

In every collection of devotional poetry, there is more or less chaff along with the wheat. We suppose this is inevitable. Hymns are suggestive beyond the bare words, and

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sometimes touch deep springs of emotion in one mind, or unlock in it some secret door that opens adown long twilight halls of memory; when, to another mind, they are commonplace and cold. About one-third of the hymns in this volume we should pass over as second or third rate; but they may speak to the condition of some one, when, with us, they touch no such trains of association. We extract the best of Miss Procter's, leaving out a stanza which we think embodies false doctrine.

OUR TITLES.

Are we not Nobles? we who trace
Our pedigree so high,
That God for us and for our race
Created earth and sky,
And light and air, and time and space
To serve us, — and then die.

Are we not Princes? we who stand
As heirs beside the throne;
We who can call the Promised Land
Our heritage, our own;
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and his alone.

Are we not Kings? Both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of angels wait;
And so we watch and work and pray,
In more than mortal state.

Are we not holy? do not start:
It is God's sacred will
To call us temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill:
Our very food . . . Oh, hush my heart,
Adore IT, and be still!

O God! that we can dare to fail,
And dare to say we must:
O God! that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust, —
Can let such starry honors pale,
And such a blazon rust!

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Shall we upon such titles bring
The taint of sin and shame?
Shall we, the children of the King,
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish, by any meaner thing,
The glory of our name?

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIX.

CHRISTMAS.

"ERMUNTRE DICH, MEIN SCHWACHER GEIST."

My languid spirit, upward spring;
And, full of high emotion,
The Saviour, whom the angels sing,
Receive with glad devotion.
This is the night on which he came,
With infant form and humble name.
He will, through birth and passion,
Be Reconciliation.

Thou who rejoicest all my heart,
My sovereign good in living!
For all thy love, on my poor part,
What can I think of giving?
Lord, all I am, or can possess,
I render in my thankfulness.
Each joy and each disaster
Shall bind me to thee faster.

Though now unseen, thou com'st again,
With countless saints attending;
And every eye shall see thee then,
In clouds of heaven descending.
Then I, too, shall behold thee, Lord,
With glorious grace around thee poured;
And there, where God doth raise thee,
With all thy ransomed praise thee.

N. L. F.

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CHRISTIANITY A GLAD FAITH.

It must have struck you, I think, in reading the Christian Scriptures, that there is a peculiarity in speaking of *life*, as in the words I have just read; "life" here meaning not the body's life, but the soul's life. The living man is the good man, the bad man is the dead man: "dead in trespasses and sins." And this is not a figure, but a fact. It is not something which may be true, or may be false, and which the future world only will disclose, but a fact, — true now, and true always; a fact of our innermost consciousness and our hourly experience, and interwoven with all the business and relations of life.

Now, this only true life is the life of the Son of God. "In him the Life was manifest;" and the question arises, Who are members of his Holy Catholic Universal Church? We answer only for ourselves, Those who have his spirit. Thus our creed is simple and short. There is, strictly speaking, but one true Church in this city or in the wide world. Its "builder and Maker is God." — "Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone." Its members are that great household of faith, "the true worshippers," with all their vast variety of opinions, honestly held, who, according to Christ's own definition, "worship God in spirit and in truth." We must set aside, then, the multitudes whom no man can number, to whom all modes of faith are alike, since they are equally indifferent to all. We must also set aside those of every visible Church, whose religion is only a tradition or an inheritance, and who take possession of it as of a patrimonial estate, asking no questions, or who at best regard Christianity as a good civil institution, an admirable police arrangement, to keep society in order, and protect property and life, that we may sleep quietly in our beds. And we are hardly authorized by the New-Testament standard to enroll in this Church those who only regard Christianity as a historical phenomenon, — as the highest moral philosophy, — satisfying their understandings,

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their tastes, and in short their ideal of a perfect religion, but who feel no further personal interest. From this class, indeed, come some of the finest interpretations of Christianity, — descriptions of the character of Christ, like that of Rousseau, — which have never been surpassed; hymns, even, sung in almost every Christian Church, which it seems incredible should have come from any but saintly souls. Modern literature affords numerous illustrations. The explanation probably is, that a man's expressed sentiments are not always his real ones, — that the religious instincts never die out; and, in one of those devout moods which sometimes come to every man, those instincts assert themselves with great power, and the soul pours itself out in grateful hallelujahs or penitential Misereres. Alas that they should spring only from transient emotions, and not from settled habits of the soul!

It may be said that this is reducing the members of the true Church to very narrow limits. We answer, the limitations are not ours. Christ has himself given the definition of "true worshippers;" and John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," says, "He who hath the Son, i.e., the spirit of the Son of God, hath life; and he who hath not this spirit hath not life."

It becomes, then, a serious question, Why have not the classes we have mentioned, whom it is the very object of Christianity to convert, accepted this most simple, pure, and sublime faith? It is impossible here to give all the reasons. But one prominent one is — false representations of this faith. We do not mean false dogmatic representations, but false representations of its character considered as a moral faith, — a religion of the heart and life, which are prejudicial to its cordial reception.

Thus we sometimes hear views of this life, with its manifold relations, claiming, indeed, to have the sanction of Christ, but which seem to us morbid and exaggerated. There is a fault-finding spirit, which criticises the world's social enjoyments, with its absorption in business, or, as it is oftener called, "love of money," — its pride of intellect. It speaks of all these things in a hard and unfeeling manner, —

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without sympathy, without discrimination, and often in a tone of harshness and assumption. It is belligerent and artificially solemn, instead of conciliatory and serious. But if the religious spirit is to find its growth and development in human society, in all human employments, in its joys, griefs, temptations, and triumphs, it should have taken a hearty interest in every thing of the kind, not only as good and right in itself, but as absolutely indispensable to the proper development of character. It should have rebuked all excess. It should have encouraged the legitimate employment of every faculty, and the indulgence of every reasonable enjoyment. And all this because it is the stuff of which a true life is made, and constitutes "the beauty of holiness." Why should the natural world be so lovely, and the moral world so ghostly? A man is as much a saint in shining garments as in sackcloth and ashes. Our instincts, even our animal instincts, are not unclean things. They are God's promptings, — not the Devil's seductions. If it were possible to annihilate any one of them, our nature would only be stunted and dwarfed. Educate them, and they expand into flower and fruit.

It is strange that this hoary error should not have been extirpated long ago. The idea that this human life should be made so dreary, that the spiritual life may be made more heavenly, finds not the smallest countenance in Nature or in Christianity. The shining heavens, the green earth, every ray of light, every flower that opens to the sun, is a silent and ample refutation. And with these the teachings of Jesus perfectly correspond. If the impression is given that Christianity is characterized by a morose, gloomy, and litigious spirit, we must not wonder that religion itself should, with common consent, be banished from the parlor and the exchange, from the realms of literature, and wherever scholars do most congregate; that clerical gentlemen and strictly religious men should sometimes be jealously excluded from scientific, and even philanthropic associations. Even the illustrious Newton protested against The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge holding its meetings in the rooms of

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the Royal Society, saying, "It is a fundamental rule of the Society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give no occasion to religious bodies to meddle with us." We must not complain of empty pews and deserted communion-tables, if the one thing needful is presented as the one thing repugnant to all our natural tastes. The features of virtue should be radiant with celestial beauty; and we have always supposed that society was in no small degree indebted to Christianity for the amenities and graces of life; and that most men are quite as much edified by "glad tidings of great joy," and descriptions of the happiness of a true life, as by wailings over sin and its consequences. It is better to fill up the "army of the faithful" with loyal volunteers than with reluctant recruits by a forced draft.

If the only true Church is a Church in conformity with the spirit and life of Christ, then men must be brought into sympathy with the character of Christ. And it is in no cynical spirit that we say, that the expounders of Christianity have here often made only a one-sided representation of this character. They have dwelt too exclusively upon the suffering Christ, and too little upon the social and triumphant elements of his character.

The records of the Gospels are too full of Christ's active benevolence to suggest a doubt of his prevailing cheerfulness. The somewhat common impression, that he was severely serious, and had little sympathy with human life in its secular and social aspects, — with the glad feelings of human hearts, and the joy of festive occasions, — rests on very slender foundations. With the exception of the very brief period of his ministry when he was burdened with the heaviest cares, history and tradition are absolutely silent with regard to his character, except to hint that he was a precocious and remarkable boy. There is not a particle of evidence that he always wore a solemn and sad aspect, as some appear to think becomes a teacher from heaven. It was a very different type of men who long afterwards affected to walk in his steps, and, from the far-off loopholes of their sacred retreats, discoursed dismally of the vanity of this world.

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But here we are met by the argument of phrases, — Was not our Saviour "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"? We hear of his weeping: do we ever hear of his smiling? Now, such questions as these, coming from some persons, savor a good deal of cant; and, coming from others, reveal a very miserable conception of the character of Christ. A few incidents gathered from the brief memoranda of the Gospels answers them all. On one of those occasions which call forth the most exuberant manifestations of joy, he went not only as one of the guests, but heightened the festivity of the scene by a miracle of love: and we know from the domestic history of the Jews, that, at such times, there was always music and dancing; and, if he had disapproved of all such manifestations, he would either have expressed his disapprobation, or absented himself altogether. It would not increase our veneration for the Saviour to know that he never smiled. When he took little children in his arms and blessed them, we imagine there was something in that divine countenance very like a smile. Men forget our Saviour's position while on this earth. They forget that very serious occasions call forth very serious emotions. It has been remarked of the greatest men, that their faces often wear the expression of profound sadness. It would be strange if it were not so; if, when their souls were filled with, perhaps, the salvation of their country, and they were perilling life, fortune, reputation, every thing, — with the risk of failure in their glorious enterprise, — strange, indeed, if their faces were wreathed with smiles. Now our Saviour was engaged in an enterprise to which all others were comparatively insignificant, not the temporal salvation of a single people, but the spiritual salvation of a world. He was a young man: his time was short. He had not one friend who thoroughly understood him, or upon whom he could implicitly depend. The cross, too, threw its dark shadow before him. No wonder that he sometimes groaned in spirit, and felt that he was alone. But though always serious, and sometimes sad, he was never gloomy. He sympathized with Nature in all her joyous aspects. He pointed his disciples to the raven fed by a care-

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ful Providence, to the flowers clothed in surpassing beauty. The very fact, indeed, that he so constantly drew his illustrations from natural objects, is an indication, not of a gloomy and morose, but of a serene and cheerful piety.

We should not concede away all our integrity because our neighbor is virtuous, and can see nothing but sin. Because a man is sick with moral dyspepsia, or has a cataract in his eye, is not the light sweet, and a pleasant thing to see the sun? If *his* senses are dull, can *I* not enjoy the flowers, and bask in the sunshine?

We do not find, I think, in our human experience, that those persons are the most to be trusted, the most meek and heavenly in their dispositions or their lives, the bravest in the conflict, or the most victorious, who always wear a solemn face, and speak in a solemn manner, with their eyes lifted to heaven, and their hands on their hearts; who will eat no pleasant food; whose lives have no holidays; who prefer a fast to a festival, and, like the man in "Pilgrim's Progress," think that "religion consists in a great crying-out against sin;" who see God as the "King of kings," but seldom as God the Father; who delight in calling this world a wilderness, a prison, or a vale of tears, but never a home; and who almost justify the sarcasm of Byron, "What a pity that all things pleasant are sinful!"

We have quite as much confidence in that man whose piety is simple, natural and still; who rejoices in the sports and shouts of happy children; who believes that "God has given us all things richly to enjoy," and that we ought to enjoy them with moderation and gratitude; who sees God not only in the whirlwind and the fire, but in the still small voice of a ceaseless beneficence, and the million million tokens of a Father's love; "who no revenue has," perhaps, but "his good spirits" and manly soul, "to feed and clothe him;" who, in suffering all, seems to suffer nothing, and "whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, that they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger to sound what stop she pleases." This is the man we would seal for our friend. "His words are bonds, and his oaths oracles;" and he will pass for a true man the world over.

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Surely all the benignant features of Christianity may be presented, without injury to the strictness or solemnity of its principles. It is a faith as exhilarating as it is pure and uncompromising. Its very genius is love. It flies on swift wings to the beside of the dying. With gentle hands it wipes away the mourner's tears, and points to a happiness in heaven "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Who but one whose soul was "touched to fine issues," thrilling to every humane and tender emotion, would have proclaimed principles which will cleanse the world of every social wrong? No home in Judæa, that Jesus of Nazareth entered, but was made more glad by his presence. The strongest faith would sometimes break down but for the words of "good cheer" that come from the pages of the gospel. There is none too much, we will not say of mirthfulness, but of good-humor and contented cheerfulness in human society. There is much of tragedy in this mortal life. Though there may be no skeleton in every family, there is enough of carking care, of disappointment, of sickness and bereavement, in almost any ordinary life to call for all the energy and fortitude and patience and faith of the stoutest heart.

If, as the traveller Dr. Clark tells us, when he looked upon the ruins of its massive walls, and saw their harmonious adjustment, it was no fable that Thebes was built by Amphion's lyre; and that, both in ancient and modern Greece and Egypt, stupendous labor was always carried on with the accompaniment of music, — surely we may resort to similar means to lift the burden from the weary soul. The song of Deborah and the timbrel of Miriam animated the religious patriotism of their countrymen; and Christianity recognizes, as not among the least of her auxiliaries, all those joyous instrumentalities that lift up the sinking hands and strengthen the feeble knees of her heart-broken disciples. You have done a good deed, friend, which will shine far in a naughty world, when you have charmed away, though for a brief moment, physical suffering, or "some sick offence within the mind;" when you have comforted an aching head or an aching heart

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by even a pleasant word, or an otherwise insignificant act. "If," Emerson once said, "the lifting of a finger would save life, even that trifling action would be sublime." A sportive anecdote sometimes has a force as sacred as a Christian benediction. Every drop of cold water given to a thirsty disciple shall be counted to you for righteousness. Every ray of light which you send into the dark corner of a desolate soul shall illuminate your own soul with a glory caught from heaven. When you speak gently to the erring and the sinful, it shall be an assurance of pardon to yourself; for —

> "The quality of mercy is not strained:
> It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes."

THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

THE wolves led the sheep such a life, that, at last, they could scarcely exist; and it was absolutely necessary that the Government should interfere to save them. To this end a council was held. It is true the greater number of those present were wolves, but it is not every wolf that has a bad name; and there have been instances, which must not be forgotten, of wolves, when they were satisfied, walking quite peaceably past a flock. Why, then should not wolves be admitted into the council? for though we must protect the sheep, still we must not be unjust to the wolves. Accordingly, a council was formed in the thickest part of the wood, where the members deliberated, debated, heard evidence, and at last made a law, which was, word for word, as follows: — "As soon as a wolf is found troublesome in the neighborhood of a flock, and begins to annoy the sheep, then any sheep, without distinction of rank, has a right to take the wolf by the neck, and drag him instantly before the bar of the council. And nothing in this law shall be added or taken away."

"But though it is said that wolves are liable to punishment," is the fabulist's conclusion, "I find that, let the sheep be accusers or accused, the wolves still devour them." — *The Russians at Home.*

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THE ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.

A SERMON FOR NEW YEAR, BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D.

EZEK. xiv. 9: "I the Lord have deceived that prophet."

YESTERDAY the year was old, and ready to expire. Then the thoughts naturally looked backward. The space that had been traversed was measured by the reflective mind. The past spoke to us, and questioned with us, and seemed to shake its shadowy finger at us as it flitted away. Something of the solemnity that naturally belongs to age and the end, to the considerations of time's flight and nature's necessities, could scarcely fail to have fallen upon those hours. As we come together on this first day and first Lord's Day of the new year, a different train of thought is the one most readily suggested. We look forward rather than behind, when a fresh course of opportunity seems to be opening with a fresh account of time. Expectation now takes the lead, instead of memory. Hope and fear preside over what is but just begun. They are the angels of the future; and as they bend over the closed ark of its covenant, like the cherubim in the Jewish sanctuary, they touch each other with their shining and dusky wings. When a new era commences, — even such an era as the annual birth of the sun, — we all become prophets; some true ones, and some false. We wonder what the year will disclose for us. We surmise what may happen, if we do not predict what *shall*. What a wild sweep of conjectures, fancies, and desires, plays over that prospect! One person is calculating the probabilities of events. Another, without considering what is probable, is drawing largely upon fortune. The simple and credulous have been busy, perhaps, with arts of divination, such as the cast of an accident, the turn of a leaf or card, a spark in the fire-place, or a shadow on the wall. Are not these as respectable, though not honored so much, as the superstitions that led the Roman augurs to watch the flight of swallows, and moved the great King of Babylon to shake together his

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arrows at the parting line of his march, that he might decide, by the fall of the lot, whether he should turn his arms against Rabbath of Ammon, or Jerusalem itself. The inquisitive, whether wise or not, whether trustingly or not, are asking after the signs of the times. The venturous and sanguine are projecting their plans over the uncertain months; some meaning to "go into such a city, and continue there," and some resolving to be prosperous enough at home. The light-hearted anticipate the joy that is in reserve for them. The public-spirited meditate the improvements that shall be carried forward in the community. The affectionate have been engaged in hopes and prayers that their friends may be spared and blest. Young persons look forward to the advantages of being a year older, which, by and by, they will not be anxious to count. The elders look forward also to the compensations and comforts, that, through God's mercy, the extremest age does not forbid. Important changes of condition fall within the view of many, so as to fill them with visions of the fairest hope. The ambitious breathe a new aspiration after eminence. The unfortunate will mend their condition. They who know that they have not done as they should, mean to retrieve their forfeits. They who are elated with the success that they have won already, say that the coming period shall differ from the present only by being "more abundant." The imaginative build shining houses out of the cloud, that may be driven away by the wind, or dissolve upon them in sorrows. These are they who foretell pleasantly. How many there are, on the other hand, whose dread prevails over their confidence! They forebode. They tremble. They would hold their minds back, if they could, from the coming days, that they do not love to contemplate, and of which they cannot discern the forms. But they are impelled to gaze, and they cannot choose but inwardly prophesy. We are all soothsayers and diviners now. Every spirit is a prophet, when there lies before its sight what it must venture on, and may guess at, but cannot decide.

Having dwelt thus long on this part of our subject, I pass to a second, — that we are all ready to complain, more or

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less, in one way or another, of being deceived in our heart's wish and prediction by the courses of the world. Events do not correspond to our anticipations, and we call our state a scene of impositions. The illusions of life are a general topic of lamentation. The disappointed dwell on it, and even they who are only afraid that they shall be disappointed. Some take it up sentimentally, and with a sort of poetic sadness; while others repeat it bitterly, as if it were the hard lesson of many a wreck and disaster. Some, while they say it, reproach Providence; some but mourn over what they conceive to be the necessary order of things; and some hardly know what they intend to say. It is very observable that the youthful are more apt to enlarge upon it than they who have had a longer and wider knowledge of what they blame; and this looks as if the change arose rather from fancy-sickness than from any sober judgment of what actually takes place. But still the cry is, We are beguiled; we live in a condition of deceits; we were made but to be the dupes of unreal appearances and the sport of strong accidents. Now, we must admit something of what is here set down to be true; for it would not be so common a sentiment, if there were really nothing to sustain it. We do admit almost the whole; differing from the complainers chiefly in the different light, in which we set their complaint. We, prophets (and every one here is such), *are* perpetually deceived. We are going forward, and we look further than we step; and, as we bend our eyes upon the future, we shape it into a thousand things that will never happen. We devise projects that will come to nought, or that we shall lose even the will to execute. We expect what will not be bestowed. We promise, and there shall be no performance. We predict, and it shall be ordered otherwise. We shall find something different from what we sought. We shall accomplish something different from what we intended. The will of the Most High will be wrought, while we are pursuing our own. What we determine will be set aside. What we feel assured of will fail. Unlooked-for results will be likely to come out from the deep uncertainty that overhangs us. We may be dis-

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appointed even in attaining our desire. If the past has not contented us, we have small likelihood of being content with what is coming; and if our whole being is an enigma, and what we have actually been through we but imperfectly understand, how must our view be at fault, and our contrivance baffled, when they presume to guess at the hidden, and touch the impalpable of distant days! Yet so presuming are we. We insist where we have no claim. We make compacts, as we think, with time and fate, and call ourselves deluded, if those compacts are not kept.

In saying this, it must not be forgotten that there is a good sense in which we may be diviners; that there is a sense, in which every one *must* be prophetic, or he is not human. Our natural understanding reflects, that it may the better foretell. Our natural affections, while they cling, aspire. Why do we observe, but to prognosticate? Why do we study the effects that have been produced aforetime, but to avail ourselves of that science in discerning and governing effects that shall be produced hereafter? Our knowledge has two faces, and one face is forward. We must not overlook that. We must not, from a sleepy humility and a paralyzing mistrust, deny our birthright. We are not carried along blindly. There is a spirit of prescience in us. The best part of our domain and dominion does not lie behind, but on. There are visions for the soul in that far distance,—visions that are neither shades nor fables; clearer than the sun ever lighted, more substantial than any golden treasures that ever flashed back that sun's rays. The majesty of our nature is not revealed till we recognize it there. Our reason, as it grows pure, is endowed with a divine eyesight. Our heart bears the imprint of an immortal seal. We may as well cease to breathe, as cease to predict. It is our distinction that we can do it at all. It is our highest skill when we exercise that privilege reverently and wisely. God forbid that we should throw any disparagement upon this great prerogative of our race, that connects us, as of one intelligence, with all the sages and seers of the oldest and the latest generations! I would not disclaim the rightfulness, or asperse the joy, of prefiguring what is to be-

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tide us, of conversing with the spirit and fortunes of advancing days. I exclude nothing of this ennobling sort, when I speak of the presumption of those who are calculating selfishly, or making proud demands, or indulging in wild and indolent fancies, on that doubtful futurity, which we should all contemplate, but with submission. It is when a person has been thus venturous and thus simple; when he has encouraged himself beyond what our mortal experience warrants; when he has committed himself beyond what a holy prudence allows; when his imagination or wilfulness has run riot, or his feeble and timid disposition has shrunk away in a corner, to try after a dreamy slumber, — that he will be most inclined to be hard on the illusions of life, and to throw out dark hints as if the Lord of the world had deceived him. And he *has* deceived him, though not in a way to furnish any apology for the repining. As the text set it forth: "I the Lord have deceived that prophet." This will sound like a strange doctrine. How can it be, that the God of truth deludes his creatures? Is it not an inconsistency to say so? Is it not an impious reproach against his pure majesty? Not, surely, when we understand it aright; and we shall so understand it, when we divide the assertion into two points. The first is, God has so disposed the elements of our nature, that whoever puts them to irregular exercises, or disturbs the balance of their propriety, will be misled thereby, through the very sensibilities and faculties that the creating wisdom has ordained. The second is, God so guides the course of events, that they will inevitably deceive those who are pressing their own devices, and calculating selfishly their chances, and arrogating the fulfilment of their vain hearts' desires, without reference to his purposes, and in opposition to his commandments.

Look first at your own nature, and observe how that is constituted; how long-sighted it is, how long-handed it is; how benevolently endowed. What a noble distinction is that which sets before us continually an ideal perfection, that we must strive after, but never attain; an eternal reality, though nowhere but in the mind, and before which every

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thing actual is trivial and poor! What a beautiful power is the imagination, as it paints its glowing pictures for us, and calls up its moving figures of enchantment for us, and sets a brighter world within the cloudy circumference of this! It crosses with its magic intervals the weariest life, and visits the wanderer and the sufferer and the darkened captive, with repose and rejoicing and the sweet free light. How blessed is the principle of hope! — that immortal tenant of shaking walls; proving that there is one thing at least on earth, which, like God's holy one, cannot "see corruption." It is always saying, "Be of good cheer." It is always pointing towards something better than the present. Who can tell how it invigorates the faint, and inspires the discouraged? It is a substitute for what we lose. It is an alleviation of what we suffer. It makes impossible what would otherwise be the utter prostration and despondency of the mind. But all these beneficent preparations for our advancement and happiness we may pervert, and do pervert. Because the ideal cannot be transformed into the actual, some say there is a deception, and fall into repining. They feel it as a wrong, that the absolute, the unchangeable, is nowhere presented in the vessels of earth and scenes of time. Others give the supreme place to the pleasant powers of the fancy. They set the chief value on what is not only unattainable, but altogether unreal and untrue. They live in a false state; and, when its spells are broken, they complain that they have been deluded. Others, again, give their expectations a wrong direction or an extravagant heat, and, because they are never satisfied, declare that they have been treacherously treated. In all these instances, they change to their hurt what was meant for their good. They turn their own nature into an impostor. They deceive *themselves* by their mistake and abuse of those laws which God gave that the faithful might be made to stand, while the disobedient are left to stumble in them. Again, and in a like way, with respect to the disposal of the year's changing fortunes, the Sovereign Ruler deceives those who trust in themselves rather than in him. That is, he gives them up to their *self*-deceiving. By

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rapid movements, by unlooked-for disclosures, by the slow and secret workings of his providence, he disconcerts their enterprises, he crosses their expectation, he smites their pride. Those who are absorbed in their passionate interests, he abandons to all the mortification of their defeat or the emptiness of their success. There are no safes for their treasures, there are no vouchers for their promises, there is no security for their lives. Their comforts are defenceless, their feelings are open to ravage. Their swelling predictions will be struck dumb with shame. The Lord hath deceived those prophets. "He frustrateth the tokens of such soothsayers, and maketh the diviners mad." We know that nothing can content the insatiable; that nothing can bless the thankless; that nothing can accord with harsh tempers, or run even with crooked ways. Let us reflect also that nothing in heaven or earth engages to respond to unreasonable desires, or *can* go right, with a base spirit and an iniquitous intent.

The doctrine, which the discourse now submitted to your attention would impress, is, in few words, this. The soul, and the God who made it, and the order of Providence that rules over mortal things, are all true: their assurances are "yea and amen," if we are duly observant and subject. And, on the other hand, they will all appear delusive together, — the world a cheat, the heart a seducer, and the spirit of the Lord a mocking spirit, — as long and as far as we are obstinate in our errors, insolent in our claims, untaught and unreconciled. Let us lay this to our hearts, as we are entering on the new path and uncertain hopes of another year. Let us bring no charges of fraud or guile against our lot. Such charges do but recoil against the accuser. We must lie under laws, if we would inherit promises. The moderate and confiding will never fear being imposed on. They will be always looking rather on the most gracious fulfilments. "Covet earnestly the best gifts," and you will not be sent empty away. There are no fallacies but of men's own framing; men who, like the persons alluded to in the text, pretend to speak oracles while their lips are profane. Oh, be not like these! Give more pains to

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prepare for the future than to guess at it. Therein is the best of prophecies, — prophecies that no events of time shall go counter to, and no length of time can bring to nought. They shall be the truest prophets, who read the future from the instructions of the past. They shall be the *happiest* prophets, who have lived that past well. God will not suffer such to be deceived in their judgment, or to be cheated of their hope. And consider that this very day, through which we are now moving, will, in a few hours, be with the past: turn your use of this, this single one, then, into a blessed augury. Mark it deep with signs of heavenly promise, signalize it with convictions of truth, with resolutions of duty. Think of the objects for which God gave you life. Think of the purpose for which Christ gave himself up to death. Let not the young year grow gray over any habit of transgression, making it but the more desperate. Do not put away a day's preparation for that world to come, whose duration makes the "pyramids but pillars of snow, and all that is past but a moment." Take holy vows upon you. Fix in your hearts the principles and the expectation of the just. Those principles submit to no changes of season or condition. That expectation will be fulfilled in eternal life, when all the beautiful forms of this world's delight shall lie in cold ashes.

We may make an idol even of truth; for truth, apart from charity, is not God: it is his image and a representation (*une idole*), which must not be loved or adored; still less must we love or adore its opposite, which is falsehood. — *Pascal.*

Nature has her perfections, to show that she is the image of God; and her defects, to show that she is *only* the image. — *Ibid.*

Faith treats of things upon which the senses are silent, but not of things opposed to their evidence. It is above, but not contrary to them. — *Ibid.*

Nature has a tendency to reproduce herself. A grain thrown into good soil multiplies. A principle planted in a sound understanding yields fruit. — *Ibid.*

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XX.

NEW YEAR.

"WIE VIEL WIR JAHRE ZÄHLEN."

Melody: "Nun ruhen alle Wälder."

So many years of living
As God has yet been giving,
Now fail from life's amount;
And strength is disappearing,
As age is nearing, nearing
Its work and gain of small account.

And as this year is failing,
The path the earth is sailing,
To shorter daylight grown;
So hastes, with it to perish,
What Time must breed and cherish,—
Time, by which all is overthrown.

As one year in its going
Has others in its showing,
The old points on to new;
The sun we saw descending,
And with the shadows blending,
Soon climbs aloft the morning blue;

So, too, though we grow older,
And hand and thought grow colder,
We forward look, elate.
The deeper the declining,
The nearer to the joining
With the unseen, eternal state.

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Oh thou, the ever-living,
Through whose death we're surviving
All count of years and time;
With thee live all thou savest,
For whom thyself thou gavest,
And chosest to thy realm sublime. N. L. F.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER I. — BIOGRAPHY.

I HAD passed the middle period of life when I first went to Morning Side. Adjoining it was an estate which had then fallen into my possession; and, as the place took my fancy, I resolved to make it my home. It was less than half a mile distant from Morning Side, — a fact which seemed to us no small attraction when we left the city to take possession of the farm.

I well remember that I had some misgivings as to the wisdom of this step. But I gratefully feel that I never made a better move in my life. I do not refer to the common-places about the advantages of freeing one's self from the perplexities of business, and of enjoying the quiet of a rural home. We like to be sure, first of all, whether, after the excitements of town-life, one can keep his nature alive in the country. Had it not been for an unexpected intimacy I formed there, which gave a higher pitch to the key-note of my life, I fear I should have followed the example of those who relinquish city activity for rustic torpor.

I think no traveller among the hills in the interior of New England can pass Morning Side, without noticing its picturesque situation. The house stands on an eastern slope of a long but gentle declivity, a few rods distant from the road; and the broad spreading elms each side of the chief avenues give a rich, sumptuous air to the place. It is elevated so high above the surrounding country, that, from its front door,

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the spires of nearly a dozen churches are distinctly seen; and the entire outlook, from the cleanly cultivated fields close around, to the varied contour of the remote mountain-range, hardly ever fails to arrest and please the eye.

The old homestead itself has not much to boast of. It belongs to that class of dwellings which look as if the top half of each had obliquely slidden off, and been spirited away; leaving a long roof sloping almost to the ground. This style of architecture, very common a hundred years ago, brought by our fathers from England, and often seen, I am told, in the hamlets of that country, is not without an element of homely common sense. Presenting a wedge-like shape to the bleakest quarter, how the most furious blasts went careering over such a house, only holding it firmer to the foundation, without hazard of those accidents of unroofing and overturning which sometimes happen to more symmetrical and aspiring structures!

I believe I never asked how long the Ashtons had lived at Morning Side. I found them there when I first knew the place. The old folks had lately died, leaving a memory much honored for the manner in which they made the refinements of city-life shed a grace around that rural home, and, in the case of Mrs. Ashton particularly, for a strength of mind, and high culture, not often surpassed either in country or in town.

Arthur was their eldest son. He was his mother's boy, resembling her in delicacy of organization, in quickness of penetration, and soundness of judgment, and a sort of electric sympathy with the best side of every thing.

I used to think, when I saw his slight frame, his fine skin, his thin silken hair, his clear blue eyes, in which gleamed the force of a rare strength of will, that he had been dropped down in the wrong place. But I am not so sure of that. Perhaps we do not stop to think what we mean, when we say that powers are wasted which are not known and praised by the world. Who can believe that notoriety adds any thing to the greatness of a noble life?

On my removal into the country, I could not but notice

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what a mark Arthur Ashton had already made on the minds of all who knew him. Not only in the village, — a mile and a half distant, — but far around Morning Side, there was a deference and affectionate respect with which every one approached him, altogether singular, I thought, towards a young man twenty-four years of age.

In my first estimate of his character, I hardly did him justice. To tell the truth, I thought it an easy matter to get a local country reputation. But I had not had a half-dozen conversations with him before I shared the general feeling.

Besides, I have somewhat changed my opinion of a judgment of character formed in the country. It seems to me to be under far less bias of factitious standards than in the city; and I believe we may pretty confidently accept for true steel what the free polarity of a hundred unsophisticated minds certifies to be such.

Arthur had been through college, which he left, as I have been informed, with much honor. He must have carried there the seeds of a wisdom which college-life in general, I fear, does but little to mature, and less to implant. He was something better than a knowing man. Of this the tones of his voice testified. I am not sure I can go so far as those who affirm that the voice is an infallible betrayer of character; that logic, sciolism, æsthetic culture, each mental and moral state, has a tone of its own, by which it is at once recognized: still, it must be acknowledged, that the ear has mystic and cunning ways of judging. While Arthur's conversation had the precision and ease of a cultivated man, there was a sort of undertone that had a strange fascination. It was at once felt to be the natural echo from a deep loving heart.

In Arthur Ashton, every one observed, also, a healthy and sustained enthusiasm in his daily employments. What he found to do, he did with his might. It was through the earnestness of his nature. Of course, at this late day, no one needs be told that farming is something more than mere physical toil, and gives scope to all the knowledge and science that can be brought to the subject. What surprised me in him was the rapidity with which he obtained and applied, at

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the right moment, information relating to the manifold operations of dairy-produce, fruit-culture, cattle-breeding, hay-curing, root-raising, grain-growing; all of which were perpetually assuming varying interests, according to markets, and the general progress of agricultural knowledge.

He was not a mere book-farmer. He had that practical sagacity which culls success out of theory; and he appeared to me to be amassing and distributing a whole encyclopædia of information relating to that business, which, as it was the first natural occupation of man, seems to touch both nature and man at more points than any other pursuit.

What walks we have had together! A favorite stroll was to the rear of his house, then skirted by a forest, thickly wooded with oak, chestnut, and maple, through which avenues had been opened,—the scene of many a rustic merry-making, and of serious talks when he and I would stray there to catch the last rays of the setting sun, pouring its golden light through the Gothic arches of the grand old trees. Oftentimes we sauntered half a mile down the road to a brook that gathered the waters from a wide circuit; and as they poured over precipitous rocks, or glided along a pebbly shore, they formed a glad, sociable stream, in harmony with some of our varying moods.

One other attraction for our steps I must not omit to name. This was a glen two miles distant, where was an abrupt gorge amid the high hills, which on two sides presented a perpendicular wall, forty or fifty feet high, and twice as many apart, all covered with moss and ivy. Through its partial gloom from overspreading trees, and its silence, broken only by the cry of the cat-bird, or the dripping of water, it was as a solemn temple,—"fit for worship," as Arthur often said.

With like distinctness do I remember some of our walks over his farm. At every step, he revealed his manifold and exuberant life. In one field, he had tried a new agricultural experiment; in another, he had detected a sly freak of Nature; his fruit-trees were pets to which he imputed a sort of personal consciousness and will; there was not a note of the robin, the bluebird, the martin, which he did not observe,

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and seem in his heart to respond to; nor was there a plant that we passed, from the dandelion and buttercup of the meadow, to the burdock and tansy that grew by the wayside, or the sunflowers that seemed to be always peeping over the walls to observe us, of which he did not have some pretty little bit of natural history to relate.

Ah! yes: those were happy days; and few pictures more dear have I laid away in my memory than those which Morning Side then supplied, when some bright, dewy sunrising saw Arthur drive his team a-field to overturn the green-sward in long furrows, which yielded their fresh earth-smell at every step, or when, at the close of a warm afternoon, he came up the lawn with loads of the sweet-scented new hay, or when at eventide he would sit at the front door, with his brothers and sisters around him; and the full moon, and the scream of the night-hawk, and the distant note of the whip-poorwill, and the gleam of the lightning-bug, were the accompaniments of a scene of surpassing peace and joy.

These scenes have all passed away. It was only for a brief period that they were known. As we look back upon departed joys, we sometimes wonder they left us so soon; and to many a stricken heart it may even seem as if Nature at times shows herself to be a jealous step-mother, in snatching our blessings at the moment we are enjoying them the most.

It is but a passing feeling. We re-assure ourselves by the conviction, that her relation to us is primal; that her great maternal heart is without waywardness; that it is from the depth of her infinite love that we have had the blessing for a while, and then its precious remembrance for ever; that she allows nothing to pall upon the appetite; that this perpetual shifting of events proves how inexhaustible are her resources, while time may show the new to be even better than the old. After all, the only defect is with ourselves, who, dazzled by what has been so bright before us, can, for a while, see nothing better and nothing other than the old.

(To be continued.)

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JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, AND UNITARIANISM IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded.)

THE external happiness of Dr. Priestley's life was now to be interrupted, though the inward, founded on the love of God and man, could never be. Notwithstanding his friendship for Franklin, and his well-known adherence to the liberal side in the discussions relative to America, he had hitherto incurred no especial hostility from the party in power. He had even twice been offered a pension from the government, by those who were supposed to have influence to obtain it; but in each case declined, preferring that the expense of his scientific researches, when it went beyond his own means, should be aided by the unasked contributions of his many friends, rather than risk his independence by becoming a pensionary of government. But now the world beheld with wonder and awe the commencement of that revolution in France, which, at once gathering strength, and goaded into madness by the opposition it encountered, was to deluge, not only France, but all Europe, with blood. At first, however, the progress of that revolution was hailed with delight by the noblest spirits in every nation. The destruction of the Bastile, the stronghold of time-worn oppression, was considered a suitable occurrence to be commemorated as the leading event of the mighty drama then in progress. On its third anniversary, the 14th of July, 1791, the friends of liberty in England hailed it with public celebrations. For that, in Liverpool, Roscoe furnished his famous ode, beginning

"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France
See the day-star of Liberty rise;
Through the clouds of detraction unsullied advance,
And hold its new course through the skies.
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
All Europe with wonder surveys;
And, from deserts of darkness and dungeons of night,
Contends for a share of the blaze."

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But, while this triumphant strain was resounding at Liverpool, at Birmingham a mob, infuriated by political and religious bigotry, were laying sacrilegious hands on the temple of God, and destroying the house, the library, and the instruments of a peaceful Christian philosopher, because he was known as one of the champions of freedom.

About two years before, Dr. Priestley had preached and printed a sermon on the subject of the Test Act, — the harsh law, since repealed, by which Unitarians and other Dissenters were subjected to disabilities. This sermon led to a controversy with two of the clergymen of the town, in which they maintained those high doctrines with regard to the powers of government which seemed more worthy of the days of Charles II. than of a century after his time. This controversy served to mark Dr. Priestley and his church as the objects of popular hate. The mob found occasion for its violence in the celebration, by the liberal party, of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. Although Priestley had little to do with this, the rioters, encouraged, it was said, by some persons in power, burned the meeting-house in which he preached; then another meeting-house, and then his dwelling, demolishing his library and apparatus. His own life, and that of one of his sons, were in imminent danger. He had to escape from Birmingham. He says himself: "If, instead of flying from lawless violence, I had been flying from public justice, I could not have been pursued with more rancor, nor could my friends have been more anxious for my safety. One man, who happened to see me on horseback, on one of the nights in which I escaped from Birmingham, expressed his regret that he had not taken me; expecting, probably, some considerable reward, as he said it was so easy for him to have done it." He was earnestly advised to disguise himself on his way to London; but this he would not do, consenting only to the necessary precaution, that the place taken for him in the mail-coach should be in another name than his own. Arriving in London, it was some time before his friends would allow him to appear in the streets, fearing that party rage would follow him even there.

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He obtained from the laws of his country some reparation, though inadequate, for the losses he had sustained; and for three years continued to reside in London, and its neighborhood. His energetic mind was unbroken by personal suffering, and the sense of popular odium.

The hour of adversity brought to view the kindness of his friends and the zeal of his admirers. Liberal donations were made to repair his losses; addresses of sympathy were sent to him from various sources in England, and from abroad. In France, the privilege of citizenship was conferred upon him; and he was invited by several constituencies — as he says, from a mistake of his talents and disposition — to represent them in the National Convention. He was soon invited to become the successor of Dr. Price, at Hackney, near London.

Dr. Priestley now printed an Appeal to the Public, with reference to the outrage at Birmingham; and, as this was replied to by those who found themselves implicated, a second Appeal in defence of the first. But he soon rose above all personal subjects of controversy, to defend that religion which he was falsely accused of assailing. He published answers to Wakefield's attack on the institution of public worship, and to Evanson's book on the "Dissonance of the Gospels." Besides these, he brought out "Letters to the Swedenborgian Society," "Letters to the Philosophers and Politicians of France on the Subject of Religion," and "Sermons on the Evidences of Christianity."

He wrote also a "Reply to Mr. Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution." He shared, with thousands of the best of his countrymen, a deep interest in the progress of events in France; but France was still at peace with England, and Louis XVI., though with diminished power, was still recognized as king. When the French complimented Priestley with the offer of citizenship, he replied, not by a political essay, but by a series of "Letters on Religion;" thinking that the popularity he had gained with them might give weight to his words, when he spoke of that great theme. Had they followed such guidance, instead of that of atheists and de-

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bauchees, the history of the next twenty years would not have been written in blood.

Dr. Priestley had established himself at Hackney, with the hope that there would be his home to the end of life; and with delight had entered a new laboratory, where his friends, and the friends of science, had provided instruments to take the place of those that had enriched the world with so much of chemical knowledge. But he soon found that a quiet home in England was not for him. The intolerance of party was now heightened by the advance of revolutionary principles in France, and the actual commencement of war with that country. Dr. Priestley found himself denounced and calumniated, the business prospects of his son injured, and his friends exposed to danger on his account. He therefore determined to leave England for the United States. He arrived in New York on the 4th of June, 1794.

His reception in this country was highly gratifying. Many persons came to meet him at his landing, and he received addresses of compliment from various societies, both in New York and Philadelphia, which was then the seat of the general government. At Philadelphia, he was offered the station of Professor of Chemistry, by a unanimous vote of the Trustees of the University; and from New York a request was sent him to return and open a place for Unitarian worship. But, declining these flattering offers, he chose a more retired home. The place he fixed upon was Northumberland, on the banks of the Susquehanna, in a region where his sons and other friends then proposed an extensive purchase of land, for the settlement of English emigrants.

In this retreat, to which he was attracted in part by the beauty of its scenery, he devoted his time, as in crowded Birmingham, partly to scientific experiments and partly to theological study and writing. He sent forth to the world, from time to time, the results of his researches in both these fields of labor. The defence of Christianity occupied no small portion of his thoughts. In 1796 he delivered in Philadelphia a series of discourses on the "Evidences of Revelation," which were numerously attended by the execu-

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tive officers of the government, and the members of Congress. While at home, he conducted religious services on Sundays in his own house, for his own family and the few who sympathized with him. From this beginning, the number of attendants increased to the formation of a small society in the little town, which still holds its place on the list of our Unitarian churches. The design was at one time entertained of establishing a college at Northumberland, of which he was requested to take the Presidency. He accepted this proposal, with the condition that his labors should be gratuitous. He contemplated assisting the institution as lecturer, and by allowing it the use of his library and apparatus. The scheme, however, met with financial obstacles, and never went into operation. He was offered, some time after this, the Presidency of the University of Pennsylvania, but declined the charge.

Once more his name became connected with politics, when the great struggle came on which resulted in the downfall of the Federal administration, and the election of Mr. Jefferson. Dr. Priestley was in sympathy with the Republican or Democratic party of that day; and some political essays which appeared on that side, being erroneously ascribed to him, those of the opposite organization were excited to undue feeling against him. It was intimated to him, from high authority, that, by taking part in politics, he might come within the reach of the recently enacted alien law. He met this, not by silence, but by a series of letters expressing clearly his views, which removed from the minds of the candid any unfavorable impression respecting him.

The kindness of his friends in England followed him to America. Various donations, some of large amount, testified their respect for one who had suffered in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Among the tributes which genius offered him were these lines of Coleridge, who, then in earnest youth, sympathized with the views of Priestley in politics, philosophy, and religion.

> "Though, roused by that dark vizier, Riot rude
> Have driven our PRIEST over the ocean swell;
> Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
> Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell, —

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Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell!
For, lo! Religion, at his strong behest,
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state, and cumberous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid the oppressor wail,
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;
And from her dark retreat, by Wisdom won,
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil,
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!"

In the autumn of 1795, he experienced the loss of his youngest son, to whom he had fondly looked to succeed him in his philosophical and theological pursuits. Not long after, a still greater affliction came upon him, in the removal of his beloved wife, "who, through life," to use the words of one of their children, "had been truly a helpmeet for him; supporting him, under all his trials and sufferings, with a constancy and perseverance truly praiseworthy; and who, as he himself justly observed, was of a noble and generous mind, and cared much for others, and little for herself during life." These losses he felt severely; the more so, as till then, death had not entered his dwelling. But his habitual view of all events, as ordered by God for some good end, still sustained him; and he was enabled to continue that round of useful occupation which assisted his efforts to repel every murmuring thought.

At length the time approached when that incessant activity of hand and brain should cease. A severe illness, which came upon him in Philadelphia, in 1801, left him enfeebled; and that feebleness increased in the two following years. Yet, during those years, he was engaged in printing his "Church History" and the first volume of his "Notes on Scripture," in making philosophical experiments, and writing treatises. As, after an increase of illness, he became somewhat better, he said that he felt a return of strength, and with it there was a duty to perform. He resumed his reading, therefore, and afterwards gave directions to his son how to proceed with the printing of the work he had then in press, in case of his death.

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The next day he was worse, but the day following again better; spent much time in reading, — among other things, some chapters in the Greek Testament, according to his daily practice. He corrected a proof-sheet of his "Notes on Isaiah." He felt worse, however, on going to bed, and thought it probable he should not live another day. At prayer-time he wished to have his grandchildren kneel by his bedside, saying it gave him great pleasure to see the little things kneel; and, thinking he possibly might not see them again, he gave them his blessing.

The next day, he continued, while in bed, his examination of the proof-sheets, enough to see how his son and the printers were likely to go on with the publication; and, finding the Hebrew and Greek quotations printed right, said he was satisfied they would finish the work very well. In the course of the day, he expressed his gratitude for the many blessings of his life, and that he was now permitted to die quietly, in his family, without pain, and with every convenience and comfort he could wish for.

The next day, Sunday, he was much weaker. He desired his son to read to him, from the eleventh chapter of John, the account of the raising of Lazarus. After this, he spoke with him of the advantage of daily reading the Scriptures; he gave to his son a pamphlet, which he recommended to him as expressing his own views on the limited duration of future punishment. "We shall all," said he, "meet again: we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness."

At prayer-time, as before, he had the children brought to his bedside; and, after prayers, called them to him, and spoke to them each separately. He exhorted them all to continue to love each other. "And you, little thing," he said to one, "remember the hymn you learned, 'Birds in their little nests agree.' I am going to sleep as well as you; for death is only a good long sound sleep in the grave, and we shall meet again." He continued for some time his conversation, congratulating his son and daughter on the dispositions of their children, and expressing his confidence in a

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happy immortality, — a state where there would be an ample field for the exertion of our faculties.

The next day, Monday, the 6th of February, 1804, began in great feebleness of body; but his active mind was engaged on some alterations he wished made in some of his pamphlets. When sufficient strength returned, he dictated these; and, when all was written as he desired, he said, "That is right, now I have done." About half an hour after, he desired, in a faint voice, to be moved to an easier position. About ten minutes after this change was made, he breathed his last, so easily, that his son and daughter, seated by his bed, could not mark the moment he expired.

Thus, having completed the term of seventy years, active, loving, trustful to the last, died this great votary of science, freedom, and religion. Few writers have equalled him in the amount of their literary labors, none probably in the variety of topics to which they were devoted. In electricity he took up the then recent discoveries of Franklin and others, systematized them for popular use, and added new and valuable discoveries of his own. In chemistry he was a most successful laborer. Says a writer of that age, "To enumerate Dr. Priestley's discoveries would, in fact, be to enter into a detail of most of those that have been made within the last fifteen years. The very air we breathe, he has taught us to analyze, to examine, to improve, — a substance so little known, that even the precise effect of respiration was an enigma until he explained it. . . . To him pharmacy is indebted for the method of making artificial mineral waters, as well as for a shorter method of preparing other medicines; metallurgy, for more powerful and cheap solvents; and chemistry, for such a variety of discoveries as it would be tedious to recite." In metaphysics, if he took erroneous ground, he occupied it in the spirit of calm, fearless, and yet reverent inquiry; and the doctrine of fatalism, as he presented it, is free alike from the immoral consequences that have been sometimes connected with it, and from the difficulty that attaches to it, as expressed in the scheme of Calvin, of reconciling it with the justice and benevolence of God. In theology, he wrote on every sub-

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ject in that wide field, — history, criticism, doctrine; and, though his conclusions in some respects are different from those held even in the denomination which he did so much to establish, its debt of gratitude to him for its independent existence is far greater than has, at least in this country, been acknowledged. From the partial difference of his religious and philosophical views from ours, and still more from the prejudice which unjustly was attached to his name as a favorer of French revolutionary principles, Dr. Priestley was never a favorite with the Unitarians of New England. Justice has, however, been done to his memory in a small selection from his writings, published some years since, with a memoir from the pen of the younger Henry Ware.

In England, too, justice, though tardy, has been accorded to one of the most laborious searchers after truth whom England ever produced. After the Birmingham riot, his friend and pupil, Letitia Barbauld, whom he first encouraged to poetical composition, addressed to him some lines, among which are these: —

> "To thee, the slander of a passing age
> Imports not. Scenes like these hold little space
> In his large mind whose ample stretch of thought
> Grasps future periods. Well canst thou afford
> To give large credit for that debt of fame
> Thy country owes thee. Calm thou canst consign it
> To the slow payment of that distant day,
> If distant, when thy name, to Freedom's joined,
> Shall meet the thanks of a regenerate land."

In part, that hopeful prophecy has met its accomplishment. About four years since, the University of Oxford — the very centre and stronghold of that church establishment against whose exclusive claims, the clear, strong arguments of Priestley were directed — sought to embellish its proud halls with the statues of those who had deserved well of their country in the paths of science. Among them, a statue was decreed to Priestley; and churchman and dissenter joined together in conferring this honor on the memory of the man whom the blind fury of a former age had driven from the country which had been honored by his learning.

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Of the personal character of Dr. Priestley, there remains little time to speak. Upright; without concealment and without severity, except when wrong called down his indignant rebuke; with the gentleness that made home delightful; and the courtesy that won even those strongly opposed to him in opinion to admire him as a man, — he crowned all these with an untiring zeal for the good of mankind, and a trustful piety toward God. His wonderful achievements as an observer of nature, a student, and a writer, were undoubtedly owing, in part, to a bodily and mental constitution of uncommon vigor; but that vigor was retained unimpaired by the faithful use he made of these advantages. He accomplished so much, not by self-destructive overtasking of the brain: no! with all his exertions, he had always abundant leisure for the society of his family and his friends. The secret was, that his industry was combined with order. No time was lost through want of method. All his labor was practically available; and his pursuits in their variety relieved each other. He presents in this an example worthy the attention of every student. He obeyed the precept of the Saviour, to work while it is called to-day; and the hope that cheered his parting hour was, that the privilege of faithful service should be renewed in heaven.

S. G. B.

In every thing we do, we should look, not only at the act itself, but at our own state, past, present, future, and that of others whom it may concern; and examine the connection of all these things. Thus shall we preserve circumspection of conduct. — *Pascal.*

If we subject every thing to reason, our religion will be stripped of all its mysterious and superhuman character. If we violate the principles of reason, it will become absurd and ridiculous. — *Ibid.*

All are produced and directed by the same hand, — the root, the branch, the principle, the results. — *Ibid.*

Numbers resemble space, though in their nature they are so different. — *Ibid.*

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SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

FAITH in immortality *almost* includes faith in spiritual apparitions; for it is hard to believe that millions *live* and are *invisible*, that the friend who walked with us yesterday has not ceased to be, but only to be seen. It is hard to believe that the love which overcame all other obstacles cannot, for at least some brief moment, overcome also the grave.

There is a natural preparedness in the minds of men to believe in the re-appearance of those who have died. So it was once believed that Nero had revisited the earth to curse mankind with his presence. So, possibly, Saul believed in the re-appearance of Samuel. So the disciples of Jesus, seeing him walking on the water, cried out, "It is a *spirit*." And so, again, when, after the resurrection, he appeared among them, "they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a spirit." So Eliphaz the Temanite is represented as saying, "Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a *spirit* passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence; and I heard a voice."

There is such preparedness and longing for the visible appearance of departed spirits, that it would require only a few well-authenticated instances of such appearance to awaken the universal faith. In view of this general tendency, the real wonder is, not that now and then in the annals of the race such an instance is alleged to have occurred, but that multitudes of such instances have not been alleged. The very infrequency of such allegations may be fairly urged in proof that, whenever made, they have been false.

The general course of human experience forces us to believe, against our want, against the sometime *longing* of our broken affections, that the loved ones who go from us can never more communicate with us while we remain upon

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this earth. We must seek some other explication of the strange phenomena which, in the ancient times, were accredited to Apollo; in the time of Jesus, to emissaries of Satan; in later times were called witchcraft, and to-day are revived as spiritual manifestations. In the occult laws of the mysterious realm where mind and matter find their place of meeting, hidden now from human research, the true explication of these mysteries will some time be discovered. To refer them now to the agency of departed friends would be to forestall the judgment of a wiser age.

When those whom we knew in the flesh laid off the material form, they went beyond the reach of our present faculties. They give no tokens of their continued presence that we can either see or feel or hear. Even though, in the solemnity of the last hour, we may have exacted from them the promise, that, if in any way it shall be possible, they will continue their loving communications from the place to which they go; and thenceforth day after day we wait, with our ear inclined to the dread silence, for the promised token of the love which we *know* death has not reached, — we shall wait evermore in vain. We call, but there is no answer. No voice comes from the grave. There is no whisper when we listen long in the stillness of night; there is no touch; there is no vision.

For the expressions of the disembodied spirit are through instrumentalities too delicate to make resonance for the fleshly ear, to stamp an impress upon the retina of the mortal eye, or to start any of the slow susceptibilities of clay. All we can say is, they went away: the places which have known them shall know them no more for ever.

But we are not, nevertheless, abandoned wholly by those whom we can see no longer. Though there may not be *communication*, there may be *communion*. Among the living, communion is enjoyed chiefly through communication, — through the spoken or written word, the glance of the eye, the clasp of the hand. But are these media *necessary* for communion with our friend? Has he been so long time with us, and do we still need to be *told* what is in his heart?

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As we commune still with our absent beloved, separated from us by the sea; so, though he were to go even farther, over beyond the seas which divide the spirit-world from ours, still, without communication from him, we may hold communion with him. As by an exercise of memory and imagination we can summon to our side our absent friend, and, by imagining his presence, enjoy something of that felicity which the actual presence would afford; so we may still have intercourse with those from whom no token reaches our yearning hearts. We can recall their characteristics which endeared them to our souls; we can bring up from the buried past, which opened for us on the opening of the new grave, the affections which they had expressed, and the subtile peculiarities of thought and feeling which distinguished them from all others. Believing in the deathlessness of their love, we can think of them as being very near to us, and as desiring, though unable to communicate as in other times, affection and counsel. Then we may forbid the barriers of the grave, and refuse to be separated from the friend whom it has claimed.

And what if it should be that these unseen dear ones come nearest to us in our holiest moods? What if it should be, that, in their purified vision, the evil thought and feeling to which we sometimes give ourselves appear abominable, and do actually remove their presence from us? Perhaps, as they hover near on viewless wings, they are able to see us only in the moments of our purest feeling, when the soul, estranged from the degrading importunities of the merely earthy life, ascends to meet the purity in which they dwell. Perhaps, on the other hand, when we are wholly engrossed in material things, an earthly miasma rises around us, shutting us out from the eyes which long to follow us. This, indeed, we do not *know;* but we are greatly in error if we think that our conduct either is or ought to be guided only by what is certain. So long as these possibilities are in *any* degree probable, who will not be constrained by them, even through the love he bears to the unseen loving, to so live that he shall not even *perhaps* withdraw himself from their wistful view?

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RANDOM READINGS.

GREETINGS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-five comes upon us with rents through the clouds, and the land of promise in full view. The vibration of the national mind from fear and despondency to hope, confidence, and trust, has been sudden, but very decisive. It is not so much the triumph of an election, as the spirit of it, that gives us a joyous faith in the future. There were signs, not to be mistaken, that the spirit breathing through the people was the spirit of the Lord, who is leading us in paths that we have not known, and preparing the way for his more glorious coming. No such war has ever been known in history as we are passing through, taking into account, not merely the numbers that are engaged in it, but the marked influence on national and individual character. Our soldiers return to us, not corrupted and brutalized, but more manly, more gentle, and self-forgetting. Boys become heroic; and cases are not wanting where profligate men have become purified, and girded with moral strength. Of course, it is not always so. But it is always so where men have been drawn into the country's service, with a clear view of the great end to be achieved, and the desire to be given for it.

New times are coming, and demand of us to gird ourselves for them. The classes and peoples that make up the nation are to be more thoroughly fused; and, as a consequence, sects are to broaden towards catholicity, while the religious life is to be more deep and earnest. More work is to be done, and on a grander scale, in the education and evangelization of the masses, on whom the light has shone feebly before. Four millions of a race who had been enslaved and degraded, but whose acclamations and thanksgivings for freedom are already rising upon the air, are to be educated, elevated, and taught the use of their newly awaked faculties. As many more white people, ignorant, bewildered, misguided, will ask the same boon. Never before were such fields opening for a free gospel and its heralds. Nor is the great sacrifice complete. The war will last at least through the year,

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demanding of us both faith and works. Half a million of men, our kith and kin, with arms in their hands, and their lives staked upon the issue, turn towards the old homes with asking eyes, which say: "Do not betray us by unfaithfulness. Work and pray for us, and for the country, — the dear mother whom we will die to save." Let us respond to the call made upon us, to send them books and tracts as angel-visitants. And let us enter upon a new epoch, both of our own and the nation's life, with fresh vows of self-consecration, and the consciousness that God is over us, and in us, and working with us; and that thousands of our brothers, who have risen from a hundred battle-fields, the martyrs of our hero age, — many of them as pure spirits as ever put on immortality, — are more than ever with us; breathing their souls into ours, urging us to devote ourselves to the glorious future that opens for the country on this New Year's Day. S.

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD: THE PROVIDENCES OF OUR WAR.

In former days, when the subject of slavery was brought up, there were many who said, — It is a matter which we cannot deal with; we shall do more harm than good by our words; we must leave it to the Providence of God, who, in his own good time, will remove what even those that are interested in it pronounce to be a curse. And perhaps we hoped that the way of the divine Providence would be less exacting of labors and sacrifices than any way which we might choose. The hand of God is doing it, — not, however, as we had hoped, without losses and tears and blood. Great elemental forces, over which we have no control, are working out for us a deliverance of which we have not as yet learned the full price, immense as we already know it to be. And we cannot fall back, save upon national destruction. Whatever perils may be before us, the perils behind are greater. We are under a certain divine necessity to succeed. It is not your opinion or mine, your will or mine, any more: it is what must be. It is the mighty swing of the ocean. It is the sweep of the tempest. It is the upheaving of volcanic fire. It is the grasp of the sun upon the planets. God in his Providence, not man in his

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blindness and weakness and timidities, is refashioning this nation, and making us what he would have us; and what he doeth, needeth not to be added unto, or to be taken from.

"Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon his gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched hand!
Nor stint nor stay:
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day."

If Whittier, the sweetest and most truly inspired of our American poets, could write these stanzas more than a year ago, the great truth which they teach has become more abundantly manifest with our added experiences. I turn, then, not in any mere holiday mood, but with deep and solemn gladness, and welcome the rich opportunities of a day which the Lord has been making, and shall yet make, for us. Is not our time so full of new life, God's answer to our frequent prayer, "Send the kingdom in our day, O Lord! Let us be able, though at great cost, to put more of the truth which we profess and love into our institutions, and the life of our world! Of course, we shall not see this, if we look only at the losses and desolations. There are those who turn their backs upon the sun, and mourn over the going-out of the stars. Whilst the summer tempest darkens the sky, and pours over the fields the destructive torrent, and sweeps down upon corn and vine and sapling, and threatens even the strong tree, you can only say it is a fearful time; and you look about eagerly for shelter and safety: but presently the wind is still, and the clouds fade away before the sun, and the fresh new earth lies out before you in calm beauty, as when God looked upon his work, and saw that it was good. So it shall be with us when the war-cloud shall have passed over the land; that cloud, which, alas! rains such precious blood. It is easy enough to see and say it is human passion, and it is spending itself at a frightful rate, and to our great grief and amazement; but what we want is to look at the positive side, at the new creation which is gradually rising from the ruins of

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the old, the genuine Democracy, the social order which helps in all ways, and doth in nowise hinder the unfolding of mind and heart and spirit, according to the measures which God has given unto each man. Desolations, bereavements, straitened circumstances, heart-burnings, untold bodily sufferings, doubtless, for this generation, — it is no sport to be cast into the Lord's furnace, and to be laid upon his anvil, and, when men wait for Providence, they little think what they are waiting for, — and yet with these trials that deep joy which proceeds from the sense of an inflowing life, of new faiths, hopes, and loves, enlarging the heart: these losses and gains to-day, but what blessings unmeasured for the generation to come, for the little child upon whose forehead hath been dropped the sacred water which symbolizes the new life of divine purity and immortal hope; what comforting assurance of a peaceful and progressive civilization, in which there shall be only the generous rivalries of States eager each to outrun the other in blessed sun-paths that lead through earth to heaven! And an almighty and merciful and most wise Lord does not leave it for our weakness to choose simply between evil and good. He sets before us rather DEATH and LIFE, and bids us choose, that we and our children and our children's children may live. And we shall live. We have come of too noble and too Christian a stock that we should allow suffering, or the dread of suffering, to stand between us and the high good, which, with the help of God, we mean to confer upon this land, and not least upon those who are now opposed to us, and who shall only be benefited by the terrible war which they have brought upon this people. We have paid too large a price in lives that were amongst the most precious of the land, that we should lose the fair prize of a free, united, and peaceful country.

And now let our readers lay it to heart, that the year which the Lord has given us brings with it duties which no just person will decline to discharge, which no generous person will call by any lower name than privileges. The year of national revival and promise must be, to a great multitude, a year of outward hardship. It is, indeed, a high distinction to be counted worthy so to suffer, and a deep joy will mingle with a deep sorrow in many a heart, on these opening days of the new year, as the inward eye, the eye which sees visions, follows to the vacant place the dear one that went away in the body, and returns now in the

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spirit. But, to these compensations, we must add our warmest sympathies, and, where need is, our most unstinted offerings of time and substance, — not charities but dues; and all the while, by maintaining our own spirits at the high level of this high hour, we must give to no mourner the least occasion to feel, — saddest and dreariest of all feelings! — that tears and blood, widowhood and orphanage, dwellings which henceforth shall always be lonely, mothers who can never be quite comforted, — all these sufferings and sufferers, have only been unto the increase of the vast ocean of human misery. If, at the end of these eventful days, and in the time of success, which is sure to come, they shall scarcely be saved who have done and suffered little or nothing, what place shall be found for those who have added, to the real burden of the hour, the weight of their heavy spirits? And let us not, in consecrating ourselves to solemn joys and highest privileges, forget any humblest duty of the season, or fail in our Christian remembrance of the poor, who are ever with us, and, whether in war or in peace, are still the poor! Let not the weight under which the strong stagger crush the weak; and, as one hand has been open for our brave and patient soldiers, so let the other be open for those whose bravery and patience at home are none the less real because they are so often and so much unknown. For this giving let there be no left hand: a hundred right hands would be all too few to finish the work of the Lord's great year. E.

MY CREED.

I BELIEVE in God, Infinite Fountain of righteousness, truth, and love, Creator of the universe, and Father of mankind.

I believe in his providential government of the world after a perfect purpose.

I believe that he has begotten man in his own image, with the nature and the power to grow in moral likeness towards him for ever, by partaking of his spirit.

I believe in his displeasure at sin, its righteous retribution, and his forgiveness of it upon repentance.

I believe in the power of prayer to derive help from God.

I believe that God has revealed his truth in the hearts and

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consciences of all men, but most of all in the holiest, whose words become our holy scriptures.

I believe that the divinest life ever lived upon earth was that of Jesus the Christ, who is thus our highest revelation of God and of man, and whose spiritual attractiveness has power, under God, to draw all men into his likeness.

I believe in the endless life, the constant discipline, and the final holiness of all mankind.

I believe in heaven, whose life may be partly known, here and now, in the soul, independent of circumstance; but which is at last the home, in which all beings shall dwell in perfect satisfaction with their Father, God, for ever.

For my belief in these blessed truths, I thank God with joy unspeakable: I desire to live according to the light of them; and I would earnestly spread them to every creature. J. C. P.

MEASURE AND RHYME IN HEBREW POETRY.

Messrs. Editors, — Having recently had occasion to read some of the psalms in Hebrew, I have been interested, as others have been before, to observe how far there was any resemblance between their rhythmical cadence, and the measures of modern poetry. In the following translations, I have attempted to render the ancient words in the ancient measure, syllable for syllable, accent for accent, and rhyme for rhyme. I fear, indeed, that the ancient spirit has escaped in the process; and feel how feebly I have translated the strong, scornful words, which are best rendered simply,

"Our lips are our own;
Who is lord over us?"

But my attempt may at least convey some idea of what poetical measure and rhyme were, before Grecian genius gave laws to the one, and modern literature transformed the other from an occasional ornament to a regular form of composition. The rhymes in these two psalms are the result, in each case, of similar grammatical structure in successive lines: they seem to have come spontaneously to the writer, rather than to have been sought by him. No doubt, it was from such accidental rhyming that this great ornament of poetry was first discovered. The wonder is,

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that so many ages should have passed before the importance of the discovery was appreciated.

In the "Shepherd's Psalm," one of the most musical lines has very nearly the cadence of that which corresponds with it in Montgomery's beautiful version: —

"Dishánta bashémen roshí, cosí rivayá."
"With perfume and oil, thou anointest my head."

PSALM XII.

Support me, Mighty One, for in thee I trust.
For faithfulness is failing the sons of men.
Vain is their speech, man with man talking;
Their lips are deceitful, double-hearted their accents.
The Lord shall cut off all the lips of deceit,
Tongues uttering proud and lofty words;
Who said, our tongues shall be means of conquest,
And our lips none restraineth;
Who o'er us reigneth?
Because of the meek,
For defending of the weak,
I now rise up, proclaims the All Just,
And set him free from the scornful foe.
The words of the Lord are the words of the pure,
Silver tried in furnace earthen-moulded,
Melted over seven times.
O Lord, thou wilt keep the upright,
And preserve them from this vile race evermore.
The wicked walk haughtily around,
When baseness rules among mankind.

PSALM XXIII.

Be my shepherd God, nought shall I want.
In a green pasture he me feedeth;
By waters of stillness he me leadeth;
Restoreth my soul, and precedeth
In paths of uprightness, because of his name.
Yea, though I walk in death's dark valley,
I'll fear no ill, for 'tis thou who art near.
'Tis thy rod, the staff is thine, that keep me and give me comfort.
Thou preparest my table before the face of my foes.
With oil thou anointest my head, my cup brimmeth o'er.
Yea, Lord, thy loving-kindness through my life's whole circuit goes.
I shall dwell in God's holy place for days unending. S. G. B.

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A MODERN GREEK PREACHER.

ATHENS, November 7, 1858.

EARLY this morning I went to the Church of St. Demetrius, to hear a celebrated Greek preacher, Metrophanes. It is a great *fête* day, — *cortè*, as they call it in Greek; and the whole population of Athens put on their best clothes in honor of so distinguished a saint. I was at the church-door at eight o'clock, and had some difficulty in getting in, till a Greek friend who was with me whispered that I was an *Americanós*, when the crowd not only gave way, but some of them led me to a kind of stall near the pulpit, usually occupied by some ecclesiastical dignitary. The chants were performing; but I cannot say that I was much edified or delighted by the style of the singing.

If S —— is correct in supposing that the Greek Church has preserved, in part, the ancient Dorian and Æolian moods, why, then, I must think the Dorian and Æolian moods were not much better than that bit of Pindaric music which you once performed, but refused to repeat. After an hour and a half of this infliction on my delicate, musical sensibilities, varied by swinging censers, and perfuming the church (which needed it), and sprinkling perfumed water over the heads of the people (I had about half a pint dashed into my face over my spectacles, which I was obliged to take off and wipe), a strange-looking chap, with long hair hanging over his shoulders, and a grotesque, many-colored dress, mounted the pulpit, and began to chant alone. At first I thought it was the sermon, and I recalled various statements about the ancient fashion of pitching a tone at the commencement of an oration; but I soon discovered that he was not the preacher.

The preacher is one of the four authorized to preach in Athens; for the Greek Church very prudently permits only a small portion of its clergy to perform this function, thereby — an arrangement worth thinking of elsewhere — saving the heavens from a great deal of unnecessary vexation.

His sanctity, Mr. Metrophanes, is a good-looking man, with a fine voice, and an earnest, eloquent style. His sermon was excellent and practical, naturally arising out of the occasion, and treating of the proper use to be made of festivals. "You must not pass the day in drinking, in gluttony, in wantonness: you

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must make it the occasion for kindness and charity, for mutual love, and the practice of all the virtues." Just at this moment, a crowd of Athenian women, just over my head, in a little gallery, began to chatter so loud, that, for some minutes, I could not hear a word. His sanctity turned in the direction of the noise, stopped a moment, and then said, to some lay functionary of the church, "Tell those women to hold their tongues, or I will come down." This, of course, put an end to the disturbance; and the sermon went on to the conclusion. — *Familiar Letters from Europe: Felton.*

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

STRONG in faith for the future,
Drawing our hope from the past;
Manfully standing to battle,
However may blow the blast;
Onward still pressing undaunted,
Let the foe be strong as he may:
Though the sky be dark as midnight,
Remembering the dawn of day.

Strong in the cause of freedom,
Bold for the sake of right;
Watchful and ready always,
Alert by day and night:
With a sword for the foe of freedom,
From whatever side he come;
The same for the open foeman,
And the traitorous friend at home.

Strong, with the arm uplifted,
And nerved with God's own might;
In an age of glory living,
In a holy cause to fight;
And whilom catching music
Of the future's minstrelsy,
As those who strike for freedom
Blows that can never die.

Strong, though the world may threaten,
Though thrones may totter down,
And in many an Old World palace
Uneasy sits the crown.

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Not for the present only
Is the war we wage to-day;
But the sound shall echo ever,
When we shall have passed away.

Strong, — 'tis an age of glory,
And worth a thousand years
Of petty, weak disputings,
Of ambitious hopes and fears;
And we, if we learn the lesson
All glorious and sublime,
Shall go down to future ages,
As heroes for all time.

Strong, — not in human boasting,
But with high and holy will, —
The means of a mighty Worker,
His purpose to fulfil.
O patient warriors, watchers!
A thousand-fold your power,
If ye read with prayerful purpose
The Lesson of the Hour.

Continental Monthly.

"SEMI-EVANGELICAL."

THE "Congregationalist" and the "Recorder" seem doubtful whether the Methodists are entitled to the full name of Evangelical Christians. The reason is, that two Methodist ministers in Boston have exchanged with Unitarians. It is well known that Rev. Dr. Huntington, while yet a Unitarian, preached in Orthodox Congregational pulpits. One of the editors of this Magazine has done the same repeatedly at the invitation of Orthodox clergymen. Therefore, by the rule, Orthodox Congregationalism is "semi-evangelical." We hope the rule will not work both ways, — and that, when Orthodox ministers preach in our pulpits, it will not make us *semi-Calvinists*. Can we not understand that Christianity is larger than Congregationalism, Methodism, or Unitarianism, or all three of them together? S.

THOSE who dislike the truth make a pretext of the multitudinous differences among those who oppose it; which shows that they love neither truth nor charity. Thus they are without excuse. — *Pascal.*

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D.D., late minister of King's Chapel, Boston. A new edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

They are what their name imports, and multitudes have found them to be so. Out of print here, it had been found necessary to import the English reprint. Our own is better, and it is better to have our own. A sweet, gentle voice of trust still speaks to us in these well-remembered words. It is a volume which one finds it hard to keep, so many are the occasions for giving it away. Of such books we can never have enough. E.

The Rules and Exercises of Holy Living. By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D.

The Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying. By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D.

Selections from Jeremy Taylor. Little, Brown, & Company. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

No better service can be done to our young men and maidens than to put into their hands the words of this prince of divines, and Christian of Christians. For ourselves, we never turn to him in vain for inspiration, instruction, encouragement. Some of the forms in which he thought have become, or are becoming, obsolete; but, even now, we are not cramped much by them, because they were so enlarged and illumined by his divine spirit. Continually, as we read him, do we say, he speaks better things than he knows. Like the prophets of old, he rises above his time, and is gloriously, grandly inconsistent, as most large-minded and large-hearted men are. Dr. South entertains and occupies the intellect, but often sadly disappoints the heart. Taylor edifies, builds up the soul, kindles devotion, awakens and strengthens a pious trust; and, in reading his pages, we are reminded how much the understanding is enriched by affection, and what a vast difference there is between a glowing and a glittering eloquence, between those imaginations of vain man which are mere impertinences, and the

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words spoken in a figure, because no other words are in any degree commensurate with the thought. Why are not such books written now? We cannot say, perhaps. It may be that it is not given to our busy and so-called practical age so to write. At all events, such books are not written. The best are thin, shallow, limited, compared with these. Let preachers and hearers read, study, mark, and inwardly digest Taylor. What we want, amidst all our speculating and criticising, is the religious spirit, — the spirit that has found God, and been found of him.

These editions, in the larger and in the smaller forms, are beyond praise. If the difficulty of obtaining English books is to be the occasion of our obtaining such American editions as these, there will be some compensation for the high rate of exchange. Mr. Abbot, whose exceeding accuracy is well known, has been at pains to verify the quotations so freely scattered over Taylor's writings, and has corrected many errors. What a testimony to the unimpaired strength of our country, that such books as these should appear in war-time! They may unhesitatingly be pronounced the best editions of the "Holy Living" and "Dying" which have ever been given to the world. E.

The Holy and Profane States. By THOMAS FULLER. With some account of the author and his writings. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A beautiful edition of an English classic. Fuller is always stimulating, suggestive, and instructive, — so full that it is not good to read him very largely, but rather according to measure, as one resorts to tonics and condiments. So you will lay this book (if you are fortunate enough to have it) upon your table, and take it up from time to time, in your spare moments, to find yourself greatly refreshed. E.

The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed. By LEIGH HUNT. In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Publishers, 143, Washington Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

"The Seer" does not see with the inward eye, — did not mean to do so. His report is not of deep things, or distant. There is much in the volumes which is superficial, — some easy writing, which is not very easy reading. The Commonplaces have not

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always been sufficiently refreshed: some of them were hardly capable of it. And yet, it is a work that will afford a great deal of instruction and entertainment in moments of leisure. The essay on "The Beauties of St. Francis De Sales" is especially interesting. The externals of the volumes are admirably adapted to attract and hold the reader. E.

Shakspeare's Sonnets. Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Only the sonnets; and these are just what many a reader asks for. As we need not say, they are full of beauties and of mysteries. The little square volume is very fascinating. E.

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King. By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Mr. Frothingham has brought together, in a very happy way, many precious memorials of one whose death we must note as one of the greatest losses of the year which has just closed. We shall not soon forget the twelvemonth that was darkened so early by that dying, and yet so enriched by the faith, which, as it had wrought mightily in the day of strength, was found altogether sufficient in the hour of weakness and the moments of dissolution. E.

Enoch Arden. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L. Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

We have already briefly recorded our estimate of this charming poem, and of the other contents of the volume; and we shall only add, that the copy before us is one of the blue and gold series, and is enriched by a pleasant little biographical notice. E.

Following the Flag from August, 1861, to November, 1862, with the Army of the Potomac. By "CARLETON," author of "My Days and Nights on the Battle-field." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

It is refreshing to have a "fact-book," — and such this seems to be, — not fictions, but the deeds and the sufferings of our own heroes. As such, the boys will welcome it, and lay up its contents in faithful memories. E.

Our Young Folks: An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Edited by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, and LUCY LAR-

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COM. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New York: The American News Company. Philadelphia: T. B. Pugh. Chicago: John R. Walsh. Price, twenty cents. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

It is the first and a very attractive number of what promises to be a very pleasant and useful journal. Mrs. Stowe opens with a charming little paper, all the more interesting, perhaps, to the present writer, from his familiarity with the *locale*. She is well followed by the editors, and by other deservedly popular writers. Amongst the rest, Dio Lewis contributes admirable suggestions upon the physical training of the young, with drawings that make it all plain. The illustrations are spirited and appropriate; and the picture of the author of "Tom Brown" is a most auspicious herald and earnest of the new enterprise. Any person of common sense will see at once, that to sell such a journal for two dollars a year will be impossible, unless the list of subscribers shall be very large. E.

Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political, Social, Literary, and Scientific. By HUGH MILLER. Edited, with a preface, by PETER BAYNE. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Hugh Miller was for sixteen years editor of "The Witness," a religious paper, in the interest of the Presbyterian Church, published in Edinburgh. The present volume is made up of articles written and published in the "Witness" during that time. They are models for editorials, written in Hugh Miller's terse, vigorous, and picturesque English, and embody a mass of thought of more than passing interest on a great variety of themes. They were thrown out from a mind of inexhaustible wealth, both scientific and historical. They are addressed more to Scotch and English than to American readers; but many of them are of general interest, and all of them are memorials of a most remarkable genius.

S.

The Gypsies of the Danes' Dike: A Story of Hedgeside Life in England in the year 1855. By GEORGE S. PHILLIPS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

This book is claimed to give a correct representation of gypsy life and character, and of the scenery between Yorkshire and the German ocean, which forms the background of the story. The

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story itself is wild and romantic, with an infusion of the supernatural and the improbable. Its weird strangeness and wildness, and a phasis of human life never before wrought into romance, are the chief elements of interest. S.

The Autumn Holidays. By the COUNTRY PARSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Is in the author's free and easy and most genial style. Farther notice, with extracts, will be given. Also of *Dramatis Personæ*, issued by the same publishers; the latest poems of Robert Browning. They are not holiday reading, but the highest metaphysics of poetry. We are on "Mr. Sludge the Medium." S.

Tragedies and Poems. By T. N. TALFOURD. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

"Ion" and "The Athenian Captive" are old favorites of the American reading public, which had become out of print. We are exceedingly glad to greet their re-appearance in a handsome duodecimo volume. They are written (chiselled, we might say) with exquisite classic grace, and contain some of the finest passages in English literature. To these are now added the tragedy of "Glencoe." Look up the facts in Macaulay's History of the Reign of William the Third, and a trenchant review of the same in "Blackwood's Magazine," some three or four years since, and the reader will have a full view of one of the most disgraceful transactions in English history; of a stain which remains crimson red on the English character and government; of the same dye as the rebel murders and piracies which it helps on and sympathizes with. Having full possession of the facts, the reader will have a most vivid appreciation of Talfourd's "Glencoe." The author's sonnets and shorter pieces are subjoined, making a most welcome volume of two hundred and sixty pages. S.

The Ocean Waifs: a Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The public are indebted to the ROBERTS BROTHERS for the republication of Jean Ingelow's sweet poems; and now they have to thank the same firm for a prose volume from the same author, which will be heartily welcomed by her many admirers. For sale by W. V. SPENCER, 134, Washington street, Boston. E.

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Watch & Wait; or, the Young Fugitives: a Story for Young People. By OLIVER OPTIC. Boston: Lee & Shephard, successors to Philips, Sampson, & Company 1864.

Dramatis Personæ. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A new volume of Robert Browning, of 262 pages. We have read them only three times. We shall not pretend to expound them till after the sixth reading. Some of them, however, break upon us in spots. Some of the shorter ones — "Prospice" and "Apparent Failure," for instance — have become nearly enucleated; and the bright nodes in "Mr. Sludge, the medium," enlarge themselves with every new revolution. Spiritualism is raked by a very scathing satire. Quadratic equations are recommended as an excellent study for cultivating the power of attention and concentration. We recommend Robert Browning for the same object.

S.

Honey-blossoms for Little Bees; and The Grahams. By JANE GAY FULLER. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd, 506, Broadway. 1864. Sold by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The former, for very young readers; the latter, for those who are older, but still young, — each good in its way. The type of the "Blossoms" will make it especially attractive to the "Bees." The Grahams are true patriots. E.

The Tiger Prince; or, Adventures in Abyssinia. By WILLIAM DALTON. With illustrations. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Gascoyne, The Sandal-wood Trader: A Tale of the Pacific. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of "The Young Fur-traders," &c. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Helen and Her Cousins; or, Two Months at Ashfield Rectory. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The Pigeon-pie: A Tale of Roundhead Times. By Miss YONGE, author of "Heir of Redclyffe." All by Roberts Brothers, Publishers, 143, Washington Street, Boston. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Of these books, the first and smallest is most to our own taste; but the children would outvote us, and give the preference to the

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"Sandal-wood Trader," or the "Tiger Prince." The latter volume contains a great deal of valuable information. "The Pigeon-pie" affords a glimpse of the days of the English Commonwealth; but the impression which may be made upon the minds of the young readers will need to be corrected by a few good Puritan words.

E.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

THE young folks have abundant reason to bless the publishers, who have spread out a feast for them unusually rich and enticing. We have dipped into some of the children's books pretty deeply, and find them very absorbing to children of larger growth.

CROSBY AND AINSWORTH have a charming variety for boys and girls, among which the following are fresh from the press. *The Adventures of Rob Roy*, by JAMES GRANT, Esq., with illustrations: a book which no one, old or young, will lay aside till finished, after once taking it up. It gives vivid sketches of the wonderful highland chief, with a solid basis of historical fact, and picturesque descriptions of highland scenery. It corrects some wrong popular impressions about Rob Roy and his Helen, brings out the nobleness of his character in full relief, illustrates highland manners and customs, and ought to be placed beside the "Rob Roy" of Sir Walter Scott, and always read in connection with it. — *Life in the Woods*, edited by JOHN C. GEIKIE, with illustrations, is a delightful book for the winter evenings. It takes the boys from England over the sea, lands them in Canada, familiarizes them with Canadian life in the backwoods, the climate and country, the bears and the rattlesnakes, the farms and the farming, the people, the lakes, and the scenery, with incidents of adventure told in lively sketches. — *Freaks on the Fells, or Three Months' Rustication; and Why I did not become a Sailor*, by R. M. BALLANTYNE, with illustrations, make a volume in two parts. In the first part, Mr. John Sudberry and his family go from London to rusticate three months. Mr. John Sudberry is a very amusing character, and the family exploits in Scotland are a series of very amusing adventures; and the characters are individualized with much spirit and humor. The second part of the book is the dream of a boy who was cured of the disposition to run away. — *Romantic Belinda*, by Mrs. L.

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C. TUTHILL, is a book for girls. It is a very good book, as are all we have seen from the pen of this writer. Some ridiculous notions which get into some girls' heads, it puts clean out, and puts good sense in the place thereof. Let the girls read and practise. — *Grace's Visit; or, the Wrong Way to Cure a Fault*, illustrated with engravings, is a book for both boys and girls, is a good story, with amusing incidents, and teaches a good lesson pertaining to playing tricks to frighten children.

J. E. TILTON & Co. publish *Dora Darling; or, the Daughter of the Regiment*, which we can assure both the juveniles and their elders, will be a darling book with them, to be read with alternate laughter and tears. Dora had a Secesh father and brother, and a Union mother in a Virginia home. The mother dies, the father and brother enlist in the rebel army. Dora, and Pic, the faithful old negro, — faithful, that is, to "Missus," — run away, are hunted in vain by a bloodhound, and find their way into the Union camp. Dora is adopted by an Ohio regiment; and both Dora and Pic are famous characters drawn with graphic power. Pic is every way the equal of Uncle Tiff in "Dred;" and the story holds the reader's unflagging interest to the close. — *The Life-boat:* a Tale of our Coast Heroes, with illustrations, by R. M. BALLANTYNE, is from the same publishers, a story of romantic peril and bravery in the rescue of shipwrecked sailors.

LEE & SHEPARD publish *The Sailor-boy; or, Jack Somers in the Navy:* a Story of the great Rebellion, by OLIVER OPTIC. It is founded largely in fact, and illustrates the brilliant deeds of our naval heroes in our present national struggle, especially upon our western waters. It will give young readers a vivid picture of naval life, will inflame their love of country, and their pride in its glorious achievements, and help educate them in a self-devotion to its cause. It belongs to a class of books which should be in the hands of all young readers, upon whose fidelity the destiny of the Republic is so soon to devolve; and with whom the largest patriotism should be not only a sentiment, but a burning passion. S.

Real and Ideal. By JOHN W. MONTCLAIR. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt.

A book of poems by a poet, who makes now, we believe, his first appearance before the public. The poems are partly original, partly translations from the German. The translations are the best. The work is commended by Fitz-Greene Halleck, John

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Neal. Sarah H. Whitman, by the "New-York Evening Post," and others, we presume because they see in the writer promise of what he may yet do. We can see grace and culture in what he has already done; but we do not trace the spontaneous workings and inspirations of higher genius. S.

Lives of Familiar Insects is a very interesting and useful volume of the Summer-house series, by the author of "Violet." They can be bought of Taggard & Thompson, 29, Cornhill, who also have for sale a nice little book called A Teacher's Gift; and very pretty and convenient slates, of stone and of paper, for writing, arithmetic, and drawing.

The Martin and Nelly Stories are very pleasantly written, and very beautifully illustrated; and the tone of the books is excellent.

The Diary of Kitty Trevylyar, by the author of the "Schoenberg-Cotta Family," will interest the reader — so we judge from a slight taste of the contents — as much as the charming book, the title of which we have just written down. Published by M. W. Dodd, 506, Broadway, N.Y. It is for sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington street, Boston.

Keble's Christian Year is as familiar as it is dear to Christians of every name in England and America, as we need not say; but we do wish to remind our readers that they can find a most choice edition of it at the bookstores of E. P. Dutton & Co.; and that no better gift can be selected for a valued friend.

Clever Stories of Many Nations rendered in Rhyme. By John G. Saxe. Illustrated by W. L. Champney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

This is in every way a charming book for young or old. The stories are good and well told, whilst paper, print, and binding are admirable. The illustrations are abundant and spirited. We only wish that we had received the volume in season to commend it as a Christmas gift. E.

If our readers will step into Spencer's, 134, Washington street, and buy a copy of Christus Victor, they will be very likely to go again and get another, to give to a friend as a word in season, — "a leaf from the tree of life," — which indeed the book is. E.

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Extract of a Letter from Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.

I cannot express the satisfaction and pleasure which the work has given me. There is no aspect in which it is not of a value not easily measured. First, and chiefly, it is a calm, unexaggerated narrative of an actual verification of the rapidly transforming power of the gospel, not upon a nation favorably situated for its reception, but on a nation which presented every possible obstacle, fixed religious belief alone excepted It shows, in the absence of all other agencies for good, and in the face of numerous evil agencies, that there is in Christianity the omnipotence of its Author, and that it must prevail and triumph. Then, again, the book has interested me greatly as a student of the Bible and of church history. I seem to see in the narrative the processes of the primitive ages of our faith renewed, the evangelizing ministry analyzed, the character and history of the apostolic churches illustrated. Especially it gives the best commentary that could be written on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, and throws essential light on many incidental notices of the early churches in St. Paul's Epistles; and furnishes a ready and efficient answer to the cavils that are sometimes urged against the type of Christian faith and practice among the Corinthians, Ephesians, &c.

I cannot but sympathize with the joy the author must have felt in his progress throughout the Islands. If not royal, it was vice-royal; for who is a viceroy, if not he whose life-work it is to manage newly annexed provinces in the name and interest of the King of kings? There were several stages of the tour at which it seemed to me he must have felt as if it would be a blessed thing to have those congregations of ransomed savages, and those songs of Zion in a strange land, the last sounds and sights on earth. There were several places in which I know he was ready to say (and I could not help saying for him, though I trust he has not a few years of service still before him), "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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THE

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VOL. XXXIII. FEBRUARY, 1865. No. 2.

THE GREAT CIVIL WARS.

WITH nations, as with individuals, there is a fierce and dangerous crisis to be passed through, before they attain to profound and perennial peace. Hence the great nations and peoples have all had their civil wars. The events transpiring to-day will enable us to read all past history with new eyes; and portions of the old annals which had seemed to us fabulous and unreal will cease to appear so. Our place in history will be better understood; our views of the progress of society will be exceedingly modified; and a comparison of our own with the civilization of the olden times will be more intelligently made.

There have been three great civil wars, previous to our own, which determined the courses of history through the long lapse of centuries.

What is generally known as the Peloponnesian War, which began B.C. 432, and continued through twenty-seven years, interrupted only by a short and feverish truce, and ended with the fall of Athens in the year B.C. 405, decided the fate of Grecian civilization for all time. It was not a civil war in the strictest sense of the word, though it was virtually so; for it was between peoples of the same religion, the same traditions, the same language and lineage; and nearly all the States were represented, though feebly, in one assembly called the Amphictyonic Council, and in the Olympiac festivals, which, like the Jewish festivals at Jerusalem, had a unitizing

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tendency, and preserved, to some extent, the consciousness of national life.

During the fifty years preceding the Peloponnesian War, — that is, from the last Persian invasion by Xerxes to the age of Pericles, — Greece attained the acme of her prosperity and splendor. Athens had a navy, and ruled the seas. She brought under her sway, and made tribute to her, the islands of the Ægean, and the Grecian cities which studded the coast of Asia Minor; and tribute and commerce poured wealth into her lap, which she expended, not in luxury, but in the choicest treasures of art. Hence arose the Athenian Empire, embracing Attica and Ionia, and the fairest islands protected by her navy. Then the Acropolis was crowned with the Parthenon, and the statues of her divinities. Then the long way leading from the Piræus to the foot of the Acropolis gleamed with exquisite works of sculpture; and, standing as Paul did afterward upon Mars' Hill, the spectator, even at this early time, would see the chiselled forms of heroes and divinities flashing all over the city through an atmosphere of brilliant transparency, and from shaded walks and verdant groves. Now Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides wrote their immortal tragedies; now Herodotus wrote his history, and read it to applauding multitudes who thronged at the Olympian games; now Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were born; now Aspasia charmed statesmen and philosophers by her conversation; now Pericles arose, and guided the State by his masterly statesmanship, and swayed the people by his matchless eloquence. It was the period when the Greek mind awoke to the fullest consciousness of its power, and Grecian civilization rose to the summit of its glory.

Sparta was the strongest of the States of the Peloponnesian peninsula, and made them the satellites of her power. Always sullen and arbitrary, her eye blinked at the glories of Athens. It was a splendid conception of Pericles to form all Hellas into one grand confederation with a single capital, — very much after the fashion of our Federal Union, so as to secure peace at home, and protection from foes abroad. What might have been, had this great idea been realized! What a long career

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of greatness in art, in science, in philosophy, transcending the dreams of Plato! One thing only prevented. The notion of *autonomy* possessed, even to madness, every petty State and principal city. That meant in Greek politics exactly what "State sovereignty" means in American; and it kept them dashing against each other as bruised and bleeding fragments.

It was this madness for autonomy which brought on the Peloponnesian War. Athens was charged with aggrandizing herself by abolishing the autonomy of her allies. Sparta formed the States of the peninsula into a confederacy which declared war against her; the real motive of which was malignant envy of her prosperity and greatness. The government of Sparta was oligarchical: that of Athens was democratic; and it made her the patron of liberal ideas and studies. Sparta drew towards her the sympathies of the oligarchical element in every Grecian city, finding always in Athens itself a party rife for treason. There was ever a pro-Spartan faction among her people, and sometimes the arms of her generals were made nerveless by these secret sympathies. The same phases in war and in politics meet us again and again in Grecian history, which we have had for the last four years. It was a war to the death between the oligarchs and the Demos, between autonomy and federation; and, for twenty-seven years, the entrails of Hellas were torn by it, till her States sank exhausted, their life went out, and foreign invaders trampled them to the earth together.

This long and deadly warfare could not have been prolonged through twenty-seven years, except for the fact, that both Sparta and Athens were based on slavery. The slaves tilled the soil, — the citizens waged war. Slavery not only supplied the munitions, but it gave to the war a savage ferocity and brutality. Athens alone had four hundred thousand slaves to sixty thousand freemen. But Sparta was made preeminently barbarous and inhuman by the habit of domineering over slaves. During the progress of the war, fearing an insurrection among her Helots at home, she proclaimed liberty to such as would come forward, and join her armies. Two thousand brave men sprang up at the word "liberty," and

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presented themselves. They were never heard of more. They were led off secretly, and massacred; and, by this fiendish treachery, the oligarchs rid themselves of such slaves as would be most likely to prove a dangerous element at home.

It is interesting to note the numbers engaged in the most decisive battles. We select two. One of these was fought in the harbor of Syracuse. In an expedition against Sicily, Athens had strained every nerve, and equipped a magnificent fleet and army. They sailed out of the Piræus with sound of trumpets, pæans, and libations of wine from gold and silver cups. This *great* army consisted of *five thousand* heavy-armed infantry. It was re-enforced by another of about the same number. When gathered at Syracuse, they numbered in all — heavy-armed infantry, natives of the island, and slaves who were light-armed, and only employed as skirmishers — *twenty thousand men*. This, in the language of Thucydides, made her power appear "stupendous;" and her resources, "beyond calculation."

The final and decisive battle was that of Aigospotami, when Athens lost her fleet, and nearly her whole army was surprised, and taken prisoners. The numbers engaged in battle are not told; but the number of prisoners, who were native Athenians, is recorded as *three thousand*, which seems to have made up the bulk of her army in the last decisive engagement.

The great civil war by which Rome ceased to be a republic, and passed into a despotism, lasted, with varying fortunes, through twenty years, from B.C. 52 to B.C. 32. This, too, was a war between the oligarchs and the people, or rather military chiefs, who claimed to represent the people, and became their favorites. Popular suffrage and sovereignty were unknown. The question to be decided was, whether the Roman senate should be the dominant power in the commonwealth, or the Roman rabble (who voted in the Comitium) through some military leader whom they could make dictator. The latter alternative undoubtedly became an urgent and dire necessity. It was a choice between one tyrant and many. The Roman aristocracy proved totally unfit to govern. They

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aimed at nothing but to gorge themselves with luxury, by farming the provinces and fleecing the people. Slaves by the hundred thousand crawled in the streets of Rome. Ignorance, ferocity, and licentiousness had become frightful in the mass of society; and the populace were kept under by gladiatorial shows, largesses, donatives of corn and land; or, when these could not soothe them, by bloody proscriptions and massacres. The oligarchs were supremely selfish. The populace were brutalized and venal, and unfit to govern themselves. Julius Cæsar was an historical necessity, and he came in due time.

The population of the Roman Empire was, at this time, probably three times that of the American republic.* It extended from the British Channel to the deserts of Africa; from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates. And yet it is a most remarkable fact, that the greatest military commander the world ever saw, fought his decisive battles with comparatively small armies. He avoided being cumbered with unwieldy masses, and aimed at celerity and precision of movement. The battle of Pharsalia, between Cæsar and Pompey, — one the popular hero, and the other the champion of the senate and the nobles, — was fought in the year 48, B.C. It was one of the battles which turn the channels of history. Pompey fought with *forty-five thousand* infantry and ten thousand cavalry. Cæsar had *twenty-two thousand* infantry and one thousand cavalry. Pompey was completely routed with a loss of fifteen thousand slain, and twenty-four thousand prisoners. Pompey was a commander of consummate skill. But Cæsar's veterans had unbounded enthusiasm and confidence in their general: he could wield them with quickness and exactness, and always hit the mark; and hence he took little account of the mere numbers opposed to him. It is remarkable, too, that he never fought twice to complete a victory. He kept striking, till he finished his enemy, and did not allow him to rally. The single battle of

* That of Italy alone was about 17,000,000. — See Merivale.

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Pharsalia gave him full possession of the East. The single battle of Thapsus gave him complete possession of Africa. The battle of Munda, in Spain, gave him the whole West; and then the Roman Empire was at his feet. These three victories told the whole story. It is only ignorant generals, says a competent authority, who keep fighting battles. The skilful ones save from great slaughter. Cæsar was a great statesman as well as general; and but for his assassination, to all appearance, the Augustan age of peace might have dated from him, and the world been saved the sixteen years of anarchy and crime which followed. But Cæsar was murdered by pretended "liberators," and the civil war had to be fought over again. It ended in the conflict between Octavius Cæsar and Anthony, which occurred at Actium B.C. 32. There were about a hundred thousand on either side; but it is remarkable that only a small portion of these troops were engaged in the struggle. A sea-fight off the coast decided it, and the slaughter was inconsiderable. Octavius conquered his foe, not by a great slaughter, but by watching and waiting for the mistakes of his adversary, and by drawing over his legions, till he was deserted and left alone. Then followed the long peace of the world, sung of by Virgil as the "golden years" that run in "radiant circles," — golden, indeed, in a sense that the poet hardly dreamed of; since in this peace of the nations the Saviour was born, and the first glad tidings of his reign proclaimed to all people.

The great civil war of England, known as "the Great Rebellion," was also a conflict between the oligarchs and the commons; called again the Cavaliers and the Roundheads; called again, more appropriately, the King and his Parliament. It divided England horizontally, — the king and the lords and the bishops on one side, the commons on the other; and it decided the question for ever, whether constitutional government was a possible boon to the English race.

The war opened in 1642, and continued seven years. It would probably have been finished in half that time, but for the hesitancy and half-measures of Essex, the first parliamentary general. The first conflict of Edgehill has its exact

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parallel in Antietam. It was a drawn battle: both parties lay all night upon their arms; but, in the morning, Hampden came up with four thousand fresh men. Julius Cæsar would have followed up quickly the former day's work, and, with blow upon blow, finished the royalists and the war. Instead of this, the armies "looked at each other," dreaded to renew the fight, and drew off, each by itself, much to the chagrin and disgust of Hampden. Five thousand were left slain upon the field, — slain to no purpose, as nothing was decided. So things went on, till Oliver Cromwell came with his "ironside regiment," and, at the decisive battle of Naseby, dashed upon the king's forces, and shivered them in pieces.

We may smile, on reading over these great battles, at the numbers engaged. They varied from twenty to twenty-five thousand men on each side, never exceeding the latter number. The battle of Marston Moor was the most obstinately contested, between "the most numerous armies that were engaged during the course of these wars;" and in that battle, as Hume laments, fifty thousand British troops were led to mutual slaughter. Such was the price paid: the end achieved was free government for the English race everywhere.

The contrasts which force themselves upon our observation, as we compare our own with the great decisive struggles of past history, are of striking interest.

1. As to the numbers engaged, the little State of Massachusetts has furnished more men in our present struggle than fought on both sides in the great English Rebellion. It has sent more men into the field than Julius Cæsar commanded to gain the empire of the world; more than all the troops of Hellas put together in the long struggle that rent her in pieces, when her sun went down in blood. The State of New York has equipped more soldiers than all the troops of Cæsar and Pompey put together, though drawn from every province, from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules. The whole army of Cromwell would only serve as skirmishers, or as a detail for a "raid" from the army of Grant or Sherman. His great military fame was gained by managing twenty-five

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thousand men; and its marches and evolutions were within an area less extensive than the State of Virginia.

2. The reason of these contrasts is obvious. Our civil war is the first in history which is emphatically one which the people imposed upon the rulers, and not one which the rulers imposed upon the people. Even the English commons were not the people, but the land-owners; and Cæsar's armies were either mercenaries or conscripts, to be paid by the fruits of plunder, confiscation, and the robbery of temples. No general system of *self-taxation* had ever been practised or heard of. Hence there was a limit to the raising of men. They must be paid well, or they would not fight. They could not be paid well, if too numerous. The great American idea never inspired a people before; the millions of all classes giving their blood and treasure for the government which they love, and the country which they cherish with filial reverence and pride. Hence, at the call of the president, they spring to arms by the half-million, and with an unquenchable instinct that the command of God breathes through them, and must be obeyed.

What was called an election at Rome was the vote of such a hungry and turbulent rabble as might crowd the wards of that single city. Cicero, having carried the senate, went into the Comitium, and harangued the *people*. It was as if so many voters as could jostle each other should choke the Battery of New York, — half of them bribed by the demagogues, — and there decide the great questions of the republic. No such spectacle as our late election was ever before given to the world; a whole people, whose territory stretches from one ocean to the other, assembling, each man in his place, and voting to give treasure and life for a government, whose blessings shall fall, equal as the dew and the sunshine, upon all beneath it; and the election passed, singing hymns and thanksgivings to God. There is nothing so sublime in all history.

3. We had flattered ourselves, that Christian civilization had mitigated the cruelties of war. We had read the atrocities of ancient warfare, without dreaming that they could

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occur again in the nineteenth century. The worst feature in the ancient civil wars was putting prisoners to death. It was not generally done; but it was not considered a violation of the laws of war. The captor had his choice, to kill his prisoners, or to sell them into slavery; and the latter alternative was usually chosen, but not always. What student of history has not sickened at the proscription which followed the coalition between Octavius, Anthony, and Lepidus, when they marched upon Rome, and the proscribed leaders of parties hid themselves in their houses and villas to be dragged forth at midnight, when its awful stillness was broken by the shrieks of the victims; when the head and the hands of Cicero were stuck up over the senate-house which had echoed with his magnificent periods? But there is one extreme of atrocity and cruelty which was left for our civil war to develop. We never read in ancient civilized warfare, whether Greek or Roman, of the wholesale torture and starvation of prisoners. We never read of the wanton murder of women and little children. Even Herod found a motive for the slaughter of the innocents, in the safety of his throne. To shut up prisoners by the thousand, and starve them to death, and that as a deliberate and settled policy, is a measure which the most inhuman monster, whether Roman or Spartan, would never have attempted. It reveals a depth of infamy in the American slave system, and shows a demonizing influence over the heart and character, such as had never been brought to light in the darkest epochs of the world.

4. It is a capital mistake of the peace-societies, that to discourage the military spirit and repress military genius, is to save the shedding of blood. Wars unskilfully waged are the bloodiest of all. The civil war between the Cæsareans and Pompeians continued but three years, with only three battles of any note, which, however, decided the empire of the world. They had no Sanitary Commission, and we hear little of the wounded. But Cæsar lost fewer men in those three years than McClellan lost on the Peninsula in a single campaign. Nay, the men who there found their graves would have more than filled up Cæsar's entire legions. In

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the three and a half years of our civil war, more men, we presume, have been sacrificed than in all the three great civil wars together, which we have now reviewed, and which determined the course of nations and empires. The reason of this is not alone to be sought in the relative numbers engaged. Within certain limits, the numbers wielded are inversely as the skill and genius of the military leaders. If the North had been a military people, with a commanding military genius, the war would have continued but a few months, and with little sacrifice of life; and England never would have dared to become the patron of pirates and slavemongers. Or, rather, we might say, the war never would have occurred at all; for a military eye like that of Cæsar or Cromwell would have commanded the whole field, and crushed treason in its small beginnings, without reaping its deadly fruit.

5. It is well to look into the gulf of ruin from which our present civil war is to save us. Resolving the Union into thirty-six State sovereignties would place us exactly where the Greek Autonomies were placed in their struggle of twenty-seven years. It means mutual slaughter and final collapse, until some stronger third power comes in, and adjusts the bleeding fragments. Persia finally "intervened" in favor of Sparta; and her hateful despotism was pressed down upon all the States of Hellas and her lovely islands. Thebes finally rebelled against it, led on by the great Epaminondas; and a second series of civil wars brought on a more complete exhaustion, and a more deadly collapse. Philip of Macedon next "intervened," and crushed them still lower into the dust, amid the dying thunders of Demosthenes, and the fading glories of the Grecian name. Next Rome "intervened," and conquered Macedonia; and both Macedonia and Hellas went down together under her iron heel. Next the Turk "intervened;" and Rome, in all her Eastern empire, involving Greece with her ancient States and beautiful isles, was eclipsed in a more baleful despotism and in heathen night. Such are the last results of autonomy, — dismemberment, mutual hate and slaughter, national extinction and death. So the loveliest form of ancient civilization, in a

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democracy just rising to the glories of empire, was sacrificed to the insane notion of petty "State sovereignty;" and, when we now ask, Where is Hellas? we are only answered by poets, who sing her elegy: —

"Ask the Paynim slave,
Who treads all tearless on her hallowed grave;
Invoke the spirits of the past, and shed
The voice of your strong bidding on the dead!
Lo, from a thousand crumbling tombs they rise, —
The great of old, the powerful, and the wise!
And a sad tale, which none but they can tell,
Falls on the mournful silence like a knell.
Then mark yon lonely pilgrim bend and weep
Above the mound where genius lies in sleep.
And is this all? Alas! we turn in vain,
And, turning, meet the self-same waste again, —
The same drear wilderness of stern decay;
Its former pride, the phantom of a day;
A song of summer birds within a bower;
A dream of beauty traced upon a flower;
A lute whose master chord has ceased to sound;
A morning star struck darkling to the ground." S.

WHETHER the ideas of the coming age upon religion were true or false, they would be real. "In the present day," I said, "mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another by being diluted into truisms, . . . this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of No-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Ay and No. — *J. H. Newman.*

THE Catholic Church does not teach that human nature is irreclaimable, else, wherefore should be sent? not that it is to be shattered and reversed, but to be extricated, purified, and restored. — *Ibid.*

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXI.

"AUS TIEFER NOTH RUF' ICH ZU DIR."

[The famous One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, "De profundis clamavi;" paraphrased by Martin Luther, 1524.]

FROM lowest deeps I cry, O God!
In thee all hope doth centre;
Do not with me, who dread thy rod,
Into strict judgment enter.
For if thou look severely through
The sin and wrong that mortals do,
What flesh could stand before thee?

There's nought avails but sovereign grace,
To cover our transgressions;
And man's deserts fill little place
In the best life's confessions.
No claim is heard, and boasting none;
But fears before thee every one,
And lives to Grace, Grace only.

On God alone my hope I plant,
And nought on my deserving;
To thee committing my sore want,
In thee my spirit nerving.
The promise of thy precious word
That trust and refuge must accord,
On which I wait for ever.

And though delayed till falls the night,
Delayed till breaks the morning,
I'll not mistrust the Heavenly Might, —
All other succor scorning.
Such is the true believer's way,
Who, of the Spirit born, can say,
"I live this true believing."

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Although our stubborn sins prevail,
God's love much more aboundeth;
His power to help can never fail,
Whatever harm surroundeth.
He only the good Shepherd is,
Who will from all their trespasses
Redeem his people. Amen.

XXII.

"MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT."

Christian Kenmann, 1656.

My Redeemer quit I not,
Him for me his life bestowing;
Owe I not my grateful thought,
To him cleaving, in him growing?
He's my portion and my lot;
My Redeemer quit I not.

Jesus will I never quit; —
When this mortal life is closing,
Full of faith my soul shall flit,
Yielding all to his disposing.
Heart and tongue the strain have caught:
"My Redeemer quit I not."

Let it go, the strength of sight, —
All the powers of sense be failing;
Let the latest beams of light
In the feeble eyes be paling;
When the frame its death has got,
My Redeemer quit I not.

I shall ne'er his presence quit;
When I reach the heavenly dwelling
Where the faith of Holy Writ,
Turned to sight, its joy is telling;
What shall veil his glory? What?
My Redeemer quit I not. M. L. F.

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SUPERNATURALISM.

[An extract from Edmond Scherer's "Mélanges de Critique Religieuse;" being part of a conversation between himself and an antisupernaturalist, Montaigu.]

"For the rest, my dear sir," said Montaigu in closing, "there is one point on which you will certainly agree with me. Belief in the supernatural is not a little weakened in men's minds. Right or wrong, our modern culture repels miracle: it does not precisely deny it, it is indifferent to it. Even the preacher knows not what to do with it. The more serious he is, the deeper and more vital his Christianity, so much the more does the miraculous disappear from his teaching. Formerly, miracles made the power of a religious discourse; to-day, they are its secret embarrassment. Everybody vaguely feels, in presence of the marvellous narratives of our sacred books, what one feels in regard to the legends of the saints: This cannot be religion: it is only an excrescence upon religion. Look at the place which the resurrection of Jesus Christ holds in the theology of St. Paul, and then at the place which it holds in our own! Such facts, believe me, are just what the unbeliever wants, and what the serious man is greatly disturbed by."

"It is true," I replied, "we no longer believe in miracles: you might as well add that we no longer believe in God. And the two things hold together. Much is said, now-a-days, about Christian spiritualism, about the religion of the conscience; and you yourself seem to see a progress of religion in giving up the miracles. Ah! could I only say strongly enough how the deepest experience of my heart protests against such an opinion! When I find my faith in miracles wavering, then also I see more dimly the image of my God: he ceases gradually to be for me the free, living, and personal God, the God with whom the soul converses as with a master and a friend. Let this sacred dialogue be interrupted, and what have we left? How sad and disenchanted does life then appear! With nothing to do but eat and sleep and lay

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up money, with no wider horizon, how puerile does our mature life look, how melancholy our old age, how aimless and absurd all our agitations! The more mystery, — that is to say, the more of the unknown, — the more of the infinite, the more of heaven above us, the more poetry everywhere. Ah! you may rely upon it, the unbelief which rejects miracle tends to unpeople the heaven and to disenchant the earth. The supernatural is the soul's natural sphere. It is the essence of its faith, its hope, its love. I know very well that criticism is specious, that its arguments often appear victorious; but I know one thing besides, — and perhaps I might appeal here to your own testimony, — in ceasing to believe in miracle, the soul finds that it has lost the secret of divine life; it is henceforth impelled towards the abyss; an accelerating fall draws it away from God and the holy angels; it loses successively piety, rectitude, genius; soon it comes flat to the ground: yes, and sometimes lies extended in the mud."

I spoke with a good deal of emotion. Having myself known what doubt was, I described these dangers as one who had incurred them; as one whose own eyes had, in some sort, measured the abyss in question. I thought I had made some impression on my interlocutor; and so I experienced a feeling of pain when I heard his answer. "It is not necessary," said he, "to exaggerate things so. Perhaps, in point of fact, the supernatural was a necessary form of religion for less cultivated minds." He had himself known men who had become serious, devout, practical Christians around the turning-table from which they were demanding oracles. In all this there was a psychological phenomenon to study. But, after having spoken in this way for some time, Montaigu turned towards me with an animated and earnest look: —

"For the rest," said he, "I should be sorry to push the discussion further. I am of your opinion at the bottom of my heart. I know but too well that miracle is the proper element of faith, and that, with the disappearance of miracle, there would be great risk of the disappearance of heaven and hell, and Jesus Christ and God himself, and the distinction of good and evil, and all that has raised us above Paganism.

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Yes: we must have a living and present God; and the supernatural alone gives him to us. The God who cannot or will not descend upon our earth, and there manifest his power and his glory, — this God is the God of deism, a machinery hidden in the heavens, an abstraction of the mind, a dead God."

"Are you jesting," I said, "and do you not see how you contradict yourself? A moment ago you were presenting the miraculous as a heterogeneous element in religion; and now you make it the very foundation of faith."

"I do not contradict myself, for I was speaking before of religion according to its idea; and now I am speaking of faith, that is, of religion as it produces itself in reality. Perhaps the future will undertake to reconcile the fact with the idea, by remodelling the Christian beliefs. If Christianity is imperishable, it is on condition of being the same identical principle which gives rise to successive transformations. As for us, our task is to collect all the facts and to welcome all the truths. It is the way to keep sincere. Now, one fact is manifest in our day, — this conversation of ours has just made it apparent, — I mean the antagonism between criticism and faith. We cannot renounce the latter, without abdicating that good which is no other than the very truth of life; and we cannot renounce the former, without falling into superstition. In losing faith, we lose our souls; in abandoning knowledge, we abandon the dignity of reasonable beings. And yet knowledge tends to dissolve faith, and faith maintains itself only by forgetting or despising knowledge; so that we are reduced, like Jacobi, to being Christians through the heart, and Pagans through the understanding. But man cannot rest in this contradiction with himself. Hence perpetually renewed efforts at reconciliation, — efforts which serve only to render the opposition of principles stronger or more manifest. So far has this gone, that society is divided into two camps, — a minority of zealous but narrow-minded Christians, and a majority of intelligent unbelievers; on the one side the materialism of modern science, on the other the religion of the immaculate conception. Do you see what we

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need? First and chiefly, a refutation of the thousand objections which science has given birth to, such as those, if you please, which I have just now been raising, and which have seemed to us so grave. But, if this task appear too difficult, let some one give us, at least, a good theory of mysticism. The Church will be in danger as long as it shall have failed to make *a criticism of criticism*, — as long as it shall not have shown, on the one hand, that rationalism is itself affected with uncertainty; and, on the other hand, that faith has its own method and its special lights. Science makes certainty depend on investigation: let it be shown to us that the certainty is illusory, and the investigation incompetent; and, as a subordinate work, let us have a renewal of the demonstration of Huet, of Pascal, of Lamennais. Will it succeed? I cannot tell. At any rate it is clear that this is the only chance of saving Christianity as it has been hitherto conceived, — the religion which devout souls still maintain. Indeed I cannot comprehend the Orthodox. When I see them waste their time in refuting first one objection, then another, I am reminded of the old woman who thought she could sweep back the rising tide with her broom.

Then, after a pause, he resumed: "You are suffering, and do you think that I too have not suffered? Is it easy or pleasant to find one's self outside the communion of the Church, past and present? Can one with indifference behold the simple beliefs of his childhood vanish away, or, might I not rather say, the supports of his moral being fall down? Who would not be discouraged in presence of the great problems which rise up, of the darkness which thickens around us? I am sometimes struck with the rapidity with which the most obstinate Orthodoxy is itself carried away by the spirit of the age, and with the concessions it makes, without suspecting it, to the opinions which it abhors. At other times, on the contrary, it seems to me that the Church, society, and all that we call civilization, still rest on beliefs which are no longer mine; and then I feel myself isolated, as a waif which the sea, in retiring, has left upon the shore. I experience in a Christian temple what the Protestant must

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experience in a cathedral, when the sacrifice of the Mass and the mystery of transubstantiation are celebrated there. I feel myself an intruder. Oh, how I envy those who can still repeat the *Te Deum laudamus*, that magnificent hymn to Christ, the God of the Christians, in which the believer associates himself with the company of the apostles, the fellowship of the prophets, the army of martyrs, and the Church universal throughout the world! It has often happened to me to be determined to believe at any cost. I have resolved that I would doubt no longer, that I would know no more, that I would submit henceforward. Alas! the question soon came, Submit? But why? And then I in vain alleged the happiness of believing, the beauty of faith, the virtues of the faithful: virtue, beauty, happiness, are still not truth; and is not truth the proper object of belief? Can he be a serious and earnest man who believes at will?"

As I did not conceal from him that these words agreed with my own prepossessions, Montaigu continued: "I cannot help thinking sometimes, that the history of humanity goes on somewhat after this fashion, — the world commences with religion, and, referring all phenomena directly to a first cause, it sees God everywhere; then comes philosophy, which, having discovered the connection of second causes, and the laws of their action, reduces to that extent the direct intervention of Divinity, and, based upon the idea of necessity (for necessity alone falls within the domain of science, and science is only the knowledge of what is necessary), tends by its fundamental axioms to exclude God from the world. More than this, it proceeds to deny human liberty as it has denied God. The reason is plain. Liberty is a cause outside of the chain of causes, — a first cause, — a cause which is its own explanation; and hence, as philosophy cannot explain it, it is irresistibly led to deny it. A rigorous philosophy will always be fatalistic. But, by this very fact, philosophy becomes corrupt, and perishes. When it has no other God than the universe, and no other man than the chief of the mammalia, it is nothing more than natural history. Natural history is all the science to be found in materialistic epochs;

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and this, by the way, is our present condition. But 'materialism' is not the last word of the human race. Society, corrupted and enfeebled, is crushed down by immense catastrophes; the iron harrow of revolutions tears open humanity like the clods of the field; new generations sprout forth in the bloody furrows; the tearful soul believes anew; it recovers faith in virtue; it finds once more the language of prayer. To the age of the revival of letters succeeded that of the Reformation; to the Germany of Frederick the Great, the Germany of 1812. It is thus that faith is for ever born anew out of its ashes. Alas! humanity rises again, only to recommence the course which I have just described. Does it, like our globe, while revolving upon itself, advance in space as well; and, if it advances, towards what point does it gravitate?

"'Whither, oh whither, Lord, the way
Our earth is wandering through the skies?'"

Montaigu ceased. I found no occasion to reply. We were both deeply moved, and parted with a pressure of hands. As soon as I had returned to my room, I endeavored to recollect what had passed between us, and to fix in writing a conversation which had left me in an indefinable feeling of sadness. I am not made, as I am well aware, for an epoch of universal transformation like ours. My sympathies are for the past, and yet I feel that "there is a certain declivity in human affairs, which one never surmounts." Thus I behold myself drawn by the convictions of my intellect towards a future which inspires neither interest nor confidence.

THE Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse.—*J. H. Newman.*

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PROOF OF IMMORTALITY IN CHRIST.

THE Scriptures do not treat the subject of man's immortality as a problem. They offer no arguments in support of it, but simply assume it; just as they assume the being of God. Only "the fool," it is said, "hath said in his heart there is no God." No solution of the difficulties of the subject is attempted. It is amply unfolded and illustrated, but this is all.

There are reasons in support of the doctrine, strong, clear, and independent, in a large measure, of Christian teaching.

For example, man's perfection is an end to which all objects and circumstances in nature and life administer. God has given him dominion over the creatures, the elements and forces of nature. He rules them: he turns them to use; and they perpetually contribute to the development of his capacities and powers. They appear, indeed, to exist for this sole purpose.

But, if death is the annihilation of his conscious being, no proper end can be ascribed to this wonderful array of means and agencies.

Then, indeed, nothing is permanently accomplished. What life brings forth, death destroys; and no permanent result follows.

Moreover, the human soul predicts its own immortal destiny; as blossoms in spring predict the coming fruit; as the eye predicts light before it is opened to receive it; or as the unfledged wings of the bird predict its future flight. Nature abounds in these analogies; and, true to them, the soul puts forth strong and beautiful prophecies of its immortal being and destiny.

(1) *It worships.* In some sort, it is ever, in all ages, under all circumstances, a worshipper. But whence this tendency, if it is framed only to a mortal existence? Might we not expect lower orders of beings to be worshippers as well? Must it not, indeed, bear some *kindredship* to the being it adores, —

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from which this instinctive prompting springs, — *and so share essentially in the permanence of his being?*

(2) *It hopes.* "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and this hope takes hold on immortality. It beats in every pulse of humanity. It glows brightly in all its consolations, and perpetually feeds the flame of its aspirations. It bears the burden of immortal anticipations. If, then, man is inherently incapable of realizing the ultimate fruition of this hope, why does he hope? Why these unutterable longings and divine anticipations? *Can* hope have birth and being in natures not equal to its greatness, or capable of its durableness? *Can* it transcend the soul's capacity? If not, then hope bears strong and beautiful testimony to the soul's immortality.

(3) *It expects also "the judgment to come,"* which means simply the ultimate triumphs of justice; and this also is universal. Wrongs shall finally be righted. Innocence shall not for ever suffer. As well are the darkest forebodings of guilty fear prophetic of a coming judgment, as are the brightest anticipations of virtue. In each human soul is an *inborn feeling* that it is connected with the verities of another world. Hence its interests in all times, — in ages past and to come. Hence men offer their body's life for the sake of the triumph of a cause.

Why, then, these noble promptings and unbidden interests in men, if it is all of life to live here in this "body of death"? *Can* it be all an illusion, a fancy, a dream? Must they not have a cause, a basis in man's immortality?

(4) Man also is made separate from other orders of being in nature. He multiplies his attainments by permanent acquisitions of knowledge; whereas the animal races do not. They knew as much ages ago as they know now. They never pass a certain limit. The birds sang their different capacities of song as sweetly and well in the centuries past as they will in the centuries to come; but man ever improves upon the past, and no limit may be set to human progress. The best lives even are incomplete, and therefore require another sphere for their perfecting, if ever their capacities are unfolded; if ever their ideal of perfection is attained.

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Such, briefly, are some of the reasons referred to in support of the doctrine of man's immortality. They were urged with force and eloquence ages before the Christian era. They are strong with proof, but fail fully to meet our human need. Something more vital than arguments merely, is needed. They were exhausted centuries ago, and still men longed for somewhat more, — longed as men *now* long to be certified in some way that they have reasoned truly, — longed to *feel* their immortality. Not so much *logic* as *light* is wanted; not so much reason as *direct discernment*. Exhaust the last resource of argument, and still this void in the mind remains. Men may reason well upon the subject, who have not the spiritually unfolded power of discernment to behold and sense it as a verity. They cannot soar above a mental conviction, or get beyond a rational conclusion. They cannot reason themselves into this spiritual power of discernment. The end of their endeavors is simply a deduction or an inference.

For the same reason, the popular phenomena of "spirit manifestations" brings no effectual help. How many, who affirm a belief in the genuineness of the phenomena, are yet really brought no nearer to a consciousness of spiritual verities than they were before their new belief! It fails to renovate and elevate human character, as a *true* revelation of immortal verities ought to do; and persons everywhere deal so lightly with the phenomena that it becomes simply frivolous, — too trifling to bear the stamp and character of such a revelation of eternal verities as shall be to men everywhere a soul-elevating assurance.

The difficulty, observe, belongs to a spiritual state. They who are not in any measure regenerate, nor in the endeavor to become so, surely cannot be helped to any clearer discernment or better apprehension of the great truth by arguments, however strong or clear or forcible; nor by any *external* appliances or phenomena, of whatever character or sort.

To convince the mind is not necessarily to remove spiritual blindness or cure the soul's malady. Before we can rest in a full assurance of the truth, we must have the power of seeing and feeling it *spiritually*.

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It is true, death, as it casts its shadows over the future existence of the departed, more or less sensibly affects all; for our senses tell us, that all there was vital of those we loved has expired. But we may not consistently demand more concerning our cognizance of them, now that death has set its seal upon them, than was possible to our mortal vision before. We never did see or know them in their substantial, spiritual form and character, nor ever shall, till we will see and know them in the immortal land.

How manifestly has God in mercy veiled from our mortal vision the verities of the immortal life! We could not look upon them now, and live, much less continue to be the same free agents we are.

We have said the Scriptures nowhere offer reasons in confirmation of the doctrine of man's immortality, but everywhere assume it.

In our Lord Jesus Christ it is brought to light, and rendered real and radiant to our discernment.

First. We see him, after his crucifixion and burial, *rise from the dead*, and minister to his disciples and church as he did before. To those whose spiritual vision was open to discern him, he brings *thus* demonstrative evidence of the immortal life. Death had wrought its last work upon his bodily frame. It had been openly committed, as all are committed, to the earth, "dust to dust." And yet in that same form he moves amongst those whose visions were prepared to behold him, rising though but to ascend shortly to purer regions.

We bear in mind the doubts which some entertain of this event. But it is as well attested as any of the facts of the gospel narratives. And to those who receive the central truth of Christianity, — the divine character of Jesus, — his resurrection seems no strange event, but what we might expect.

We propose not to argue the point; we assume that thus hath he brought immortality to light. And how many have been so affected by this evidence as to be drawn to the highest spiritual discernment and consciousness of the truth, — to "the witness within," — the evidence of experience!

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It is the life we live which precedes this discernment, even as life in Jesus *precedes* the immortality brought to light in him. We see it verified in him as an indwelling reality. We become aware, by apprehending him, that what he said and did would be imperfect without it. "He walked in its light." "His whole being savors of the celestial courts whence he came." He thus abolishes or dissipates the fear of death *by assurance.* As we are changed into his likeness, we obtain the spiritual discernment and consciousness so fully unfolded in him. It is a gift to those, who, by a believing acquaintance, walk with him. Therefore the exhortation, "Let this same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Doubts of the reality of the immortal life, and as a consequence the bondage of the fear of death, is the inheritance, the inevitable experience, of the spiritually unrenewed. They may have rational convictions upon the subject, — may reason well *about it;* but there remains to them *a spiritual blindness,* — a want of power to apprehend the truth, — a power which sweeps the soul's horizon permanently clear of doubts, banishing every dark cloud, and bringing full assurance to our need. That power is unfolded from within, and only by a humble walk with Him who is "*the* way, *the* truth, and *the* life."

It is a new sense of the regenerate heart; a perception of faith and love. Therefore, to the sensual, the worldling, the unregenerate, it is excluded. They have no power to sense it, no capacity to realize it. The verities of the immortal life to them are as dreams, — as nothing. They walk in darkness, — in the fear of death and of retribution after death.

This is their "bondage;" for it is only by newness of life in Christ that men may have the discernment in question, and be enabled of a truth to say, in the apostle's exultant words, "O death! where is thy sting? and O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

As, in the light of this discernment, we look to the world above us; as we catch clearer glimpses of the glories there to be revealed, — the great realities upon which we are to enter,

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yea, already are entering, — death loses its terrors, and becomes indeed to us an angel of mercy.

Arguments are no longer needed. We have the witness within, the power to apprehend the thing itself, and no longer need to *reason about it.* This assurance is vitally unfolded, and therefore brings a joy and peace inexpressible and full of glory. "Whosoever," said Jesus, "liveth and believeth in me shall never die." They shall not suffer spiritual death or the fear of temporal death; for it shall have no more power over them. "Life and immortality" is their inheritance.

TRUE LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A VIOLET, in the meadow green,
Bowed down its head with modest mien:
It was a charming flower.
There came a lovely maiden there:
With happy heart and joyous air
She came, she came
Blithe singing in the meadow fair.

Ah! thought the violet, could I be
The fairest of all flowers to see! —
If 'twere but half an hour,
Till, charming my beloved's eye,
She plucked me, on her breast to lie,
And, withering there,
In ecstacy of bliss to die!

Then nearer came the maiden fair,
Nor saw the violet blooming there,
But careless crushed the flower.
It sank, and, dying, sweetly said:
No pain to die beneath her tread;
No pain to die
Through her, and at her feet lie dead! E. T.

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A SERMON ON COLD.

BY REV. J. C. KIMBALL.

Ps. cxlvii. 17: "His cold."

COLD is one of those agents in nature that we are apt to look upon as tending neither to the glory of God nor the comfort of man. The associations connected with it are, for the most, gloomy, sad, and desolate. It comes to us after the close of summer, as the ruthless destroyer of all its wealth and beauty. Its reign is marked with suffering and death. It rides madly over the land on the fierce coursers of the North. The orchards groan and sigh, and toss their limbs, at the stroke of its lash. The thousand springs of life in the meadow and forest are sealed up by its breath. It lays siege, with shriek and hiss and bugle-blast, to the little barriers of brick and iron that are built up to resist its dominion. And through the texture of our garments, through every crack and crevice of the house, it inserts its long and swift and viewless lances, keener than the blade of Soliman, ready first to sting the sleeper into agony, and then to wrap him in the iron peace of death. It is classified with famine, disease, and blight, as the great natural enemy of mankind, and is warred against with all the thousand appliances of art. The mythology of the Norse Edda makes it to be the great source of torment in the world to come. It is used in our common speech as the symbol of stupor, formality, indifference; the negation of love and zeal and strength, and of all those qualities which belong to the highest life.

And yet this frigid visitor, in spite of its bad reputation, is sent forth into the world as the wise and faithful servant of our heavenly Father. Its icy arms are laden down with blessings. The Psalmist, with a special significance, calls it "His cold." And, though in itself an unpromising subject, it may help to enlarge our conceptions of the divine economy, if we give our attention a short time, this winter day, to its manifold uses.

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First, it has an important part to perform in carrying on the operations of the material world. Winter is the night of nature. The blast which sweeps down from the north, stripping the forest of its leaves and the meadows of their verdure and flowers, is no ruthless destroyer, but a kind mother undressing her children, and preparing them for a season of rest. The snow is their coverlet. She tucks them in with the ice. The clouds are drawn around them as curtains; and their lullaby hymns are sung with the voices of the storm. Meanwhile, it is busy in other forms preparing for them on awaking, a new supply of nourishment. It inserts its fingers into the tough rocks, and rends them asunder. It loosens the soil about the roots of the trees. It opens deep fissures in the solid earth for the penetration of moisture. And with its frosty spade, more delicate than any of art's creation, it makes the whole surface of the ground light and porous, and ready for the morning rays of spring-time. It is the sunlight's pioneer in the great work of progress; and it is through its faithful service that Nature is enabled with each new year to come forth, as a bride from her chamber, ever blooming and ever young.

It is one of the great agents which is employed at all seasons of the year, equally with heat, in the circulation of that fluid which is the life-blood of the material world. The water is lifted up, day after day, from the vast reservoir of the ocean, and carried, in the shape of clouds, far and wide over the land. This, however, is not enough. The thousand forms of nature's life are waiting to have it brought down to their very pores; and the question arises, How shall they get it? It is here that the cold comes in to solve the problem. The space outside the earth is all a region of the intensest winter. The atmosphere, which is wrapped around us as a warm blanket, is only a few miles in thickness; and, as soon as the clouds have risen to a height where it begins to grow thin, the cold currents of air rush down, and seize them in their mighty arms, embracing leagues at a time, and, with a power like that of God's might, wring them out in copious and refreshing showers over the dusty city and the parching field.

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Then, apart from what it is doing at the present time, the surface of the earth is covered with the traces of a still mightier agency, exerted by it in some age of the past. It is well known to geology, that the glaciers, which are now found in Switzerland and in Northern Asia, were once extended over large portions of the globe. They were piled up by the cold on the summits of high mountains, and then forced by the power of gravitation over all the surrounding valleys. In their course, they operated as gigantic harrows and ploughs, furrowing the steep sides of the mountain, rasping away the solid rock, transferring immense boulders far down over the plains, and mingling those various elements which go to make up the fertility of the soil. Their agency is one of the most powerful that has ever wrought on the globe. And to this Titanic system of agriculture, all superinduced by the cold, we owe, in a large measure, the richness and beauty of our modern earth.

Cold, however, is subservient to the material world, not only for use, but also for beauty. Its realm, though different in all of its features from that of summer, is not by any means a scene of desolation. The same touch of divinity which pervades all the other seasons of the year, is found also in the works of winter. What can be more beautiful than the first falling of the snow! Softly and slowly, like the beating of angels' wings, it comes down through the still air, disporting and fluttering and trembling, the emblem of all that is holy and gentle and pure. There is a great hush of Nature, as if her children had stopped from their works to give a welcome to their heavenly visitor. And, as it falls white and soft on the earth, not breaking the bruised reed, nor bending even the tiniest leaf, wrapping the brown and naked earth in the best of all comforters, who is not reminded of the Psalmist's words, "He giveth snow like wool"? Each particle is a crystal, regular in its shape, and formed with as much care as though it were the shaping of a world. The forms into which it is drifted by the rising wind, being determined by some of the most complex laws of motion, are such as to exhibit, in every possible variety, the beauty of lines, showing

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how God is able, from the wildest commotion of the elements, to evolve, by strictly natural laws, the most exquisite forms of grace. And then, when the storm has cleared away and the sunshine breaks over the scene, what a spectacle! The whole wide landscape is inwrapped in a mantle so white and spotless, it might well seem to have fallen from the spirit world. The dead leaves, and broken soil, and sharp rocks, are concealed in its soft folds. The stains and filth and blemishes which belong to earth by nature, are buried, as in the robe of divine forgiveness. And far away, over valley and hill, over wayside and waste, it stretches out in billowy luxuriance almost as boundless as the mercy of our Father's heart.

Then, besides what it is doing for the use and beauty of the world at large, there are many blessings and comforts which it is the means of bringing directly into the possession of mankind. It is the great antiseptic of nature. Its presence puts a stop at once to all kinds of putrefaction and decay. It sweeps down from the North in the fall of the year, — the season when the human body is the most exposed to disease, — and begins its work of purification. It seals up the vapors of the swamp. It drives away miasmas from their lurking-places in the mould of the forest. And, proceeding downward yet farther in its course, it meets in battle the great armies of the Fever and the Pestilence, and with its sharp thrusts, more powerful than all the appliances of medicine, puts them to a speedy rout. The cities of the South hail it as a deliverer. It brings energy and health and strength to frames which are wearied and enervated with the heats of summer. The children sport on the new play-grounds which it spreads for them on the pond and the hillside. And it stores up a wealth of ice, to be carried as a luxury into the burning days of August, cooling the hot brow of fever, warding off decay from the viands of the table, and, by its invigoration of the human frame, reminding us of the beautiful proverb, "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him; for he refresheth the soul of his masters."

Yet all these blessings are of slight value, in comparison

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with what it does for us in the promotion of our domestic happiness. It is to this agent outwardly, hardly less than to the religion of Christ inwardly, that we owe the institution of home. The people of countries where it is impossible to remain for a long time under the open sky, are led naturally to seek for their chief comfort in the domestic circle. Its attractions are found in their highest perfection, only among the nations of the North. Greece and Italy and France and all Southern climes, where the inhabitants are able to spend the larger part of their time in the open air, may have houses, places in which to eat and drink and sleep; but they do not have homes, places in which to live and upon which they can look as the shrines of their highest earthly enjoyment. It needs the touch of the cold to crystallize our dwellings, and make them refulgent with the light of love. The barbarous nations of the North, as far back as the days of Julius Cæsar, were noted for the cheer of their homes. The difference which is made in this respect by the cold is manifested even in the mythology of the Northern and Southern nations, — Olympus, the heaven of the one, being only a court or a council-chamber in which the gods occasionally assembled; while Alpheim, the blessed region of the others, was literally the home of gods, a social and domestic place in which they lived together as a family. The very word "home," signifying that which is close or protected, implies the occasion of its origin. And Cowper in speaking of winter, has well sung, —

> "I crown thee king of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening, know."

And how great are the blessings, which, under the name of home, are thus derived from the cold! The hearth-stone is the symbol of all that is most sacred and cheerful and sweet in human affection. Children grow up with healthy souls under its light, as plants do with healthy leaves under the blaze of the sun. The mother blooms in its ruddy glow to all the beauty of womanhood. The father's heart is saved by

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its influence from the chill and numbness of the outward world. And, in its genial warmth, the spirit of the aged parent ripens the more sweetly for the great harvest of eternity. It is the Paradise of human love. The virtues of religion flourish in its atmosphere hardly less than in that of the Church. And if there is one place peculiar to earth, on which the angels of God look with a shade of envy, it is, on a winter's night, into the cheer and comfort of a Christian home.

Once more: it is the means of calling into action the energy and spirit and the highest powers of the human mind. The balmy atmosphere of tropical climates, and the superabundance with which all the materials of life are produced, tend to breed sloth and effeminacy and vice; but within certain limits, those limits in which the icy gales of winter are able to act on man side by side with the breath of summer on nature, we find that the cold tends to brace up the system, and to inspire the soul, and to urge on the whole man to energy and enterprise. All the great nations of the earth, all of those which have overrun and outstripped their companions, — the Tartars in Asia, the Goths and Vandals in Eastern Europe, the Normans and Saxons in the West, and the Indian tribes in America, — all these have originated in the cold North. I do not remember a single case in history, where a Southern people, in the long trial, have been able either to overcome or to resist the dwellers of the North. The great currents of humanity, unlike those of the ocean, are all to the West and to the South. If we wanted any better pledge as to the issue of the present Rebellion than the progress of ideas from slavery into freedom, we might find it in the historical progress of so many nations from the North over the South.

Then, too, it is the colder regions of the earth which have given rise to all of our great discoveries in science and art. It is Northern genius which whitens the sea with commerce, and yokes the mighty powers of nature, and reads geology on the rocky tablets of the earth, and marks out the courses of the stars. It is out of their home in the North that have come our civil liberty and our free institutions and our great moral

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and social reforms. It is out of Northern ports that sail our missionaries with glad tidings of great joy to be carried over all the earth. The origin of religious liberty and of the Reformation was in the Germanic North. And if we now draw a line which separates Protestantism from Catholicism, progress from conservatism, faith from form, and Christ from Antichrist, we shall find it to be, in a large measure, the line which divides the North from the South, the realm of cold from the realm of heat.

We ought to thank God for the providential care which brought our Puritan Fathers, in spite of their intentions, to the ice-bound shore of New England. The frozen air which they drew into their lungs on that cold December morning, when they landed on Plymouth Rock, is yet inspiring the hearts of their children. It has not hurt us in the past, and we need have no fears of its doing so in the future, to be left out in the cold. The snow which has fallen from year to year on our shores has been to us a richer blessing than ever came from the cotton-fields of the South. The cold blast which has frozen up our rivers and our lakes has set free our thoughts and our speech. Letters and science and art have flourished on the wintry side of our hills. Whatever may have been our climate for the raising of grain and cattle, we have had three months, every year, that were good for raising men. And, while the icicles have been growing downwards to the earth, our church-spires have been lifting themselves all the faster upwards to heaven.

This reminds me to say, finally, that the cold is a blessed means of calling forth our Christian benevolence, and of aiding in the culture of our moral and spiritual nature. It does, indeed, bring to some of our fellow-creatures suffering and want. It creeps into the homes of the poor. It blights the weak frames of the houseless children found in the city's streets. It chills the traveller in his lonely path. And to the soldier on the night-guard, far away from the light of home, it comes with a wail and a thrust, which no arms and no vigilance are able to resist. But these sufferings, though painful in themselves, are the very things which appeal the

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most powerfully to all the nobler sentiments of our nature. Christianity, in a world where there was no want and no woe, would lose half its beauty, and more than half its power. The human spirit is so made, in the divine economy, as oftentimes to feed the most bountifully on those very things which cause the body to die. It is conquered evils which make the best servants of virtue. And not the least of the many reasons which lead us to regard this world as a place of probation, is the fact that we are surrounded with so much that in itself is bad, and yet is made to enter largely into our moral and spiritual growth. The winter weather is the seed-time of the soul. The furrows in which we plant for the harvest of eternity are made through the snow to the homes of the poor. It is in the midst of its cold winds that the flowers of mercy and love and kindness are able to bloom the most beautifully. God builds him a temple out of the ice, in which there is paid him a diviner worship than any which ever goes from mortal's proud cathedral. It is on the frosty air of winter that the angelic song of our Christmas-eve goes echoing the most sweetly over the earth. The snow is not only an emblem of moral purity, but is also one of its instruments. The majority of our great revivals in religion have commenced in the winter. It is in cold countries that we find nearly all of our asylums and charitable institutions. The first blast of the icy North is the signal, in many of our large cities, for hundreds of gentle feet, seen perhaps only of God's omniscient eye, to start forth into their by-ways and their wretched homes on the mission of love. It is indeed a bad heart that never, in the storm, lifts a silent prayer for the sailor on the sea, or never, in the depth of winter, looks around the more carefully for a child of want. And though I am conscious that we perform only a small share of what is our duty, yet, in the great day, I doubt not that the most precious part of the sheaves that we lay at the feet of our Lord, will be those that were ripened amid the cold and snow of winter.

Surely, then, it becomes us, in view of the manifold service which this agent is performing for the world at large, to be

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careful how we murmur and complain at the harm and inconvenience which it may bring occasionally to our individual selves. The Psalmist was right in calling it emphatically "His cold." It is the same loving heart which kindled the torch of the sunlight, and gave to the flower its dewy breath, that has laid up the treasures of the hail, and said to the snow, "Be thou on the earth." Its wild trumpet is blown ever to the glory of God, its myriad keen blades wielded always in the strictest accordance with eternal law. There is no malice even in its most blighting breath. With all the ruin which it brings to the richness and splendor of autumn's treasures, it goes forth to its work in the true spirit of a Reformer, — breaking down the useless old, only as a foundation for upbuilding the nobler new. Every winter's blast, equally with each summer's breeze, is an instrument of Nature's progress, both together being but the plying back and forth of that mysterious life-shuttle which weaves the world. And as now in the harvest of each year, so in that great harvest of the ages, when the ripe earth shall hang from God's field as a head of grain from its stalk, and the souls of men be gathered into eternity as the wheat is to the garners of time, we shall have reason to praise, as its means, not only summer's sunshine but also the winter's cold.

THE LESSON OF A DREAM.

I SAW in a dream a little picture representing a person riding in thick darkness, while another walked by his side, carrying a candle, which threw a little gleam of light along the road. Thus it was signified to me that one, who has not power to lead, may still be able to aid, his fellow-travellers by throwing some ray of light upon their way. Be thy intellectual gifts and attainments great or small, be thy station high or low, let thy pure and saintly life shed its light as an unerring guide through the dark places of the world! †

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XAVIER'S INDIAN MISSIONS.

THE life of the Apostle to the Indies has never been adequately written; his claims to the reverence of mankind have been put on false ground; he has been set upon the pedestal of the supernatural, as a miracle-worker; his character, so benevolent, energetic, intrepid, has been as necessarily buried from notice as the Roman girl was said to have been buried under the shields of those to whom she had betrayed the city. Of late years, Xavier's own Letters have been studied, beginning with his student-life, in 1535, at Paris, and ending with a Letter only three years before his melancholy end at Malacca, in 1552: being written with great care and considerable length, they deserve more notice than they have received.

As the Roman-Catholic missions claim immense superiority over the Protestant; as this enterprise of Xavier has ever been proclaimed the most successful of its kind; as a halo of unearthly glory has been thrown around his whole vast field of labor, — we have a motive for closely scrutinizing these remarkable confessions: we feel bound to estimate them dispassionately in connection with the well-known result, — that Christians of any name are hardly as numerous in India today as they were three centuries ago; and that, by building his Asiatic Church upon the Portuguese throne, Xavier insured its decay when the power of that third-rate kingdom came to decline.

Xavier went into the missionary-field with every advantage. The Asiatic Heathen were just waking up to the superiority of Christianity: they had detected its thousand imperfections in practical development, — the fire-arms it would use without stint to avenge even imaginary wrongs, the fire-poison with which it would degrade these feebler children of Infinite Providence, the grasping selfishness of many of its consecrated servants, the flagrant profligacy of official representatives of the most Christian majesty of Portugal.

This readiness for the gospel was so remarkably manifested

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just then, that Japan (whose gates have just been burst open by the war-thunder of European nations) was actually seeking some interpreter of the new faith among its distant isles, through a wanderer who was brought into Xavier's presence by one of the most remarkable providences on record. All India, too, was welcoming Roman-Catholic missions before his arrival who has been called the "Light of the East." Emissaries from the universal Church of Christendom were meeting the Heathen on their own level, — Franciscan and Dominican friars, inured to a life of privation, embarrassed by no family cares, inspired by the thought that as many as they baptized were saved from rolling in the endless flames of a physical hell. Those who have witnessed these devoted men in Oriental lands cannot question their enjoyment of a seeming advantage over the heralds of Protestantism, as their expense of maintenance is unspeakably less, their ease of motion unspeakably more, their capacity of endurance obviously greater, than the delicate New-England lady who is sharing her husband's Burmese ministry, or the fair children who seem only to waste their sweetness on the fever-smitten air. The Romish missionary has no wife but his Church, no children but his converts, no home better than the hearts of those he has brought from darkness into light.

Besides these two advantages, one of which was reproduced of late years in the Sandwich Islands seeking after the gospel, and the other has been surpassed by the organization of the Moravian missions, a third, peculiar to Xavier, was his being the front wave of a new spiritual tide. He was one of the six original Jesuits, the bosom-friend of Loyola, the admiration of all the more fervent Romanists, the manifestation of its new zeal upon a field where Jesuitism meant to put in the shade all previous triumphs of Christianity. The fact that Xavier made it his first business in India to dispossess all earlier Christian laborers, and intrust every thing to the exclusive care of his Jesuit brethren, shows that he felt himself to be the leader of a new sacramental host about to win more glorious victories than had been dreamt of before. The immense enterprise which he put forth, without any

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knowledge of the native tongues, without any thought of carrying his influence deeper than baptism and the catechism, betrays to my mind the fresh burst of religious enthusiasm. Worldly men would call it fanaticism. The most gifted Protestant missionary, even if a born linguist, would never dream of dividing ten years' labor among as many different languages, through nine thousand miles of territory, and fifty-two separate kingdoms. He would object, that this was scattering the seed altogether too thin; that the result could be nothing more than a transient excitement of curiosity here and there, followed by profounder slumber; that the most ardent of Christian apostles confined his ministry to classic lands, where he could use his native tongue, and, but for the providential severity of persecution, would not have wandered as much as he did, while the other anointed missionaries of the Cross were mostly confined to some single spot whence they rayed out light as from the sun of a central system, — this, too, with miraculous gifts such as put an infinite distance between them and their modern successors. Xavier hardly attempted to penetrate beyond the sea-coast of the countries he visited; he allowed sometimes but a few months to a whole community; he made feeble endeavors to grasp the foreign language which he needed to know; he did little to erect permanent institutions; moreover, at the very root of his tree was a worm, placed there by himself, certain to consume its beauty and destroy its life.

This was the last advantage, as he thought, of his position; as I think, the chief source of its many troubles and final failure. He was the royal commissioner to the Indies; he represented the majesty of Portugal, then as powerful in those seas as the England of to-day; he went out with a fleet as a convoy; he assumed to direct in temporal and spiritual affairs at once; he essayed to open seaports as well as establish missionary stations. It was a task entirely unfitted to his nature, certain to raise up enemies, and utterly alien from the spirit of Him who declared that his kingdom is not of this world. As his monarch held rights of dominion over all east of the Cape, as this commerce-loving sovereign sought to extend his profitable trade throughout Asia under

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special sanction of the pope, Xavier's influence was impaired by this effort to serve God and Mammon at once, — to start commerce, for instance, under the best auspices at Japan, and build up a Jesuit institution in connection with the Portuguese government: so that he was naturally led to lean on this arm of flesh; one of his Indian Letters stating that he "owed much of his success to the viceroy, who lately gave four thousand pieces of gold to those who profess the truth in the Christian cities." More than any missionary before or since, he required to be backed by the civil power; and the ultimate overthrow of that most promising effort in Japan was owing to the very principles he had introduced of interfering with the government of a country which had opened its bosom freely to his spiritual influence. After ninety years, the mission was destroyed, in fire and blood, by the jealousy of the Japanese emperors: they justly considered it as endangering the peace of the State. Xavier had sought to unite it as closely as possible to Portugal; had conciliated the confidence of one ruler by presents, had won the favor of another by diplomacy, had established political intercourse between the two governments. When, therefore, his Jesuit successors intrigued, according to their nature, with one party against another, is it strange that they became suspected, then hated, then doomed? In 1637 another emperor than him who knew this Joseph of Jesuitism thought he discovered a traitorous conspiracy to dethrone him, and smothered it in the blood of thirty-seven thousand Christians.

The astounding fact, settled beyond question by Xavier's one hundred and forty-two Letters, is, that with all these unexampled aids; with the advantage of representing a then universal Church; with the impulse of a new aggressive religious organization (which hesitated at nothing that could accomplish its aims, not even at the fiery terrors of the Inquisition); with the tendency of Oriental Heathenism to embrace a faith of whose shield it saw only the golden side; with the authority of a royal commissioner of the leading maritime power of Europe, and the energetic assistance of its viceroy, — his success was exceedingly limited. He did not strike beneath the surface, nor cover much of that. In India, in

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Ceylon, in the Spice Islands, his labors were confined entirely to the sea-coast, where he was under the protection of Portuguese guns, and sustained by Portuguese governors. Even there, knowing nothing of the language, and approaching the natives through an interpreter, he was reduced to baptizing the children, and hearing the catechetical repetitions of those who had been made disciples by the previous missionaries whom he supplanted. In 1790 the Abbé Dubois writes, that Xavier left India in disgust, after a stay of about two years, disheartened by the immeasurable obstacles which everywhere met him in his apostolic career. Instead of his eulogist's statement, that, "in ten years, all the regions from Goa to the extremity of Asia were overrun, instructed, converted," his own declaration is, that he left India "in utter disgust at the thick-headedness of the natives, and their propensity to enormous vices." On the fishing coast, Catholic writers doubt his adding one to the list of previous converts. But a single Brahmin embraced Christianity under his influence; and that one because of the salary, it was said, which he actually received. At Malacca he accomplished nothing whatever. China he was prevented from visiting by his early death. In 1548 he writes to his sovereign, that he must severely punish any governor in whose district converts are not made; that any such officer neglecting to spread the faith must be imprisoned for many years, his goods confiscated, and all his property devoted to charity; thus making the progress of Christianity depend upon the systematic persecution condemned by the spirit of Christianity, — upon the lust of gold, and the ambition of preserving official honor. The very next year, he writes to his spiritual master, Loyola, "All our labor at present is to guard those already Christians. The natives so abhor Christianity that they have no patience to listen when we introduce the subject. Hence, since there is not the least need of my efforts in these parts, I have determined to start for Japan." How strangely this contrasts with the profane assertion of a late Jesuit eulogy, that "Xavier abandoned himself to God, and God abandoned his power to him"! But the divine judgment has been long ago passed upon his work in Japan, — that his maxim, of missionaries

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doing nothing without the aid of muskets, was radically false; that besides the error of resting a religious enterprise upon the authority of a foreign State, of employing, to build up the kingdom of Christ, what Christ repudiates (the bribe of worldly advantage and the terror of the magistrate's sword), he had not learned even so much charity as to welcome the co-operation of Roman-Catholic brethren who had distinguished themselves by years of efficient service in the Asiatic field; but replaced them in every important post by new comers, who must have entered on their strange task under every disadvantage. More than this: his method, like every Jesuit's, seems to have been utterly worldly, — to gain the favor of influential people, as he wrote to Father Melchior Nugnez, by frequenting hospitals and prisons, and turn it to the credit of the order, as he wrote not many months before his death. Loyola himself had become dissatisfied because the neophytes relapsed to Paganism — had accused Xavier of being precipitate in administering baptism, — had demanded his immediate return to Europe.

The legends which Catholic eulogists have gathered around this sainted name, of converting a million of heathen in a month, of putting to flight a hostile army by a word, of raising the dead and saving multitudes of lives by some gift like his chaplet, are inconsistent with his own Letters, with his confessions of failure, and his dependence on the civil authority for success. It is an unspeakable pity that these biographers have not rather drawn attention to his beautiful character; to that rare modesty which made him write to Loyola, "Since I myself can do nothing;" to that noble forgiveness which sent help to a governor who had deeply injured him, but would not humble the fallen man by a personal visit; to that self-sacrifice which made him relinquish his brilliant prospects in Paris to bury himself alive on a Paynim shore; to the real intrepidity which made him the advance-guard of Christianity in far-away Japan; to the sublimity of his death, when, utterly alone in a shed of sticks, amidst the seaport din, without so much as the sympathy of a dog, his uncompromising spirit took its flight, leaving his body to be buried, without prayer or tear, in the adjoining

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sand. That body now receives reverence at Goa; that name is enshrined in a magnificent church at Gotala; that right arm, so often enervated with baptisms, is embalmed at Rome; that soul, I doubt not, has long ago deplored the sensual man-worship which has so long obscured a character of rare beauty, a life of sublime dedication. F. W. H.

SUNBEAM.

Not from Loss, preceptor stern,
Will affection wait to learn,
Sweet Home-Sunbeam, how thou art
Dearly precious to the heart!

There is light transfigures form
In thy glance of lustre warm,
Gleaming from the oval brow
And the bright cheek's earnest glow.

Work thy rhythmic hand has wrought
Wears artistic grace of thought,
Industry's ideal measure
Moving like a round of pleasure.

Use and ornament combine;
Hands of love and labor twine,
Sending a diviner beauty
To the willing forms of duty.

Rooms arranged by thee become
All the poetry of home
Where the children's cheery faces
Shine with thy reflected graces.

Long may meekness earth inherit,
And late heaven,* loving spirit!
Cynosure of home! delay
On thy culminating way! R. F. F.

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* Sero in cœlum redeas!

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER II. — INTERIOR LIFE.

It may be thought that a close intimacy would hardly grow up between persons whose ages were thirty years apart. I should have said so myself, before I knew Arthur Ashton. But, in conversation with him, I forgot the disparity. His life had had a so much better start than mine, that I never felt more painfully the deficiencies of my early education. By his thorough culture and habits of reflection, he had reached the questions which were then interesting me. It was like adding thirty years to his life.

Besides, as I came into his neighborhood a stranger to the persons and business of the place, I was, to some degree, dependent upon him for advice; which he always was as free to give as I was to ask. This served still further to abate the difference of age. Our intercourse at once took the form of equality. I think it would have puzzled any one to say, whether he felt the more respect for my years, or I the more respect for his insight.

Perhaps the knowledge that, in our rural retirement, we were dependent on each other, disposed us to take some special pains in mutual adaptation; and I have noticed that friendships which grow up in this way are apt to be both more useful and more lasting than those formed upon less consideration. At any rate, we met and talked with rare freedom and sympathy.

Among my first visits to Morning Side, I remember one which gave me a glimpse of his interior life. I have good reason for being able to recall the precise day. I had resolved to reset a bank-wall front of my house, and for this purpose had engaged one or two extra hands. On their arrival in the morning, the sky looked threatening, and the air felt icy; but we determined to begin our work.

We had one of those raw, soaking days, which often mark a backward spring. A snow-squall was succeeded by a few gleams of sunshine, and these by sheer torrents of rain; and

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then the lighting-up of the horizon again disappointed us with mist and sleet that drizzled all day. Twice my men abandoned their work, only to renew it again amid the discomforts of handling slippery stones, and shovelling mud.

It was not without some disturbance of my equanimity, and some incipient dislike of my new country-life, that I went over to pass the evening at Morning Side.

I found Arthur sitting in front of a fire that blazed up in the old-fashioned chimney-place, and gave an air of cheerful comfort to the room. I learned that he had anticipated foul weather; and, providing some indoor work for his hired men, he had himself been all day over his books.

"A long storm," said he, "makes a red-letter day in my calendar. I contrive to get twenty or thirty such days every year. They come as peaceful and holy as a sabbath! The rain that patters against my windows gives me a delicious sense of security from intrusion, and then for some communion with those old master-spirits whose thoughts lift up our daily life! Now, neighbor," he continued, giving me the name by which he always addressed me, "if you had lived long in the country, you would not have tried any out-of-door labor to-day. However, you will soon learn to read the signs of the weather. Country people always expect heavy rains at this time, — a provision of Nature to fill the wells and streams, and to saturate the earth against the droughts of summer."

Neighbor.—Do you think that Nature has made any provision against a too liberal supply of this element with which I have got so well acquainted? because, judging from the soaked garments I have worn to-day, from the spongy state of the ground, to say nothing of five inches of water in my cellar, perhaps that extreme needs some limitation.

Arthur. — Ah! I see you have fears of being drowned out. But take courage; our hillside is high; if the worst comes, you may grow amphibious, perhaps reach the honor of gills and fins. Meanwhile, wait till next August to see how the adjustment of supply and need comes out.

Neighbor. — Oh! of course. But that is a curious fact you have just alluded to, — the secret faith which every one has in the beneficent processes of Nature. All indications of a primitive sympathy with that faith are full of interest.

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Arthur. — I think so too; and country proverbs and traditions reveal numberless indications of that sort. No doubt we should find that every one feels the yearnings of that faith, could we only reach him. But country people, for the most part, know not how to express their feelings; and a consciousness of verbal inability to discriminate and describe ties their tongue. One cannot get into them, at least with here and there an exception, like Uncle Eph, whom every body likes, in spite of his oddities.

Neighbor. — I have not yet become acquainted with Uncle Eph, as you call him; but I have often thought what an explanation of superstition is this sympathy with an occult will and power behind what we see.

Arthur. — Yes; and here at Morning Side I have talked with many an unlettered laborer, in whom I easily recognized the promptings of that same instinct which of old peopled the groves with fawns, and the brooks with naiads, and gave a god to every tree and rock, and a voice to every breath of wind. Who will gently apply his ear to listen to the half-breathed articulations of that instinct here among the hills of New England? What a book of poetry he might give us! So irrepressibly does this tendency to the unseen bear us all, either to true religion or to superstition! And even of superstition, was it Burke who said, that it is "the religion of feeble minds"?

Neighbor. — I think I have heard the remark before: at any rate, it strikes me as somewhat suggestive.

Arthur. — So it strikes me. The fruits of an enlightened faith, and even the vagaries and cruelties of superstition, alike show us how deep planted is this tendency of our nature, which the lowest civilization has not smothered, and the highest civilization has not outgrown.

Neighbor. — Outgrown? If we expect that, we must not smile at the rustic who waited for the river to run by.

Arthur. — Quite so; for the same stream of humanity is ever flowing on. We should not think one talked very sensibly, who should speak of our outgrowing a love of music or nature or art. Who can doubt that the sentiment of religion is just as much in the make of our nature as these? If it be the tendency of all higher culture to prune away unworthy offshoots, and give a freer play to the better part of our nature, religion must come to be more and more thought of among men. We may outgrow our animalism, our doubts, our neglects; and every man come to see

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that he is religious because he is a man, and that, by as much as he divests himself of religion, by so much does he divest himself of his manhood, and of its highest and noblest part.

And then, what a sense of the reality of religion does this view give us! showing that it is not an outside, artificial thing; not a badge or fashion or pretence; not an invention of priestcraft, or an instrument of police; but a living, indestructible need of the soul.

Neighbor. — "A still small voice;" and I think there must be few who have not heard it.

Arthur. — Perhaps not one. And who has not noticed how responsive to culture is our first fresh feeling about religion? We may trifle with it, and invest it with disparaging associations, so that it shall be impossible to restore it to our regard, and there shall be no more hope of us than of an Atheist; or, on the other hand, we may guard it from all aspersions as we would the name of our mother: it may give direction to our thoughts and reading, transfuse and shape our character, and become in time about as real as any thing in our whole life. We all have known those who have given years to its culture; and, perhaps, if an angel walked at their side, they could hardly be more guided and lifted up into a world of beauty and of infinite love.

Neighbor. — The common objections to the reality of religion do not seem the most valid things in the world, when viewed in the light of such facts as these.

Arthur. — Especially since objections probably come from those who have given no attention to the subject. In other things, we do not ascribe a preponderating importance to the judgment of those who know nothing about what they talk. A single case where a man can truly say he has given serious attention to religion, and knows, from his own experience, there is no foundation for it, might be a novelty.

Neighbor. — As to that serious attention you allude to, what is it, even in the case of devout men, compared with the amount of time and effort given to other things?

Arthur. — Ah! indeed; and this, too, when we see that all the higher susceptibilities of our nature are moulded only by long-continued care. Thus, the man who knows something about music, perhaps gives ten or twenty years of laborious study to the discipline of his taste; and then feels that he has but placed his foot on the threshold of that temple of harmony which is to be understood only by higher processes of culture. So, also, he who

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has an eye for beauty in art or nature devotes his life to one branch of his subject; and then finds that two or three lifetimes are necessary to be able to measure that. What attainments can be expected in a subject higher than music, higher than art, if men never undertake its study with a resolute purpose, and give little attention to it, except at odd intervals, when they have nothing else to do?

Neighbor. — Perhaps you have here stated the chief cause of doubt as to the reality of religion, — that it receives so much less attention than is due to it if it be true.

Arthur. — And yet, neighbor, it does not follow that those are the best things which a primary school most develops, or that those may not be infinitely better things which that school, in the majority of its pupils, hardly awakens into conscious life. And, as this world is the primary school of humanity, who will say, that a germ of our nature is to be valued by the development, or want of development, that is witnessed here?

Soon after this conversation, I returned home, with the understanding that, in the course of a few days, I should meet Uncle Eph; the allusion to whom had somewhat awakened my curiosity.

On my way back, I could not but reflect upon this interview. It was not so much the substance of Arthur's conversation that impressed me, as his manner, — very simple and quiet, but with a look and tone that implied both sincerest conviction and profoundest feeling. The things upon which he had been speaking, he regarded as real: his farm, with its forests, hills, and rocks, was not more real.

I thought I saw a great way into his soul; and I am sure a dozen years' talk about politics and the weather could not have made him seem so near to me, — a fact, perhaps, somewhat suggestive of the direction in which our closest and most vital sympathies may be found.

Nor must I hesitate to add, that I went along the narrow path that led to my house with some feelings of self-dissatisfaction. The retrospect of a large portion of my life, though it presented no particular act for which I reproached myself, yet would have looked different, I felt sure, had I earlier pondered the destiny and meaning of humanity. What

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might I have been, had I, when a young man, settled upon the plan of life which I saw in Arthur Ashton, and thus had, for the last thirty years that "good angel walking at my side," of which he spoke?

(To be continued.)

DE REPUBLICA BENE SPERAVI.

A MILLION years ago
(Possibly more, — great the uncertainty
Reading the rock-dial of history),
The earth lay hid in snow.

In mountains skyward piled
Nearest the pole, sliding thence southerly,
Blasting all life, regions now tropical
With not a floweret smiled.

The moon looked down and sighed:
"Beautiful earth! dazzling in brilliancy!
Gone are thy flowers, vanished thine animals!
Though bright, how dark!" she cried.

Ten thousand years rolled by.
Melting away slowly or rapidly,
Mountain of ice, snowfield, and glacier
Had gone; the earth was dry;

And countless graceful flowers
Sprang from her lap; over her continents
Animals roamed; man, as a sovereign,
Exulted in his powers.

The moon spake out again:
"Foolish my dream, thinking that history
Closed with the ice; 'twas the machinery
To fit the earth for men.

That awful march of ice,
Rounding the hills, smoothing the plains for them,
Grinding to loam richest materials,
Has made earth Paradise." H. T.

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REV. JAAZANIAH CROSBY, D.D.

Of all the picturesque villages which line the banks of the Connecticut, we have long thought that Charlestown, N.H., is the gem. Every traveller who has visited it, will recall the spacious street, hedged with venerable elms, which runs through the centre of the town. He will remember the neat and tasteful dwellings which gently retire from the road, and the towering peak of Ascutney, which looks down upon them, like a protecting "genius of the place."

As if courting still greater retirement, in consonance with the spirit of its inmates, there long stood, just round the corner of the noble avenue to which we have referred, a cosy two-story dwelling, nestling under the shadow of sheltering maples and elms. Hither, three and fifty years ago, as the young minister repaired, not very long after the flock at Charlestown had been given into his hands, he must have often said, "Truly the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

The war with England came, and found him there; the second French Revolution came, and found him there; the third, and still he labored on in peace; the war with Mexico came, while, in his sequestered nook, he still prayed for the coming of peace and good-will among the nations. Nay, the echo of the guns pointed against Sumter still found him there, and was answered, as of old, upon the Lord's Day, by the accents of his favorite hymn: —

> "No longer hosts encountering hosts
> Shall heaps of slain deplore:
> They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
> And study war no more."

From the time, when, as a boy, his eyes dilated, as he sat down before the coveted dish of baked pumpkin and milk, "eaten from the shell" as a saucer, and then went to bed to count the stars which glimmered through that log-cabin roof at Hebron, his peace-breathing spirit was manifested; since,

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even then, he seemed to be made wretched by any approach to bickerings among his brothers and sisters. In college, whither he walked all the way, with his "basket and his store," an eager pilgrim to the halls of Harvard, he was watchful of every opportunity of improvement. He had, too, the power, through the attraction of his own noble nature, to fasten to him friends, whom to know was to honor, and whose love for him, when fifty years and more had tested it, was inherited as a priceless heirloom by their families.

A man who could win such friends, could not fail, when he entered on the coveted work of the ministry, to endear himself peculiarly to the people of his charge.

Radiant with sympathy, he went from house to house, among his flock, ever ready to "rejoice with all them that do rejoice," and "weep with them that weep." The fathers, one after another, passed away. The children, whose cheeks he had patted on their way to school, became fathers in their turn, and entered into the inheritance of the same heart-felt sympathy which had gladdened an elder generation.

Indeed, his passion for the companionship of children was one of the marked traits of his character. In the parishes which he visited, when "making his exchanges," there are young people who will always delight to remember that they were among Dr. Crosby's pets.

"Clothed with humility," he was seldom heard to speak of himself; but, out of an unfailing repository, he was glad to pour forth stores of anecdotes or reminiscences for the entertainment of his friends.

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorned the venerable place."

A living embodiment of the love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," his simple and pertinent counsels could not have been lost upon the successive generations of his hearers.

Well do we recall the earnest solemnity of his manner, as he preached, some ten years since, the only sermon we ever heard him deliver, from the words, "Never man spake like this man." Dr. Crosby's manuscripts, moreover, down to

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his latest days, were singularly neat; and there was a peculiar felicity in his way of expressing his thoughts, even in writing the simplest note of friendship. Thus the delicacy of his tastes seemed to be impressed upon the slightest work which he undertook.

When fifty years of this Christian laborer's loving service had gone by, his parishioners and friends gathered around him in thankful recognition of the guileless manners, the unwearied cheerfulness, the stability of purpose, and the Christian integrity, which had made him such a cherished pillar in the house of the Lord.

"Ah!" one of the unthinking may say, "it is easy enough to stay on so, hidden away in that peaceful vale, no storms to shake his peace: how would this quiet spirit have borne peril and hardship?"

As if to anticipate this carping questioner, behold how a sharp, stern trial of his faith and patience comes, and in a way his friends might have least expected! The dim daybreak of a bleak December morning discloses the pleasant parsonage in flames, and the inmates, scantily clad, fleeing from it at the peril of their lives. Yet, once again, the patriarch encounters the stifling smoke and thickening flames, that he may rescue something which is prized by his best friend; and then, —

"They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat
Waved over by that flaming brand: . . .
Some natural tears they dropped, then wiped them soon;"
Then, "hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

And now, from a neighboring window, our good doctor beholds books, sermons, raiment, rapidly perishing, only to recall some genial anecdote, and to tell it in his own simple-hearted way. Truly he did not "think it strange concerning the fiery trial which was to try him, as though some strange thing had happened unto him, but could "rejoice, inasmuch as" he was "partaker of Christ's sufferings."

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The kindred and friends, the faithful flock, moreover, who had felt as if there were a peculiar atmosphere of joy and welcome about that house, "made with hands," the home of three and fifty years, were now enabled to see how much more noble than ever seemed the inmates of that dwelling, when torn away from those smoking ruins.

Truly "the fire" which "shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," had bravely tested theirs.

And when, a fortnight after, in a son's house, in another State, the crumbling walls of the house of clay fell also to the ground, who can doubt, that, to the glorified intelligences of another sphere, the spirit once enshrined within them bore the test of this sterner separation, and soared away peacefully into an atmosphere of love congenial to itself?

Dr. Crosby died Dec. 30, 1864. On the succeeding Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1865, the village gathered itself once more (as if no schism of theology had ever intervened) within the walls of the South Parish.

The services of commemoration* ended, borne by the hands of men, as in the simple, primitive times, the bier is taken to the wooded cemetery on the hill-side.

There, may there be many to find that he "being dead, yet speaketh," as they seem to hear the waving branches tell, in the words of Scripture, the lesson of his life: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God, as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." W.

NOTE. — Jaazaniah Crosby, son of Jaazaniah and Elizabeth (Gilson) Crosby, was born in Hebron, N.H., April 8, 1780. He graduated at Harvard College, in the class of 1804; studied theology with Rev. Jesse Appleton, D.D., at Hampton, N.H.; was ordained over the South Parish, in Charlestown, N.H., Oct. 17, 1810, and retained his connection with the society until his death, a period of nearly fifty-five years. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard College in 1853. In June, 1855, he was relieved from the active duties of the parish, by the settlement of a colleague, Rev. Adams Ayer, who resigned his charge after a little more than four years. In June, 1864, Mr. Livingston Stone was ordained as colleague, and is now sole pastor.

Dr. Crosby died, Dec. 30, 1864, in Cambridge, Mass., at the residence of his eldest son.

* A very appropriate sketch of Dr. Crosby's character was given on this occasion by his colleague, Rev. L. Stone.

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CHURCH MUSIC.

THE great organ which was placed in Music Hall with appropriate services, and whose marvellous powers have been so fully and graphically described by Dr. Holmes in the "Atlantic," has been followed by others of American manufacture in our churches and public halls. Chief among these may be mentioned the one in the Catholic Cathedral of this city, the new instrument in the South Congregational Church, and the organ in the public hall in Worcester. The Methodists, not long since, held a musical convention in New York, made up from the leading singers and organists of their churches. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and gave rise to an animated discussion of the question whether the people should join more in the singing. More recently, the lovers of sacred music have had their attention drawn to a series of choral festivals in Trinity Church, New York. These were conducted after the manner of the great choral gatherings in England, such as have taken place at the cathedral in Norwich, Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, and St. Paul's. In the English cathedrals, male voices alone are employed; boys, with pure soprano voices, taking the part usually assigned in this country to women. This plan was adopted in these choral festivals. The chorister boys of Trinity, of the Advent choir in Boston, and of the Holy-Trinity choir of Brooklyn, N.Y., numbering some forty or fifty, were subjected to a severe training for months. The city press contained, at the time, full reports of these festivals. The vocal music was accompanied by Dr. Cutler, on the new chancel organ, assisted by Mr. William H. Walter, upon the large organ in the gallery. The combined effects of the two organs has been described as grand and impressive. The selections were chiefly from the great works of Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn. Among the solo performers were some of the most distinguished singers in the country. The new chancel organ, although not large, is, we are told, superior to

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all organs of its class. The choral festivals proved a brilliant success. The lovers of music, both fashionable and devout, attended. Though there was an admission-fee, the spacious edifice was thronged, and the listeners were highly delighted.

All these events have served to stimulate the choirs of our churches, and excite a desire to use elaborate and artistic music. This is now carried to such an extent, that we often have snatches of the opera introduced into our churches; and the performers during the week, at the Academy of Music, sometimes occupy the chief places in the sanctuary on Sunday. We believe there is a danger that devotion be sacrificed to taste, and feeling give place to culture and effect. There has always been a connection between music and religious devotion. When the heart is deeply stirred, it utters its various feelings in holy song. The chant, hymn, and anthem form an important part of Christian worship. Thus far all agree. Now, it is because this elaborate and highly artistic music often robs the service of its religious effect, that we call attention to this subject. We think the tendency now is to sacrifice simplicity and natural emotion to elaborate and highly wrought music. The quartet has driven out the old-fashioned choir. Often the whole arrangement of the music on Sundays is in the hands of those who are destitute of any vital religious convictions or feeling. Do we gain by this in the great object for which music in the Church is established? To answer this question, it is well to be guided by the light of past experience. Among no class of Christians has religious devotion expressed itself in singing, more than among the Methodists and Moravians. Probably they have not carried sacred music to that degree of cultivation which it has reached in the Roman-Catholic Church; but these Christians have made it the means of a deeper and wider popular influence. As a counterpoise, then, to the tendencies of the times, let us glance at two of the most distinguished representatives of the Methodist and Moravian communions, — Charles Wesley and James Montgomery.

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The early period of the eighteenth century is memorable for a marked religious movement, which, beginning in England, soon spread itself throughout the British Empire and the whole Christian world. At this time, religion had lost its hold, to a great degree, on the convictions of the people. In the intellectual classes, scepticism was rife, while formalism and indifference had crept in and overpowered the Church. At this period, a young student could be seen at Oxford, who, apart from his fellows, was meditating on the deepest themes of the soul. Endowed with unrivalled powers of logic, he was careful always to use his skill in the service of truth, and for the defence of justice. But, with this clearness and force of logic, there was united a deep and ever-growing enthusiasm. While other young men were spending their leisure in reading light literature, this youth was absorbed by the ascetic visions of Thomas à Kempis, or the healthier piety of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." Feeling more and more the stirrings of a profound piety, and witnessing the prevalent religious coldness and indifference, his soul wrestled in agony, and was touched with the Spirit of God. Under the inspiration of aroused and quickened religious emotion, he began a series of efforts, out of which was born that great up-rising of religious devotion, — Methodism. This young man was John Wesley, a name which will always stand forth as one of the most prominent in the Church. He and his brother Charles may be called the parents of Methodism. Doubtless, the movement had its birth from a higher parentage. It was born of the Holy Spirit. But they were the human instruments of this deep and earnest phase of piety. It is the gospel of love, and derives its greatest strength from the intensity of feelings it excites. Its great ideas are the nearness and presence of God to the soul, the need of repentance, and the religion of personal experience. It is an appeal to the popular heart; and the type of piety it has produced is marked by a hearty zeal and overpowering feelings. It is, in fact, an emotional religion, and aims to approach men through the heart. Hence its sacred poetry has been distinguished for its fervor,

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and power to excite and stir. Truly aware of the influence which music exerts over men, the Methodists have always used, with great efficiency, the agency of melody. Not content with one kind of music, they have played on the varied strings of the human heart. Hence there is no type of religion which has excited and thrilled men more than the Methodist. While John Wesley was busy, organizing this religious body, his brother Charles, under the influence of an imagination baptized into Christian piety, was writing sacred hymns. The latter, with justice, has been called the Poet of Methodism. As this religious movement may, with propriety, be called lyrical, Charles Wesley was its representative. His conceptions were vivid, and his spiritual experience deeply emotional and varied. In his own religious life, he had felt the alternations of gloom and transport; been plunged into despair, or raised to ecstasy. He had passed through the dark valley of doubt, and risen to a glowing perception of the cross and its expression of divine love. Hence he was eminently fitted to embody the lyric piety of Methodism in hymns for sacred worship. As a poet, he was far richer in endowments than Watts. He had more power of imagination, — the faculty of throwing his whole soul into the composition, so as to make the feeling he expresses a real transcript of what was going on in his own soul. The varied Christian experiences which were real to him and the early disciples of Methodism were rich in inexhaustible themes. So his verse ranges from the "deeps of affliction, through all the gradation of doubt, fear, desire, hope, expectation, to the transports of perfect love, in the very beams of the beatific vision." — "As the Poet of Methodism, he has sung the doctrines of the gospel, as they are expounded among that people; dwelling especially on the personal appropriation of the words of eternal life to the sinner or the saint, as the test of his actual state before God, and admitting nothing less than the full assurance of faith as the privilege of believers."

Charles Wesley surpassed Dr. Watts, not only in the power of imagination as a poet, but in depth and vividness

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of feeling, in the melody of rhythm, and the splendor of diction. As his soul was steeped in the spirit of Methodism, his hymns have a deeper intensity and fervor. His Muse ranges from the dark pits of despair to the highest ecstasy of joy and seraphic love. It has all the tumultuous heavings of the spiritual movement out of which it sprang, and is a lyric expression of this rich experience of religion. Numberless of the afflicted have found consolation in this sweet singer of Methodism; and the pious gratitude of generations rises up to bless his memory, and rejoice at his lofty strains of devotion, trust, and love. Who has not felt the deeper responsibilities of the soul, as they have repeated the well-known lines, —

"A charge to keep I have, —
A God to glorify"?

The Moravian brethren are among the most interesting people to be found in the Christian Church. Historically, this body of believers can look back to a period before the Reformation; but, in their present form and organization, Count Zinzendorf may be regarded as their chief leader. The Moravians have been among the most efficient missionaries, and have given rise to a piety redolent with all sweet graces and beautiful traits of character. Their devotion has always charmed the lover of goodness: and the heart that can fail to be touched by the simple, humble, but truly heroic labors of these disciples for Christ and the good of men; the man who can fail to give them the warmest tribute of esteem and love, — must be insensible to all that is lovely in piety, and all that is sublime in action. The Moravian brethren, like the Methodist, are largely influenced by religious feeling. The great central truth which underlies their Church is that of brotherhood. They are a sacred fraternity; and no communities have come so near realizing the idea of the true kingdom of God as the Moravian brethren. As their religion is largely an emotional one, their piety has uttered itself in sacred song. In their public and social worship, music is an important part. Their poets, stirred by the love of Christ, have written some of the sweetest and

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most beautiful hymns in the whole range of sacred poetry. As a whole, they have not run into the excess of rapture and intoxication of feeling which belongs to some phases of Methodism. The strain has been more sustained; its melody, calmer and less violent. While their hymns have glowed with the fire of intense feeling, their fervor has been free from the lurid blaze of fanaticism. Those hymns which are expressive of religious consecration, or seeking after God, such as —

"Oh! draw me, Father, after thee,"

or —

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows," —

these, as well as those which sing of the love of Christ for the soul, are among the best of our devotional hymns. There is an aroma of exalted piety which pervades the poetry of the Moravians, while their sweet and simple music touches the heart. They unite, in their religious worship, chants and hymns; and, as they sing these in daily devotion from childhood, the sentiment of the hymns and the notes of the music are as household words. From the hamlet of the peasant, as well as the lonely hearth-stone of the missionary, the voice of sacred melody daily ascends in the praise and worship of God. Among the Moravians, the lyric tone of piety is full, harmonious, and rich. Their music is simple, such as comes from the heart, and is admirably fitted to awaken the purest sentiments. These pious men have enriched the Church by their contributions; and many of the Moravian hymns will live as long as the heart shall vibrate with joy and sorrow, lift up its voice in aspiration or prayer, be torn by human woe, feel the pangs of remorse, or yearn after the living God.

Among these sacred poets, James Montgomery is enrolled. He was born in Scotland, 1771. He was a poet by nature, and early gave evidence of his natural bent. Apprenticed to a mechanical trade, it became so distasteful to him, that he threw it up, and started for London. Soon his money failed him, and his strength gave out. Before he reached the English

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metropolis, he was so reduced in his finances as to hire himself out as a shop-boy. Yet here the spirit of song haunted him. He could not rest. Soon after, he took up his tramp again, and entered London with no money, but only a manuscript in his pocket. His career, at this stage of his life, had the usual vicissitudes of the man of letters. We do not find that his poems were printed till 1792. After this, he goes to Sheffield, and connects himself with a newspaper. He died in 1854.

But it is not with these events of his outward life that we are concerned. Doubtless, on the day the lad, James Montgomery, with dusty feet, entered London with scarcely a penny in his pockets, there were many like him, who had first trod those noisy streets. Had he not, out of the inner life of thought and feeling, spoken to the heart of man, this youthful vagrancy would have no uncommon significance. It is the deep and lofty strain of sacred minstrelsy in which the soul of this Scotch Moravian uttered itself, that now gives interest to his biography. The light and glory of the inner life shines, and throws its bright radiance over the circumstances which surround him, and the events with which his outward life was connected.

Montgomery's hymns have the mark of finish and elaboration. Though simple in metrical structure and in their subjects, they were not dashed off in a moment's heat of poetic inspiration. After they were first written, they were subject to revision. His genius did not scorn to labor; and he aimed after the best possible expression and the highest finish consistent with simplicity, truth, and fervor. His poetry is a transcript of the heart in its religious moods. His Muse treats mostly of the feelings of the heart, instead of the sublime conceptions of God. Hence it may, perhaps, be said he does not indulge those daring flights of the imagination which belong to many hymn-writers, and among them Charles Wesley. His preface to the sacred hymns and poems, which was published with an introduction by John Holland, has the stamp of his humility. He was first universally known as a hymnologist by the "Christian Psalmist," which he compiled,

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and to which he added introductory essays. He expresses himself as humbly thankful that any imperfect strains of his should be employed in giving glory to God in the highest, promoting peace on earth, and diffusing good-will towards men. That he has done this, a large number of Christians will testify. Many of his hymns will never die. From age to age, they will move and elevate the soul to loftier spiritual moods. We might give many examples, but will only recall that never-to-be-forgotten one, — "What is Prayer?"

There are others equally as gifted, if not more so, both in the Protestant and Roman-Catholic Church, — Cowper, Bishops Ker and Heber, Doddridge, and a host of holy men and women, — who, with the saints of the universal Church, have joined in the composition of hymns. In the Romish Church, special attention is paid to the music. It is more elaborate and various. But, in the vast range, there is much that speaks to the universal heart. From the fresh melodies lifted in the morning air of the Christian ages; "from the secret cells and the high cathedrals of the continental worship, where scholarship and art and power joined with piety to raise the Lauds and Glorias, the matins and vespers, and the choral harmonies of a gorgeously appointed praise;" from the solitary worship of the Huguenots, and the simple mission-house of the Moravian; from the sweet, devout hymns of the Unitarian Mrs. Barbauld, and the rapt melody of the Methodist, — out of every form of belief, from the time when angels uttered their first Christian chant in Bethlehem to the present hour, have the voices of faith uttered themselves in sacred harmony. All honor, then, to the sacred poet, who, in his hymns, expresses the lyric movement of the human heart, and gives interpretation to the deepest experiences of the religious affections and human wants! S. W. B.

Now that I have been in the Church [Romish] nineteen years, I cannot recollect hearing of a single instance in England of an infidel priest. — *J. H. Newman.*

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RANDOM READINGS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

It has been the privilege of the writer to speak of him more than once since the hour, when, to our great sorrow, he was taken from us; and yet he cannot allow this Magazine to go to press, without setting down, at least, a commemorative word. We may say of him also, what Merivale, the historian of "The Romans under the Empire," says of Cicero, that "indeed he really swayed the commonwealth, not by the splendor of office, or the terror of the imperium, but by the influence of his character and the charm of his genius. It was the noblest, as it was the purest triumph, that any Roman citizen had attained since the days of an Africanus or a Camillus." * When such a man dies, the commonwealth mourns. Who is there upon whose eloquence we can call, when we come to need for Mobile and Charleston what was needed for Savannah? Large-minded, well-instructed, charitable, incorruptible, patriotic in the highest and most Christian sense of that word, a believer in the future of the nation, hopeful from the first to the last as to the issue of our struggle; as conscientious in his boldness as in his caution; as relentless in his warfare against slavery, since it placed itself outside of the law, as he was tolerant of the evil, so long as it kept inside of the law; consistent in the under-currents of his life, though seemingly inconsistent in the surface movements, which are so often exclusively regarded; cognizant beyond most persons of the thoughts and feelings of both parties in our great struggle; able to speak with authority of the past, not likely to be despised as a prophet of things to come; dear to the people, as the emotion which his dying called forth abundantly testifies, beyond most if not any of those whom they are wont to honor and admire and love, — it is hard to speak extravagantly of the loss which we sustained, when he, who was more than orator, scholar, diplomatist, legislator, educator, — great as he was in all these functions, — went the way of all the earth, and

* Vol. iii., English edition, 127th page.

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we lost our first citizen; the man, too, who commended himself to us, not less by his private virtues, and the singular sweetness of his spirit, and his pure household conversation, than by his high manhood in our years of burden-bearing and tears and blood. That voice which rose so clear and hopeful above the din of our conflict is hushed! The Christian, scholar, and patriot is dead!

It was a wild, cold, wintry night. The storm was in the sky. The snow swept through our streets. It was not morning yet. Three hours must pass before that lingering dawn. He had been, he was still, ill, — but not unto death. His faithful attendant had come and gone, and found and left him sleeping; but, even then, the last golden sands were running swiftly out. He had passed under the death-shadow, soon to be changed for the brightness of the everlasting light. God sent, in his great love doubtless, one of his swiftest angels. The time was to be very short, — moments, not hours. Why not? The threescore and ten years had been given, and months and days besides. Each day had been filled with labors. The last days had been crowded with works destined to live in grateful hearts, and to be graven upon a nation's memory. The exhortation to charity had been pronounced, and had been heeded. What need of delays, and what mercy in a long season of waiting and weariness, and possible decay of that regal intellect, and dimness of the light in that kindling eye? Why should there be more than a step between that life in which there had been so much performance, and that death in which there was so much hope? It should be a sudden dying; and, since those who remained knew that his love for them was very great, there should be no parting word or look. So, in great mercy and unerring wisdom, he was called, in a moment, to close his eyes upon the earth, to open his eyes upon the sky which is never clouded, and to keep that holy time, that Lord's Day, which we called the 15th of January, in the house not made with hands, of which the Lord himself is the light. It was all right! but, nevertheless, it was with a very heavy and unreconciled heart that we returned to our chamber, when the faithful servant of the departed brought the sad tidings to our dwelling, in the early morning, and went his way, and we knew, and yet tried not to know, that EDWARD EVERETT was no more with us in a world and in a time which are not famed for their great men.

E.

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CHEERFULNESS.

Mrs. Child has an excellent chapter in her late charming volume, "Looking toward the Sunset," entitled "Moral Hints;" in which she describes the effect of a cheerful mind in prolonging life, and keeping the body in a good and healthful condition. Southey is quoted as saying, "I have told you of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and, though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.

Wesley said, when eighty-two years old: "It is now eleven years since I felt any thing like weariness. I dare not impute this to natural causes: it is the will of God." One year later, he wrote: "I am a wonder to myself. Such is the goodness of God, that I am never tired, either in writing, preaching, or travelling."

Thomas Fuller, whom, though he never lived to old age, we oddly enough call "Old Fuller," had a fine humor, which was the never-failing nourisher of cheerful benevolence and health of mind. His memory was as wonderfully retentive as his wit was quaint and sparkling. His biographers say he could repeat five hundred strange words in their order, after once hearing them, and had a sermon by heart on hearing it preached. His great-hearted kindness, which flavored all his jokings, drew all hearts to him; and it was said, "The windows of his small chapel were crowded, as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse.

He made a visit once to the "Committee of Sequestrators," sitting at Waltham, in Essex. The committee had heard of his wonderful memory, and asked him to give an instance of it. "I will," said he. "Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbor, and committed him to prison; he has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent; if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his parish, *I will never forget the kindness as long as I live.*"

His "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," lately published, is a good book to be read in *our* bad times, for its tinge of humor and cheerful piety in the darkest days. "Music is sweetest," he says,

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"near or over rivers, where the echo thereof is best rebounded by the water. Praise for pensiveness, thanks for tears, and blessing God over the floods of affliction, make the most melodious music in the ear of heaven."

Even death he could not look upon with a right solemn face, and is said to have selected the words as a fitting inscription on his monument, — "Fuller's Earth!" S.

FEAR OF ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

THE "Country Parson," in his late work the "Autumn Holidays," contends that the fear of future punishment in another world has little influence in deterring from crime. He ought to have added, that the reason may be, that there is so little belief in any spiritual world whatever, among men of grosser sensuality; and that future punishment, as it is preached in the old theology, is so arbitrary as to seem unreal, and is losing its power over all thinking minds. The following case is cited from the experience of a Scotch minister. No ministers, let it be remembered, preach the literal flames of a local hell in tones more awful than they: —

"His parishioners were sadly addicted to drinking to excess. Men and women were given alike to this degrading vice. He did all he could to repress it, but in vain. For many years he warned the drunkards, in the most solemn manner, of the doom they might expect in another world; but, so far as he knew, not a pot of ale or glass of spirits the less was drunk in the parish, in consequence of his denunciations. Future woe melted into mist in the presence of a replenished jug or a market-day. A happy thought struck the clergyman. In the neighboring town, there was a clever medical man, a vehement teetotaler: him he summoned to his aid. The doctor came, and delivered a lecture on the *physical* consequences of drunkenness, illustrating his lecture with large diagrams, which gave shocking representations of the stomach, lungs, heart, and other vital organs as affected by alcohol. These things came home to the drunkards, who had not cared a rush for final perdition. The effect produced was tremendous. Almost all the men and women of the parish took the total-abstinence pledge; and, since that day, drunkenness has nearly ceased in that parish. Nor was the improvement evanescent: it has lasted two or three years."

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"THE HORRORS OF BULL RING."

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Christian Register," over the signature "W. H. R.," — initials which indicate a perfectly responsible and reliable source, — describes the prison at City Point, in which Union soldiers are incarcerated, charged with crime and awaiting trial. It is more horrible than Libby Prison or Andersonvill. Men are frozen in these horrible barracks, and kept immersed in filth and vermin. An officer, who has been a prisoner at Richmond, says he had rather be confined in Libby six months, than in Bull Ring *one*. In this horrible place was *a boy only twelve years old*.

It is no excuse that these men are supposed to be criminals; some of them awaiting military execution. It does not palliate, in the least, this abominable cruelty; for the torture of criminals, not merely *before trial*, but before execution, is execrated in any civilized country: and the disclosures of "W. H. R." should impel every Christian man to denounce these shocking barbarities, and bring them to the notice of the proper authorities, till a speedy end is put to this disgraceful inhumanity. S.

"DRAWING OUT INTELLIGENCE."

THE "Country Parson" has a sensible passage about conducting examinations, and ridicules the way in which persons sometimes try to *draw out* the minds of children by leading questions. We think we have witnessed examinations of the same helpful kind, — not, however, in Scotland.

"Wahl, deer cheldrun, what was it that swallowed Jonah? Was it a sh–sh–sh–sh–shark?" — "Yahs," roar a host of voices. "Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not a shark. Then was it an al–al–al–allig–allig–alligator?" — "Yahs," exclaim the voices again. "Noa, deer cheldrun, it was not an alligator. Then was it a wh–wh–wh–whale?" — "Noa," roar the voices, determined to be right this time. "Yahs, deer cheldrun, it was a whale."

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Extract of a Letter from Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.

I cannot express the satisfaction and pleasure which the work has given me. There is no aspect in which it is not of a value not easily measured. First, and chiefly, it is a calm, unexaggerated narrative of an actual verification of the rapidly transforming power of the gospel, not upon a nation favorably situated for its reception, but on a nation which presented every possible obstacle, fixed religious belief alone excepted It shows, in the absence of all other agencies for good, and in the face of numerous evil agencies, that there is in Christianity the omnipotence of its Author, and that it must prevail and triumph. Then, again, the book has interested me greatly as a student of the Bible and of church history. I seem to see in the narrative the processes of the primitive ages of our faith renewed, the evangelising ministry analysed, the character and history of the apostolic churches illustrated. Especially it gives the best commentary that could be written on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, and throws essential light on many incidental notices of the early churches in St. Paul's Epistles; and furnishes a ready and efficient answer to the cavils that are sometimes urged against the type of Christian faith and practice among the Corinthians, Ephesians, &c.

I cannot but sympathize with the joy the author must have felt in his progress throughout the Islands. If not royal, it was vice-royal; for who is a viceroy, if not he whose life-work it is to manage newly annexed provinces in the name and interest of the King of kings? There were several stages of the tour at which it seemed to me he must have felt as if it would be a blessed thing to have those congregations of ransomed savages, and those songs of Zion in a strange land, the last sounds and sights on earth. There were several places in which I know he was ready to say (and I could not help saying for him, though I trust he has not a few years of service still before him), "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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THE CHURCH OF THE NEW AGE.

An Address before the Ministerial Union, Dec. 12, 1864.*

BY E. H. SEARS.

The letter of your committee, which invited me to address you, indicated a subject which they supposed would be of interest, — "The New Church; or, the Church of the New Age, in its Relations to, and its Bearings upon, the Cause of Liberal Christianity." Before entering upon such a theme, we must come to some understanding as to what we mean by a new Church, and what we mean by that form of thought or belief which deserves the name of Liberal Christianity.

I presume no one will doubt, in view of all that is taking place around us, and within us, too, that we are in one of those transition periods which are called eras, — a period, that is, when an old state of things is passing away; when old institutions have had their day, and are tumbling into ruins; when old beliefs have become stale, and, from being the vital substance of the tree of life, have become the outer bark and covering, to be pushed off and crumble away. It requires very little sense of any sort to apprehend the signs of dissolution, both in Church and State, the rumors of wars, and the earthquakes in divers places; but it does require a sense more finely touched to see the sign of the Son of man in heaven.

* Published by vote of the Union. A few paragraphs, mostly near the beginning, were omitted in delivery, for want of time.

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It is a fair question, whether we have not done with churches of any sort. Why may we not suppose such a new dawning of the life of God in the soul of man, that every one will be priest and temple unto himself, and our common humanity the only Shechinah of the Lord? Why not have done with priests and ecclesiasticisms, since every man is to know God by the intuitions and inspirations of his own spiritual nature?

There are two plain answers to this. The more clear and full becomes the dawn of God in our common consciousness, the more shall we be impelled to worship, and the more completely must the social element enter into our worship; and any number of human beings organized for social worship gives you the definition of a Church. Old beliefs and institutions will not require a priesthood any longer to defend them. New ideas, starting up through the common heart, or passing from the new heavens into the common mind, will unquestionably make common men kings and priests unto God. All literature, art, and science will be the priesthood; and we ministers must be satisfied to see our function, if not abolished, yet mightily diffused, and the distinction between clergy and laity well-nigh done with. But churches must be, whatever becomes of the priesthood; organizations for social worship and communion, and the furtherance of the great ends of human brotherhood.

Yes, and for another reason,—for aggression upon old evils and errors. The signs do not indicate just yet that human nature is everywhere becoming the tabernacle of the Living God. And the new truth not less than the old must be embodied and armed with both spear and shield, if it would be a power in the world, and cleave down its ancient corruptions, instead of being cleft itself, and trampled into the dust beneath them. Called by whatever name, an organization which embodies religious ideas is a Church; and, the more compactly it is organized, the more living it will be, for the simple reason, that the more life it will give unto others as an efficient force to change the world, and re-form it from the ancient ruins.

There are three modes of apprehending Christianity.

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There is the Christianity of the sects, with whom it has become fixed in the old effete forms of faith. With them, it has no future. All its life has run into dogmas which the synods have defined and settled. Then there is the new Theism, which regards all that is distinctive in Christianity as becoming obsolete, and as a thing of the past. It is not an absolute religion, but one of the superstitions of the world, — useful in its day, but outgrown by the new age. It has elements of truth, as had all the old superstitions. These will be preserved and taken up in the new *cultus*, when a universal religion will emerge out of the traditional beliefs, leaving behind Mosaism and Christism and Islamism and Brahminism and Buddhism, and all other isms, as its cast-off and abandoned shell.

I need not say that neither of these is *liberal Christianity*, as its fathers understood it, or as we must understand it, unless we mean a flagrant abuse of language. It meant with them a faith whose wealth and power were not only not expended, but which had but just begun to unfold. They held it as the absolute religion, whose truth the nations had as yet only seen in twilight, and whose ever-increasing glories would reveal the fact, that in it were gathered up all that was good and true in the old superstitions and philosophies. It would supersede them, but would be superseded by none other. So they held it. It was Christianity freed of the old fetters, — greater than the creeds, and melting them and transforming them in its unfolding light and love. To be a liberal Christian was to be free of the bondage of sect; the mind open and receptive towards all the undiscovered wealth of the gospel, which eighteen corrupt centuries had only partly found. It was to be liberal, both in faith and fellowship, but a Christian still.

If this be so, then the Church of the new age must be in the direct line of Christian development. It will not abolish Christianity, but will be its consummate flower and fruitage. It will not abolish Christianity, any more than the stems and the leaves and the fruitage abolish the root and the trunk out of which they are produced, and whence come the juices which diffuse themselves in leaf and blossom. The newest

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Church will at the same time be the oldest; having all the centuries to rest upon, and all the divine revelations as its background.

Of course, the question now comes, what and where is this highest and latest Christian development, casting off the old corruptions, and constituting the catholic Christianity of a new age? We shall not find it, I am persuaded, by a lo here! or a lo there! There are sects which claim this consummation; but the very claim is sure to breed the self-conceit and arrogance which falsify all their pretensions. On the other hand, looking away from denominations and bodies of men, all of whom share more or less the littleness of schism, we cannot help distinguising the *four* great currents of thought that are sweeping onward, each wearing deeper its own channel, each bearing its own systems and theories, which refuse more and more to blend with the other three. Our theologies are not of half so much consequence as our methods of theologizing. Our theories of religion are of vastly less importance than the life-current of thought that underlies them, and out of which they spring as the foam and the bubbles on the stream.

In distinguishing these four methods of theologizing, which characterize the systems of this day, and, indeed, of all days, I do not claim that the division is perfectly exhaustive. I think it nearly so. It is sufficiently so for our present purpose; and let us try to discriminate the marks and features of each.

It is plain enough that a man's theology is not something accidental and arbitrary. There is a philosophy of religion, which lies back of it, and a cosmology which is back of this even, which, if he did not think out himself, somebody else did for him.

I. The popular religion — what goes just now for orthodoxy — starts with a theory of creation which determines every article of its faith. It cogitates its creed in this way: There is a boundless region, which it calls infinite space. There is a series of ages, without beginning or end, which it calls eternity, which is simply infinite time. In this infinite

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space, God dwelt through vast ages as the sole inhabitant. At length, tired of this boundless solitude and desolation, he rose in his might; sent forth a loud voice into the void; and, by a sudden divine magic, created the worlds out of nothing. Then the fields of space became peopled, and God was no longer alone. As he created the world, so he governs it, — not by laws which cannot be broken, but by perpetual prodigies. The system of nature is a grand machine, which was set going at the beginning; and the author reaches across now and then to stop or retard or hasten its wheels.* These interferences are the miracles of the Jewish and Christian revelations. Hence heaven and hell are localities somewhere in this infinite space; hence the method after which all Christian doctrine must be cogitated. Since heaven is a *locale*, one can be let in or shut out by arbitrary conditions; somebody else can be my substitute, and bear the punishments which I deserved. Hence the resurrection, — not of the dead, but of dead bodies. Death turns us into spectres; and we remain such till we get our bodies from the graveyards, when we shall ascend, and bring up somewhere in the upper skies. Hence the punishments of hell, from which orthodoxy draws its pulpit machinery to convert the wicked; hence the orthodox eschatology, the second coming of Christ through space, and the destruction of the world in space. As it was made out of nothing, it can be burned up, or turned into nothing again. Every article of the creed, — the doctrine of Providence, the Holy Spirit passing from place to place, miracles, the atonement, retribution, the resurrection, and the destruction of the world, — all flow from the orthodox cosmogony, which determines its method of theologizing; and not only every article of the creed, but every conception of the believer about spiritual things.

It is very true, that this system is not always held unmixed and pure. Conceptions from other realms of thought get compounded with it; but, when they do, they always threaten its disintegration and destruction, and its converts have a sure instinct of it. For example: eliminate the heaven and hell which are conditioned, by the laws of space, and you imperil

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the vicarious atonement; or eliminate the latter, and you imperil the two former, — the machinery in the conversion of sinners. Or take away the resurrection of the flesh, and the orthodox eschatology, with its theatrical displays to an assembled universe, loses its substantial basis; and, indeed, the whole system falls through the flooring, and disappears. Hence the tenacity with which every one of these is held and mortised into its place. The first chapters of Genesis must conform to it, though in defiance of all scientific discovery. The whole structure is mechanically seamed and jointed, and stands or falls together. Hence, too, the reason why this kind of theology admits of no progress, and must always be without a future. Whatever is put together mechanically must abide the laws of mechanism. It cannot grow from a principle of life within, like the palm-tree; but stands like the Egyptian pyramids, holding the mummies in its bosom, looking just as they did in the times of the Pharaohs, and just as they will when the last trumpet blows.

This is the theology of religious naturalism, or the nature-world projected into the spiritual; and, rightly enough, every thing in the system resolves itself into the divine sovereignty. Every thing takes place by strokes and jerks and jets of power; from the sudden shout that called the world into being, through all the miracles and special providences that govern it, to the last trump that re-animates the corpses, and the last conflagration that turns the world into nothing again.

II. But we pass from this into a realm of thought altogether foreign to it, and speaking a new language, or the old language with new ideas, — one that denies the orthodox cosmogony that the world was made out of nothing, and asserts, in the place of it, that the universe is produced *continuously* from God himself. Please note and emphasize this word "continuously;" for vast theories of man, nature, revelation, and immortality, are suspended upon it. Every thing comes from God by continuity, — that is, it comes without any change in its essential nature, and therefore without ceasing to be divine. Or to state the same thing in the language of him who founded this philosophy, or rather tricked it out with

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new charms, "God is *immanent*, but never *transient*." He is life, and therefore he is motion, thought, feeling, extension. But this is all within himself, and he never passes out of or beyond himself. Thought and extension are not finite substances, but the infinite attributes of Deity. God alone is substance, and out of him nothing is. To say a thing is finite is to say it does not exist. The finite is a delusion, an appearance, an unveracious sham. The grand distinction in the divine nature is, the Deity as he is on the *thither* side of consciousness, the Deity as causal; and the Deity on the *hither* side, becoming conscious in man, and concrete and phenomenal in both man and nature. There is no consciousness in God on the thither side, in the Deity as causal, in God as he is above man and above nature; or, if there is, it does not answer to our consciousness any more than a terrestrial bear is like the Ursa Major of the stars. All thought, all consciousness, are God becoming phenomenal; and all nature is *Deus extensus*, God extended and concrete. Hence there are no *final causes*. God never acts with design and motive, because intellect, the νοῦς or the *logos*, belongs not to God on the thither side, but to God on the hither side, as he has passed into ultimates, and become phenomenal. Hence I can know God immediately and certainly; for I am always conscious of him, or rather he is always self-conscious in me. Hence a new philosophy of divine and self love. Love of self, truly cogitated, is love of God; for it is God loving himself. Man's love to him, and his love to man, and man's self-love, are one and the same, — God loving himself. The problem of evil becomes easily solved. There is no evil: that is the whole of it. What seems so, in the subjective consciousness or in nature, is only *Deus extensus*, and therefore a form of good; being the rough concretion of the immanent and ever-becoming infinite.

You see that I have only been giving you choice bits out of Spinoza; but they are bits which re-appear in lofty systems, which revolutionize all our ways of thinking and theologizing. Starting with the fundamental postulate, that the world is created from God by continuity, all the old religious ideas

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become transfigured with magic light, and the old empty tanks are filled and bursting with new wine. Theology sublimes into poetry, and poetry sublimes into celestial philosophy, at whose touch all partial and isolated facts are merged in a universal and absolute science of things.

Of course, to go into these matters would be to write a treatise; but let us reproduce Hegel's Christology, as it emerges and gets fairly enucleated in the pages of his follower and expounder, Christian Baur, — a Christology, by the way, which divides the greatest thinkers of the age into divers schools.

Hegel, too, denies the actual existence of the finite. It is really a phase of the infinite; otherwise, it is an apparition and a phantasm. He accepts the doctrine of the Trinity with all his heart. The Deity is tripersonal: first, God as he is in his abstract being; secondly, God becoming phenomenal in man and nature; and, thirdly, God returning back into himself. He believes in Christ as the God-man. He expounds the doctrine on this wise: There are three momenta by which we apprehend Christ, — first, Sensually, or after the flesh, when we only see him as a man like other men; secondly, By faith, when we see him as God incarnate, or a divine humanity; thirdly, When faith sublimes into an idea, and becomes knowledge. Then the historical and individual Christ dissolves, and merges in the universal; God becoming man ever and everywhere, when our human nature becomes the universal Christ and the divine humanity. Stepping up over these sublime terraces, from sense to faith, and from faith to knowledge, the whole field of Christian doctrine lies below, surveyed from the serene heights of speculative thought. Christ's atonement, death, resurrection, and ascension melt and dissolve away as individual facts, and turn into universal ideas.

"From the standpoint of speculative thought," — I now use the precise words, — "the incarnation of God is no single historical event once transpired, but an eternal determination of the essence of God; by means of which he becomes man in time, in every individual, so far as he is man from eternity. The limitation and sorrowful humiliation which Christ bore as

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the God-man, God bears as man every single day. The atonement perfected by Christ is no time-accomplished fact, but God atoning himself with himself; and the resurrection and ascension of Christ are none other than the regress of the Spirit to itself and to its own truth. Christ as man, as God-man, is man generally, — not an individual, but all individuals."* So, therefore, when you step up the third terrace, and emerge from faith into the Gnosis, historical Christianity exists no longer. Christianity swings clear of the earth, and sublimes in universal ideas. No matter whether the individual facts ever transpired: most of them did not, except to faith; and this ascended and universal religion never touched the ground.

It is a dispute with Hegelians, whether he held or should hold the doctrine of individual or personal immortality, or whether this, too, dissolves and expands in the upper ether of universal ideas. The death of Christ — and so all death — is the regress of the absolute Spirit back into its unconscious self to go the eternal round of new incarnations; becoming self-conscious only in man, and there only getting knowledge of itself. So that the later Hegelians, standing on the third terrace, where faith becomes knowledge, contemplate personal and individual annihilation as the moral sublime of self-sacrifice, and the only immortality which we ought to expect or desire: for thereby the gulf-stream of the Infinite sweeps us back to the pole of being we started from; or, as Schelling says, "The individual perishes in us; but the inward qualities which we possess re-enter into the grand whole of the eternal creation."

Curious it is to observe, that there is nothing new under the sun, that the latest thought is also the oldest, and that which calls itself the most progressive is at the same time the most retrogressive. Brahminism started from exactly the same point, and made its circuit, and came home again on exactly the same tides. The world is produced *continuously* from God, is the fundamental idea of Brahminism. The Hegelian Trinity follows inevitably under different terminol-

* Baur's "Christliche Gnosis," pp. 714, 715.

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ogy. Brahm is the infinite First, — God reposing in the eternal silences; Vishnu is God become phenomenal in the glorious cosmos; and Siva is death, the unceasing regress of God into himself. This ancient gospel, preached now in Latter-day pamphlets, — if we may borrow its rhetoric, as only worthy to express ideas so great, — is the infinite whole, coursing through all history, amid storm-splendors and caliginous imbroglios and seething vortices and maelstroms of spiral darkness, on its way towards the sphere-melodies, the cosmical harmonies, the supreme silences, and the empyrean calms.

III. We come now to a third realm of thought, that of *Dualism*, — that God made the world out of an eternally self-subsisting primitive matter, lying off in chaos outside of him, dark, evil, poisonous, disorderly. He mixed up this with his own ideas: hence the world, and the men and women that live in it. We have only time to classify this method; and this is all that is necessary. You find it, originally, in the Timæus of Plato. The Gnostics struck this mine; smelted and worked its ore into all conceivable shapes and combinanations, which had lain fifteen centuries in dusty repose, till now it takes a new form in a system of ontology just published. In this latest form, the Church doctrine of the Trinity is reversed. The Holy Spirit is the first person. It forms a marriage-union with absolute evil and death; and the second person, the Father, is born of this union; and the third person, the Son, is born again of the Father from a like union. By another union still, with evil and death, the Son creates the universe. Such are the descending spheres of existence. Intellect, truth, is internal, belonging to the divine sphere; good is relatively external, coming from the death-sphere: therefore, man is internal, orderly, and vital; woman, external, disorderly, and destructive. Nature, being finite, external, comes from the death-sphere, therefore is not the analogue of angel-life, reflecting directly the attributes of God. It only shows God by complete inversion, and, like Hebrew, is to be read backward. The African race, belonging to the feminine sphere, are disorderly and destructive, and must be kept in bondage to the Circassian, which alone is progressive.

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This latest form of dualism deserves to be studied as an attempt, with the most serious and praiseworthy intent, to reconstruct theology in a new intellectual system of the universe. The want is not in metaphysical ability, but in the untempered mortar, which leaves no two stones of the building coherent, and no department within it where one's head is safe for a single moment from a tumble-down. Having begun with an inversion in the divine nature, making its union with evil necessary to its "definite consciousness," it proceeds to turn humanity inside out, and nature upside down, and makes man, not the pure child of an infinite Father, but a cross between God and the Devil. As its categories cannot be conceived without conflict of thought, so they cannot be expressed without solecism of language and terms of self-contradiction. There are two spheres of absolute being, absolute and yet essentially related, — one of them absolute death, and yet eternally self-subsisting; one absolute life, yet depending upon the other for definite consciousness; both universal, yet each excluding the other; in absolute antagonism, yet joined in marriage-union. The Holy Spirit is without form and definite consciousness, at the same time, *a person, incarnated, embodied,* and *phenomenal.* God exists in three persons, while man, who is God's image, is in one person. Divinity, humanity, and nature, all being read backward, and turned inside out and upside down, the moral law is read backward and turned upside down by the same rule. The finer, interior, feminine element is made the exterior and lower one, and is antagonistic and destructive. The coarse, exterior, masculine element is made the interior and higher one, and is vital, — an inversion which legitimates the moral code of Richmond and Charleston that makes property of black men, and the code of Constantinople and Samarcand that makes property of women, without reference to color. The keys of dualism may fit all the wards of the universe; but they turn the bolts the wrong way, and convert the wards into Libby prisons and Bastiles.

IV. I have discriminated these three realms of thought, each with its own cosmology, because otherwise I should not

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be half so well understood in what follows. We come now to a fourth starting with a different postulate, and thence shaping every article of faith in different receptacles and moulds.

Full thirty years before John wrote the Golden Proem, — assuming that he did write it, — Paul, in one of the highest moments of his inspiration, enounces what is called the Logos doctrine in the following words: —

"The Son is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of the whole creation; for by him are all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or lordships or principalities or powers; all things were created by him and for him: and he precedes all things, and by him all things stand together. For it pleased God that in him the whole Pleroma should dwell."

John, thirty years afterwards, only re-affirmed what Paul had enounced and reiterated with vastly greater fulness. The Logos was in the beginning. It was with God, it was God. All things were made by it, and, what he meant to be emphatic, *without it nothing was made that was made.* This is not original with Paul or John, but was distinctly foreshadowed in the later Hebrew Scriptures, and dimly felt after, though not till now emerging to the clear splendor of a revelation.

Plainly they oppose two of the besetting heresies of all ages. There is no eternal evil matter; no *Hyle* out of which the world was shaped; nor is it a *continuous* flux and reflux of the Deity. The All-good flows not down unbroken, determined to no ends and with no final causes, coming to self-consciousness only in man, and having its first visible phasis in stars and planets, and boys and girls. A philosophy ghastly enough, because it shows the All-good without its Logos, therefore sunk in humanity, or swamped in the dumb forces of the universe. Between the All-good and nature is the divine intellect, which receives the divine life; makes it self-conscious; turns it to its ends; moulds it in endless forms of beneficence and beauty: so that all things created are its prints and copies, and instinct with mind. And "*design*" is traced on every planet that rolls, and every leaf that flutters; and all "things that are made" are displays of the Eternal

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power and Godhead. Nature is not poisonous, but sweet and pure. All things consist or "stand together," being determined to one end; and so the divine Logos creates all things, and is in all things as the grand Nexus of the universe.

The Logos doctrine was elaborated in the Alexandrian school of theology for two centuries, from Pantænus to Athanasius, — a school which did nearly all the brain-work of the Church for three hundred years.

I must pass over this exceedingly interesting chapter, simply by stating conclusions to which some study of it has impelled me, and which, I believe, any one by the same study will abundantly verify. It is a school which did more for high and profound Christian thinking than all other schools together, ancient and modern; standing most nearly and directly in the line of apostolic succession; unfolding the Christian theology in the golden light of its morning hour, and before its first deep and plastic inspirations had become cold. They wrought with the finest subtilty of the Greek mind, but, at the same time, with an oriental grandeur of conception, quickened by the gospel in its first unsullied purity; and in both these, the subtile and the grand, they shame our creeping and clumsy occidentalism. It has been common with us Unitarians to charge them with Platonizing, — following Priestley, into whose slough of materialism no spiritual idea ever entered, without being straightway extinguished. That the Logos doctrine, as they received it and developed it, and on which the Church has lived ever since, is not Platonic, but Palestinian, has been shown by one of our ablest scholars (see "Christian Examiner," January, 1863), and at greater length by Dorner, in his magnificent work on the "Person of Christ." Moreover, there is one thing which distinguishes Platonism in all its forms, and separates it heaven-wide from the Alexandrian Church theology, and from all Church theologies. Platonism involves dualism ever and everywhere; from Plato to Philo, from Philo to Marcion, and from Marcion down to the latest ontology. Take out dualism, and it is no more Platonism; it is like taking Hamlet out of Hamlet. Now in the Chris-

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tian theology, as it was unfolded by the Alexandrian Church, there is not the least smell of dualism: not so much as a breath from that fetid smoke ever passes over the brightness of its virgin beauty. The world is the pure creation of God, — not out of nothing, nor yet out of a primitive chaos, but out of his own Logos — the visible form and pulchritude of his own eternal essence. The Logos is born eternally of the Father, says Origen; that is, born all the while, just as man's reason is the living birth of his unfathomed love; or, to use the favorite metaphor of these fathers, just as the solar light is always born of the solar fire. The divine life always flows through this Logos which creates the worlds, creating them not once but all the while, and immanent in them, — a life within nature; a reason within man's reason; always mediating between God and his creatures; making the angels purer; making men into angels; turning even the fiends heavenward; making nature its fresh print and symbol; making itself the medium through which God sees the universe rise towards himself into nearer degrees of resemblance, for ever and ever.

The Logos doctrine drove Platonism clean out of its way, in all the Gnostic shapes which Platonism took on; just as the sun drives the vapors before his face, though changing them sometimes into gilded fog. It was opposed in turn by Arianism, which is not so much a system as a conglomerate of stupid and shapeless absurdities; inasmuch as it makes a finite being, who himself was made out of nothing, the creator of the cosmos; whose revolving glories of day and night, and even and morn, therefore, never reveal God to us, or lead us up to him, but only to a finite Demiurgus, — God remaining on the thither side of an impassable gulf, driven farther back into the unkown eternities than Greek or Jew ever conceived him to dwell. BEGOTTEN, BUT NOT MADE, was the simple formula which the ante-Nicene fathers applied to Christ, as opposed to Arianism; and, in so doing, they saved Christianity from a fatal relapse into Paganism, and made it give God to his universe, and his universe back to him.

We pass over the mediæval gulf, where the Logos doctrine

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broke into Tritheism. It is curious to note, how, in our modern controversies and system-building, we do little more than repeat over and over, in coarser fashion, what the Greek mind, both with finer dialectics and more comprehensive grasp, brought out in endless variations of light and shade in the discussions of the first four centuries.

Directly in the line of development which joins the modern to the first Christian ages, I should place Emanuel Swedenborg. A competent and exhaustive criticism upon his works, clearing the permanent from the transient, the pure gold from the heaps of sand which embed it; his undoubted divine intuitions from private and personal mixtures of all sorts, — is an urgent desideratum. Almost any reader of his works, who reads as a rational believer, will find that they readily fall asunder into three parts, — that which is simply out of the sphere of reason, baseless and bizarre, and floating off into fantasy; that which comes colored and falsified from his *peculium*, and which was infested excessively with seething passions, as is shown in the confessions of his late-discovered diary; and that which broke upon his clear vision, as it rose out of these limitations, and opened above them. In this last category will be found some of the highest truths of Christianity, set forth with an order and universality never before apprehended by the Church theology.*

* In the first division here named, I think Swedenborg's discoveries of people in the moon and the planets and stars are to be ranged; and some of his memorable relations and visions, in which St. Paul and other worthies appear among lost spirits. The verdict of science is, thus far, that the moon is not inhabited or inhabitable; and, since Swedenborg's day, several new planets have been discovered, — all of which he uniformly skipped over in his celestial journeys, placing Saturn on the extreme verge of the planetary system. He found the patriarch David in hell; but, we believe, discovered afterwards that it was some other David. Probably he has discovered the same mistake, by this time, in regard to St. Paul. The illusions of modern spiritualism show abundance of like phenomena. Under the second head above made, Swedenborg's doctrine of the eternity of the hells, I have no doubt, is to be ranged, as having the coloring of his Lutheran theology. I have been accustomed to range his "Scortatory Love" in the same category, as strongly colored by Swedenborg's "*proprium*;" but a friend near me, of profound insight, assures me, that the most accomplished physiologists accord to Swedenborg in that book a knowledge of the darker mysteries of human nature, of deeps below the deeps, — such as the most thorough science of man is alone competent to judge of. The new-discovered diary referred to is a fragment which came into the possession of Dr. Wilkinson, of London, entitled "Dreams." In this, Swedenborg, on the eve

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What Swedenborg has done as a contribution to ontological and theological science, and which will remain when all his crudities and fantasies have cleared off, may be classified, I think, under four heads; and the time restricts me to a simple statement of them.

1. Such a re-affirmation and explication of the doctrine of the primitive Church, as clearly hypostatizes the Logos, and yet preserves the divine unity. The ante-Nicene fathers hovered all the while on the verge of ditheism, though none but the Arians went down grossly and heavily into it. They denied that the Logos was an attribute, a quality: they affirmed resolutely its *hypostasis*; and yet they did not conceive it as a person separate from the Father, in the modern sense of the word "person." What was it then? The question never gets a clear answer, even in the primitive Christian consciousness. It does in Swedenborg. An answer, too, not dogmatic, but posited on the essential principles of being, — though there is no time to explicate his doctrine here. The divine love and wisdom are not attributes, but co-essences; and so the divine nature is not bare unity, but an organism. The Logos is an hypostasis, in which God comes into full self-consciousness and personality, — a divine humanity above man or nature or angel. The old Church doctrine is re-affirmed to rational thought, — the Son begotten eternally of the Father, and the Holy Spirit an eternal procession from the Father and the Son, as the Latin Church has it; and the mazes of Tritheism, and the gulf of Pantheism, are both avoided.

2. The law that governs *degrees of existence* in the creation is evolved from the clearest ontological ground. Swedenborg affirms, as a fundamental postulate, that God creates the universe from himself. But it proceeds from him not by *continuous* but DISCRETE DEGREES. That is to say: Life flows

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of his illumination, goes through the deepest agonies of repentance and conversion, and reminds us of the confessions of Augustine. It spoils him as an immaculate saint, or an uncolored medium of divine truth: it brings him vastly nearer to our hearts as a brother sinner and helper, tainted with our infirmities, and emerging out of them into a sweeter and broader humanity than the model saints ever arrive at.

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ever from God to the utmost boundaries of being. But, when it flows beyond the self-conscious divine sphere, it ceases to be God, and becomes finite. It is not now *Deus extensus*, but substance *discreted* and *dirempted* from God, forming first a spiritual world below him, spread out on its own plane of phenomenal existence, reflecting the divine attributes and glories, but not itself divine.

As the divine life flows still farther on, it changes again, and becomes not spiritual substance, but material; spreading out, still lower down, this platform of existence which we call nature, — not a continuity of spiritual substance, but having its own laws of being, reflecting the light and beauty of a spiritual world, but not that world; separated from it, not by continuous degrees of more or less, but discrete degrees of kind. Paul had affirmed with emphasis the same thing. There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one thing, and the glory of the terrestrial is another thing. Matter is not spirit made gross, nor is spirit subtilized matter, nor are either of them the divine substance. So the tiers of existence ascend, rank above rank, even to the foot of the throne, — natural substance, spiritual, divine, each on its own plane of being, — not growing more spectral and attenuated, but more intensely real, as you ascend. Man is both natural and spiritual; and so his regress towards God, out of nature, is not into the infinite All where his individual being dissolves in Hegelian universals, but into a spirit-world where individual life is more plenary and bright than ever, — a world of form and substance, but not natural, nor under natural law.

> "Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
> In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
> An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
> Climes which the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
> Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

3. Again: the *law of analogies* is re-affirmed by Swedenborg. He has not discovered it, but he gives it a new setting and philosophical import. Since the spirit-world is not created from nothing, nor from primitive chaos, but is an emanation from God himself; and since the nature-world is an

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emanation from the spiritual still lower down, — each is imaged and represented, the higher in a lower, God in the spirit-world, and both God and the spirit-world in the natural. And so nature is the analogue of spirit, and points thither; and both nature and spirit are the analogue of the divine, and reflect its attributes and charms. Kant's notion, that we cannot reason from phenomena to noumena, is scouted as a heresy that shuts man up in darkness, and hides from him the key of knowledge. And Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, starting from the same Kantian absurdity and nonsense, which asserts that the finite cannot reveal the Infinite, and therefore that the whole business of theology is *regulative*, giving us words to say, and *pater nosters* to chatter, which have no rational contents in them verified to the reason, is shown to have its worthy application to apes and parrots, and not to rational men. Nature is the solid floor on which we ever stand, and from which we rise upward, — from the natural to the spiritual, and from the spiritual towards the divine; the higher always being revealed in the lower, and making it the print and mirror of itself.

4. Again: the law of influx has an essential place in Swedenborg's theology. Though the universe is not *Deus extensus*, God is still immanent in it as the inmost preserving life of all degrees of existence. He is not in us by his own essence, — that would make us gods, — but he is in us, and in all finite things, *by immediate influx from his essence;* and hence he is both transitive and immanent. Beneath all time-surfaces; beneath our own self-consciousness, — though never breaking into it to destroy our freedom, or swallow up our personality, — is this never-ceasing influent divine, guiding all things, subordinating evil, giving a unity to all history and all nature; the profound ocean-calm, whose inaudible ongoings underlie all our surface agitations and troubles, our hopes and our despairs, bearing the world onward through its crises and endless cycles, —

> "The grander sweep of tides serene
> Our spirits yearn to know."*

* Swedenborg's doctrine of *mediate* influx we have not touched upon.

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Thus, in God's egress out of himself, he creates all degrees of existence, from angel to mineral. In his regress back to himself, he does not abolish the finite, or merge the individual in the Infinite, but fills it with a more pulsing life and an intenser glow; keeping nature sweet and warm with its beams, mitigating evil, regenerating man, "washing the angels white along its road," and so giving the universe back to God.

In regard to the Divine Incarnation, the Word made flesh, Swedenborg elicits nothing new, and is not consistent with himself. He is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else. He reproduces in all its essential features the theory of Apollinaris, which denies to Christ a human soul, and makes his natural humanity an outward mask rather than an incarnation; so that Christ does not assume our whole nature, but only the outside appearance and shell. In the primitive theology, and under its immediate influence, this whole subject was developed with a power and a full-orbed completeness, not to be found in the great mystic, giving to the Christology of the Church a realism, a humane tenderness, a warm sympathy of Christ with man, a practical working, and a renewing and redemptive power, which Swedenborgianism has never had, and which, so long as it remains an "ism," I think, never can have.

What appear as Swedenborg's crudities and fantasies, however, are extraneous to his essential system, which has a unity of its own, and an organic connection with Christianity, such as avouches itself the genuine development of the Christian system. His cosmology, his theology, and his pneumatology are the Christian revelation breaking into more full and rational light from the seals of the letter which had kept and preserved it. Even his defective Christology — for such I must regard it — is readily supplied, and almost complements itself, from the principles of ontology, which lie farther towards the heart of his system. It is proof of his admirable catholicity, that the truth which flows into his more unconscious utterance transcends the formulas and definitions which he puts upon it, and that herein he is greater than Swedenborg.

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But I must stop here: I indicate merely the three main currents of thought, which have channelled their way deeper and deeper, and in their future course, I am persuaded, will strive more and more to suck every craft into them. Dualism we may leave out of the account, as foreign to this age, and not capable of being galvanized into life. There remain to us *religious naturalism*, which admits of no development, and therefore will have no future: *Hegelianism*, which, following its prime principle and cosmogony, can have but one class of results, — the apotheosis of man; the divine personality sunk in man, and swamped in the forces of nature; and the Christian immortality exhaling, to the gossamer consistence of a ghostly dream, — a system having its development outside the Christian consciousness, and trending farther from it every hour: or, thirdly, *the Church Logos-doctrine*, starting with a totally different cosmogony, having its development within the Christian consciousness, as the focal centre of all its life and growth, bearing the Church onward with the vast wealth of ages in its bosom, never shoaled in the dead waters of religious naturalism, never sucked into the devouring jaws of Pantheism. Its course is not ended, — yea, will never end. It cleared dualism and Arianism out of the way; and, at this moment, it is clearing the higher and more spiritual forms of orthodoxy, of Tritheism. By the Logos, made flesh in the Christ, it posits Christianity as the absolute religion, in harmony with nature, and complementing its light; being the same Word that created nature, and out of which nature ever breaks into life and flower. Not that all mysteries are solved by it, or ever will be. For to pour light upon one subject is to bring others into contemplation, which before had not been within the reach of thought.

To resolve the mysteries of religion does not diminish their number. Divine revelation, and *because* it is divine, is an ever-unfolding series. When the telescope turns clouds of haze into suns and firmaments, other clouds of haze from the region of blank vacuity straightway swim into its field. If Christianity be what it claims to be, — absolute, its revealments, like nature's, will never end, but will always be fresh and new.

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Liberal Christianity cannot be satisfied with its meagre Unitarian traditions, and remain liberal. It cannot develop outside the Christian consciousness, and remain Christian; nor on its extreme circumference, shading off into generalizations and mere rhetoric and word-magic, and thence into nothing. It must develop from within the Christian consciousness, and from its sun-bright centre, — having all the Christian ages behind it as its own, and authenticating its endless future. The Church of the new age evidently will not be less Christian, but a great deal more, — not a sect, but a Church catholic, losing no truth by the way, nor growing partial and one-sided, but bearing all the treasures of the past along. This very doctrine of influx would show, that its ingress is silent and unseen into art, into science, into theology, into politics, into philosophy; creating them all anew, and setting them in new relations, and in a higher and more comprehending unity.

Such a man as so wholly giveth himself up to God, and continueth standing in such resignation with his *will*, he will, in the end, when the grace moveth in him, find and *feel* what grace and divine love is. When the divine fire is kindled in his *life*, then he will feel and taste what Christ in him is, and find quickly how he is become another man of other thoughts and will.

This is a Christian, and worthy for *the communion of saints*, who is entered into this process, and converseth therein. And others who go out of custom, and account Christ's testament for an outwardly *imputed grace*, and as a work done believingly, appropriate it to himself, and will receive it as a gift, but will *not* be new-born, and be another man, of other thoughts and will, and keep the defiled cloak of sin in the *conscience* in him, and pass quickly again into the old footsteps. All these are unworthy and unfit and uncapable of the testament, and receive it *only* unto judgment, as before is mentioned. — *Behmen.*

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXIII.

"DER LETZTE MEINER TAGE."

Melody, — "Aus meines Herzens Grunde."

My day without a morrow
Now cannot tarry long;
O, then all cries of sorrow
Shall turn to praise and song.
No further griefs annoy;
No trials spread out later;
My Lord and Mediator
Then takes me to his joy.

Already on my vision
There streams the higher light;
With ecstasy Elysian
It fills and floods my sight.
Then in my joy I see
The angels are my brothers,
More close than any others;
And praise God's majesty.

With garlands all unfading
His goodness decks my brow;
His grace so richly aiding,
I can do all things now.
The sufferer's goal is won;
And he the chaplet twineth,
In which the conqueror shineth
Who in the fight holds on.

There stands the eternal dwelling
Which God hath built on high;
And circled saints are telling
The glory that is nigh.

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There tears are wiped away;
There reigns perpetual gladness;
And each dark heart of sadness
Is cheered with God's own ray.

What though, with faith unfeigned,
With love that's true and fast,
And earnest works unstained,
I be in trouble cast? —
O Prince of Life to come!
Within thy covenant hold me,
Until the hour infold me,
When Thou shalt call me home.

Let no black lamentation
To earth drag down my sense.
The longest life's duration
Is soon departed hence.
Hail to me! Last of days
Is quick with its last warning;
And then all cries of mourning
Are turned to song and praise.

XXIV.

"DER TAG AN DEM MEIN HEILAND SPRICHT."

Melody, — "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!"

The time when Christ the Lord shall say,
"Come, mortals, to my Judgment-Day,"
No trembling dread strikes through me.
He who has called me of his sheep,
Within whose death I fell asleep,
Will speak his grace unto me.
I can upon his promise rest,
That with his face I shall be blest.

I joy to think of that great time,
When, glorified, to God's own clime
My soul shall be admitted.

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Hail to me, when, from sin set free,
I shall with Christ for ever be,
And for his presence fitted;
When I can with the ransomed throng
Unite to raise a nobler song.

There, where my Lord in state attends,
Dwells joy that every thought transcends
And every raptured feeling.
He who on earth such love had shown
What holds he back, now on his throne,
All treasured grace revealing?
From him flow forth our joy and peace,
In endless fulness of increase. M. L. F.

CHARITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"MIRON" is the fable of a man who wishes to have a reputation for charity, and is at the same time unwilling to give. It is not an uncommon thing for rich Russian merchants, on stated days, and especially on festivals, to distribute money to the poor, who, on these occasions, fill the court-yard of the house. Miron is a millionnaire, of whom it is said that he never gives a copeck to the poor: for the sake, therefore, of his good name, he announces that he will feed beggars every Saturday. Crowds flock to his gates, which are left wide open to receive the alms-seekers; and every one says, that, if this goes on, Miron will be eaten out of house and home. But no: for, every Saturday, Miron lets loose in his yard a savage mastiff; and the beggars have not only to eat and satisfy themselves, but also to get away from the place without being bitten. In the mean while, Miron is accounted a saint. "It is impossible to admire his generosity too much," says the world; "but it is a pity he keeps such savage dogs: it is somewhat difficult to approach him, but he is ready to divide all he has with the poor."

"I have often observed," adds Kriloff, "that the palaces of the great are not easy of access; but it is always the fault of the dogs: the Mirons, themselves, are of course in no way to blame." *The Russians at Home.*

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER III. — CULTURE.

THE sudden approach of spring is one of the most remarkable facts of the climate of New England. Especially, after a cold and wet March and April, we often see a few days of hot sun in May transport one, as if by magic, from the frigid zone to the luxuriance of a tropical clime.

It was a week since my last visit to Morning Side. But what a change in the aspect of Nature! Instead of a wintry deadness all around, a tide of warm, joyful life was now flowing through every vein of the earth. The fields were putting on their coats of green, leaf-buds were bursting open on tree and bush, the peach and cherry were white with blossoms, the lilacs were beginning to assume their purple tint, the peonies were opening their eyes above the ground, insects were sporting on the wing, and the groves were vocal with the song of birds glad to revisit their last summer's haunts.

I never before had such an opportunity of observing this sudden transformation. It passed before my eyes like a miracle. The universality of teeming life astonished me. In by-places, near stone-walls, and under the brush, the ferns were pushing up their fresh growth, as if each had a story, which, in speechless eagerness, it was thrusting out its tongue to tell, — as probably it has, if only we have an ear to hear. What a story of a care which has kept safe in them the principle of life, and is now touching it anew with a creating power! Even last year's dying weed is not forgotten: I do not think it is certain that dying man is.

On my arrival at my neighbor's, late one afternoon, I found, to my surprise, quite a number of farmers assembled at his house. I learned that a proposal to lay out a new road had led to a consultation with Arthur Ashton, who was the surveyor of highways. There was a deal of earnest talk, not unmixed with some spicy words. For my part, I paid but little heed to the clatter of tongues about public convenience,

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private sacrifice, town-tax, road-beds, and culverts; and was not sorry when the meeting broke up, and left only Uncle Eph and myself with Arthur.

Mr. Ephraim Westgood corresponded to the description that had been given to me. I had several times been told, that, in the little red house at the foot of the hill, lived a man that would interest me; but the purpose of my humble story does not permit me to dwell at any length upon the peculiarities of his person or manners.

Daily hard work on his farm, till now he was sixty-four years old, had given a crescent-like shape to his body; and long, dark hair hung wildly over his thin, bony brow. A naturally robust and acute mind had received more culture from life than books, and had acquired the habit of the frankest and plainest utterance, which was generally followed by a sudden, chuckling laugh.

I always interpreted the laugh to mean that he wished to treat it as a joke, that such a man as he should have any fresh opinions of his own.

Referring to the meeting just held, Uncle Eph expressed his regret at the part taken by a townsman, who, as he said, "treated you, Mr. Arthur, rather short, and not as we all liked. Besides, I thought it a little strange, that, after he had given up the main matters, he should have been so set on a small point."

Arthur. — Oh! it was nothing. He only got somewhat warm in the talk, but all the while meant well enough. The concessions claimed were only to protect an appearance of firmness. It is not uncommon, I believe, for complying men to stiffen to adamant for a straw, — like Pilate, you know, who gave up the innocent to be crucified, but would not change a letter of the inscription on the cross, — not he.

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, bad tools such men are in hands that know how to use them, which treat them as you would a large fish you have hooked: give him line enough in his first plunges, wait a little, and you are sure to pull him in.

Arthur. — After all, they do not give so much trouble as those who are obstinate in every thing.

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Uncle Ephraim. — No; but even they, too, may be slyly managed. It is not so hard to drive a pig, if only you know how.

Arthur. — Some one has written on the "Art of Living with One Another." Your illustrations justify that title, and I think most of us need to study the art more.

Uncle Ephraim. — You think, as I do, that men ought to manage better than the trees up in your woods, which have no power to keep themselves from throwing their boughs across each other; and so they rub and creak and fret.

Arthur. — Our branches got pretty well entangled at the meeting, and it would not have been hard to have exploded in a quarrel. I sometimes think our natural propensity to contend seems unnecessarily strong.

Uncle Ephraim. — I don't know about that, Mr. Arthur. You have read more books than I have, and can tell us if there be animals that have instincts unsuited to the position in which they are placed.

Arthur. — I must turn against you your own illustration from the forest. We ought not to rub our branches so much together.

Uncle Ephraim. — Ah! no doubt we do many foolish and wicked things. But you went farther than that, I think; calling in question the right balance of things in our constitution. May we not expect sometime to see that our instinct to contend, as you called it, has been wisely proportioned?

Neighbor. — Perhaps it is not too strong to resist our imitative tendencies, and to develop individuality. But for this, how much less should we define ourselves, and assert ourselves, and bring forth ourselves, or even be ourselves!

Arthur. — Yes, I think you are right. And then quarrels are not so senseless as the pretexts. The passion seeks the object, and oftentimes has some rational basis where the object seems ridiculous, as was the case with those two old Italian cities which doubtless had a long score to settle, although they pretended that the reason of their murderous strife was, that the artists of one represented the eyes of the dead Christ as open, instead of following the orthodox example of those of the other, who painted them as shut.

Moreover, we have seen the operation of this instinct only in the irregular action of the childhood of humanity. Could we observe its workings in more extended spaces, say eight or ten thousand years, we might see the wise adjustment of its power.

I think none of us have taken as much pains to understand our

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nature as we have to vilify it. What a good lesson the preacher gave us, the other Sunday, on the duty of mutual forbearance! One affectionate and wise sermon like that, uttered in gentle words, amid the offices of prayer, to hundreds of people who every day have occasions that try their temper, seems to me to be something of an answer to much that is flippantly said about the inefficacy of public worship.

Uncle Ephraim. — Ah, well! Mr. Arthur, I have heard such things said myself; but, if the world improves so little under all its good lessons, I don't think it is certain that it would be any better without them.

Neighbor. — These objections of inefficacy look to me much like the complaints of children, who cannot believe that attendance at school will do them any good, especially in very poor schools, as is oftentimes the case. And yet, in the course of years, they do get something of an education, know how to read, at least, and secure the foundations which make a higher culture possible. It does not seem very unreasonable, that stated public worship, if for years observed with any kind of good intention, should do something analogous.

Arthur. — Perhaps much dissatisfaction with public worship arises from its contrast with our idea of what it ought to be. And it is something of a descent, certainly, from that conception down to churches and sermons as they are. But what does not suffer in a similar way? Our idea of the administration of justice is pure and lofty; but it is not much elevated, I believe, by any acquaintance with courts and juries and constables. Our conception of the government of a nation is of a function one of the highest and noblest committed to man; but how much does it descend from its lofty height by the least knowledge of cabinets and politicians? In all these cases the *idea* is divine, the *realization* of it is human, with human infirmities and short-comings, which yet do not destroy the usefulness, nor disprove the indispensableness, of such outward appointments as our average human nature can supply.

Uncle Ephraim. — I remember, when I was a boy, what a long row of singers there was front of the pulpit, — twenty or thirty of them, — and how my heart used to go pit-a-pat, when they all rose up, and sounded the pitch of the tune. There was no music they made afterwards that quite equalled the excitement of that moment, — less the fault of the singers, I suppose, than of my expectations. I have often thought since, that our fancy needed a right pitch as well as the tune.

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Arthur. — At any rate, you did not utter sharp censures, and refuse to hear any more psalm-singing. Well, I think there is some wisdom and humility in being willing to take things as they are, and make the best of them; nor, as it seems to me, is there always either humility or wisdom in indulging in a criticism of quite too fine an edge for any useful result.

But why, in considering this subject, should the preacher be chiefly in our thoughts? To a right-minded man, there is something about public worship far better than all preaching, even the best. It is in the very air of the holy day; in the refining influence of those personal attentions which the humblest do not neglect; in going to a place hallowed by sacred thoughts; in the meeting-together of the rich and the poor, where they are most likely to feel that the Lord is the Maker of them all; in the remembrance of those who once worshipped at our side, but who are now sitting in heavenly places; and in those words of Scripture and songs of Zion, which, I imagine, will echo longer in our memories than the sentences of the most eloquent sermon.

Uncle Ephraim. — For all that, Mr. Arthur, I like snuff in the sermon, as the man said, when the minister told him that he should take a pinch to keep him awake through the homily.

Arthur. — As every one does, Uncle Ephraim; but eloquence is a rarer gift than poetry. Of a thousand lawyers, how many will make eloquent pleaders? Some men I talk with have fears on this subject; but, for my part, I do not believe we shall let slip the blessings of public worship because we cannot have them minister, sensationally, to a love of novelty, or to some financial result, and are accompanied only by such homely things as good sense and a gentle and reverent spirit.

Neighbor. — Our fathers were of your way of thinking. What large, trusting hearts they must have had! To cut religion adrift from all alliance with State Government and venerable establishments; and in a new world, thousands of miles from the home of historical monuments and traditions, to trust its support only to the affections of the people, — this seems to me to have been the greatest act of faith in its inherent power since the Reformation.

Arthur. — Yes, indeed, neighbor: it was a bold and brave step.

Uncle Ephraim. — But we have found it hard sledding ever since. Perhaps our religious like our political organization is fitted only for a better people than we are, — too good a scythe to swing in such a rocky field.

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Arthur. — But, Uncle Ephraim, there has been hard sledding everywhere; nor do I think it has yet been proved that the field is too rocky for the scythe. The forms of worship may be changing, and there may be varying degrees of interest in them while passing from one form to another; but who can doubt what is to be the result in the long-run? We can little foresee all that will be on these hillsides of New England five hundred years hence; but some things we may be sure will be here, — the meeting for worship, the gentle words of prayer, and the sweet notes of praise. God has put the yearning for these things in the human heart, and it has already staid fast there five or six thousand years.

Uncle Ephraim. — If we did not have this institution of public worship, and a man should invent it, and fit our natures to it, he would be the greatest benefactor among men. But I think that acts of duty are worship also; and, if they be performed with thoughtful pains-taking, do they not partake something of the nature of meditation and prayer?

Arthur. — Yes, Uncle Ephraim; and you know who said that they are better than sacrifice. I never read his Sermon and sayings, without feeling how sharp is the contrast he makes between a ritual religion and practical goodness. Perhaps the stress he lays upon the latter is to be explained, in part, by his re-action against the formalism in the midst of which he lived, and by his knowledge of the strength of those principles in our nature which exalt ritual observances. And how has the history of the world since proved the correctness of his knowledge of what was in man! How comparatively easy it has been to drill men into ceremonialism, through their facility in taking impressions from outward objects rather than from reason! and everywhere the stream of a formalistic piety has attracted more attention, the narrower the channel in which it has flowed.

To say nothing of different Protestant sects, which illustrate this fact, we see that the Roman Catholics are apparently more devout than Protestants, the Mahometans more devout than the Roman Catholics, and the Hindoos more devout than the Mahometans. But who of us can doubt, that, in every complete view of duty, acts of worship and acts of practical goodness must both be included?

Uncle Ephraim. — And who can state the relation between them better than in the words of that authority you just now quoted: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone"?

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Arthur. — After all this dissatisfaction with sermons and churches and sects, of which we have been speaking, I don't know that we would have it different. From all this murmuring and conflict, there comes to our minds an ideal Church which is our New Jerusalem. If we love that, and are faithful to it, can we have a better hierarchy? This question came to my mind in reading some lines called "The Lost Church," by the German poet, Uhland, lately deceased. I dare say, neighbor, you have often met them in a translation not rare. I will read them aloud now, in a form * you have probably not seen; and so you can take your choice. Meanwhile, I shall not be offended if Uncle Ephraim falls asleep.

THE LOST CHURCH.

Oft in the forest fair, one hears
A passing sound of distant bells;
Nor legend old nor human wit
Can tell us whence the music swells:
From the Lost Church, 'tis thought, that soft,
Faint ringing cometh on the wind;
Once many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find.

Not long since, deep into the wood
I strayed, where path was none to see;
Weary of human wickedness,
My heart to God yearned lovingly:
There through the silent wilderness
Again I heard the sweet bells stealing,
Ever as higher yearned my heart,
The nearer and the louder pealing.

My spirit was so self indrawn,
My sense with sweetness rapt so high,
That how those sounds within me wrought
Remaineth yet a mystery.
It seemed as if a hundred years
Had lapsed while thus I had been dreaming;
When, lo! above the clouds, a space
Free opened out in sunshine gleaming.

Upon the heaven so darkly blue,
The sun so full and glowing bright,
There rose a MINSTER'S stately pile
Expanding in the golden light.

* From Lord Lindsay's Lectures on Christian Art.

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The clouds there seemed resplendently
  Like wings to bear it up alway;
And, in the blessed depth of heaven,
  Its spiry top to melt away.

The bells' delicious harmony
  Down from the tower in quivering flowed;
Yet drew not hand of man the strings, —
  They moved but to the breath of God.
As if upon my throbbing heart
  That self-same breath its influence shed,
So entered I that minster high
  With timorous joy and faltering tread.

Words cannot paint what there within
  Awoke my spirit's ecstasies;
The darkly brilliant windows glowed
  With martyrs' pious effigies:
Into a new and living world,
  Rich imaged forth, I gazed abroad, —
A world of holy women, and
  Of warriors of the host of God.

Down at the altar low I knelt,
  Thrilling with awe and holy love:
Heaven and its glorious mysteries
  Were pictured on the vault above.
But, when again my eyes looked up,
  Roof, arch, and pictured vault were gone;
Full opened was the door of heaven,
  And every veil had been withdrawn.

What then, in silent prayerful awe,
  Of majesty I saw revealed,
What heard of sound more blissful far
  Than aught to human ear unsealed,
Lies not within the weight of words;
  Yet whoso longeth for such good,
Let him take heed unto the bells
  That ring in whispers through the wood.

I had never met those lines before, and was pleased alike with their suggestive wisdom, and with the use to which Arthur applied them. Before he got near through the reading, Uncle Eph had availed himself of the half-permission given to him, and was perhaps having as good a vision as the poet describes. I felt a little uneasy as to the

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awkwardness of his awaking. But it was quite unnecessary. The cessation of Arthur's voice roused him immediately; and, after some conversation between them, about an exchange of teams for ploughing next day, Uncle Eph and I withdrew.

After I went to bed that night, it was some time before I fell asleep. The chimes of Arthur's musical and moving voice, as he read the poetry, were still ringing in my ears; and I long thought of those sweet bells, and of their mystic meaning.

(To be continued.)

BALAAM'S ASS SPEAKING.

A Sermon preached in Scituate, Jan. 17, 1791, by the Rev. Dr. Barnes.

To the Editors: Many years ago, the Rev. Samuel Deane, successor of Dr. Barnes, gave me, as a relic, the manuscript of the sermon above named. Thinking it might interest your readers, not only by its intrinsic merit, but as a specimen of the preaching of a somewhat eccentric but eminent divine of the Old Colony, three-quarters of a century ago, I have transcribed it for your Magazine. The subject gives occasion to the preacher for some striking, and always timely, observations on "Cruelty to animals," and also for some ingenious speculations on the "Immortality of brutes." The whole sermon will well repay perusal.

Dr. Barnes had a ministry of unusual length, extending from 1754 to 1811, when Mr. Deane became his colleague, — a period of fifty-seven years. "His ministry," says Mr. Deane in his History of Scituate, "continued in a good degree of quiet from the troubles of religious dissensions almost to the last. A short time before his death, however, the spirit of fault-finding began to move, and a stricter mode of Calvinism began to call for a separation, but had produced no great effect during his life. He was remarkable for his meekness in instructing those that opposed; and by parables, rather than direct argument, he was accustomed to converse with such. A neighbor, who was a Calvinist of the *straitest sect*, having frequently spent long sittings with Dr. Barnes, was finally answered in the following manner: 'You, sir, are a gentleman to whom the public feels and acknowledges much obligation for your mechanical skill and inventions. Now, we will suppose that your powers should be so far increased that you could make intelligent beings, and that you should produce thousands each day, formed with all the endowments of the human race. Then suppose that your neighbors should inquire what destination you proposed for these beings; and you should reply that you had also prepared a place of torment, to which you proposed to condemn the greater part; not for any personal offence against you, but because you had made them for that end; and that the remaining few you had destined, in the same arbitrary manner, to another place of perfect happiness, which you had also prepared. Now, sir, suppose that your neighbors were furnished with the common sense of mankind concerning

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justice and goodness, *would they not knock your shop down, and say that such a wicked trade should not go on?*'

"Perhaps no preacher has lived, who treated his audience with a greater variety; which circumstance gave fault-finders an occasion to accuse him of not being evangelical: but, although evangelical subjects were his favorites, he was, too much a man of genius to be confined to a narrow round of topics, and too much a man of piety to touch any subject without leading the mind to important lessons in religion. He preached, for example, 'On the east wind;' 'On the lightning;' 'On making salt;' 'On bees;' 'On the basket of summer fruits.' Dr. Barnes seldom exchanged. His maxim was, that 'a minister's stock is of that nature, that the more he uses, the more he has left.' In giving the charge to his successor, he gave this quaint but judicious advice: 'In attempting to instruct your people, be careful not to preach what they will not understand, and especially careful not to preach what you don't understand yourself.' Somewhat different from the maxim of a friend of mine, who said, 'As often as once a year, be sure to preach a sermon that nobody will understand: it's the only way of satisfying them that you know more than they do.'

"He used to work in his fields for health. At one period of his life, he was a great walker, and, indeed, *took a fancy to run*, and would continue it, at a moderate pace, for miles!"

He was in the habit, his admiring successor tells us, of speaking very familiarly of his own death; which some attributed to a want of sensibility: but it was, in reality, the resignation of Christian faith. He never sighed, "Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos;" but, with onward look, he would often say, that, were it not the fixed design of Providence that nothing should go back, it would be his voluntary choice to go forward, and to see for himself what is to come in other modes of existence. J. W. T.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Nov. 28. 1864.

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2 PETER ii. 16: "The dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet."

THE story from whence these words are taken, is found in the twenty-second chapter of Numbers. Balaam is the prophet of whom the apostle speaks. And it is true he was endowed with the spirit of prophecy. He uttered some things which have always been supposed to relate to the Messiah. *There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.* Some other passages there are of the like tenor.

While the children of Israel were travelling the wilderness, they had many difficulties to encounter, and enemies to contend with. As the hand of Heaven appeared to be with them, their enemies were sorely dismayed whenever they made their appearance. Balak, King of Moab, in particular, was under great apprehensions, and sent for Balaam to come and curse the Israelites. He supposed the prophet's influ-

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ence would have a great effect. As it was in Balak's power to do great things for Balaam, and he was very liberal in his promises, Balaam's heart inclined him to go. At the same time, he did not wish to counteract the will of Heaven. It was by no means agreeable to the God of Israel that his prophet should curse his own people. Balaam was forbid going, though afterwards he obtained a permission. But it seems he went not forth with Heaven on his side, and was stopped by the way, — in what manner I shall now read: chap. xxii. 22, "And God's anger was kindled because he went. And the angel of the Lord stood in the way as he went." You see what it was that opened the mouth of the ass, and in what manner he rebuked the madness of the prophet. The ass acted more prudently than the master; but so it happened, that, for saving his master's life, he was cruelly beaten. That Balaam might be convinced of his folly and wickedness, the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, who rebuked the madness of the prophet in such a manner that he confessed his fault, though it doth not appear that he ever reformed his life. He will probably be found hereafter among those who will cry, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" &c.: to whom the Lord will reply, "I never knew you; depart from me," &c.

In further discoursing, I mean to make a few observations on this remarkable event, as extraordinary perhaps as any we meet with in the sacred volume, and then make some useful inferences from it, as it stands connected with the context.

The enemies of revelation have not failed to ridicule this story as being both foolish and incredible. I do not say that the like has been known or heard of in ancient or modern times. The animal creation, however abused and distressed, have never been able to make their complaints as Balaam's ass did. It might be happy for them in many instances if they could. But such is their humble station, that they are in general obliged to bear what is laid upon them by their masters, more cruel and mad than the prophet. That there is any thing impossible or absolutely incredible in this event,

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is what no one will affirm. To give speech to the animal creation is certainly possible with Him who gave this faculty to man. He might have given it to all the brutal race, in the beginning, if he had thought proper. If he had done it, it might have prevented much abuse; but then they would never have been subject to man in the manner they now are. If they had had speech, and could have made known their grievances, they would soon have united in some mode of obtaining redress. United and pursuing some well-concerted plan for obtaining relief, considering their numbers and strength, they would soon have been too hard for man: they would not have answered the purposes for which they were made. It does not appear that any one heard what passed between the prophet, and the beast on which he rode; but as the story reflects disgrace on the master, and not on the beast, we can conceive of no good reason why he should report such a story if it had not been true. Prudence would have directed him to conceal it, at least some parts of it. This story he undoubtedly told; for no historian would think of inventing a tale of this kind, had it not been true. A person wont to report stories of this kind not well-authenticated would soon render himself ridiculous, and no one would pay any credit to what he said. Nothing appears but that this story obtained credit among the Jews: if it had not, it would not have obtained a place in their sacred writings. Our not being able to conceive how such a thing could be done, and the like not happening before or since that we know of, is no sufficient objection against the truth of it, unless we deny the possibility of miracles. If we should go so far as to do this, we shall do more than we can ever prove. Who dare undertake to determine what the Divine Being can do, and what he cannot do, where no contradiction or weakness is implied? That he cannot do wrong, is what we may boldly affirm; that he can do nothing that is dishonorable to himself, we readily acknowledge. But that he is unable to make a beast speak with man's voice, is what no modest man will affirm. There is nothing dishonorable in this matter: the ass spoke to some purpose, and the prophet

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was stopped in his mad career. The strangeness of the event must have deeply affected his mind, more so than if the same thing had been said by men or by angels. In what other way the Divine Being could have accomplished his purpose, is not for us to say. Balaam lived in the days of miracles. Hardly a day passed without some uncommon appearance. Miracles answered many good purposes. There is not the same occasion for them at this day. The age is enlightened. Revelation is completed, and the knowledge of men gained in the ordinary way is sufficient. If we consult pagan writers, we shall find that it was not thought incredible that beasts should speak with the voice and after the manner of men. It would be tedious mentioning instances of this kind. What they ascribed to their deities, we may with safety ascribe to Him who is possessed of power unlimited.

Supposing the fact to be true, we are now to show what we are to learn from it.

I. We learn the mighty power of God. He alone could be the author of this event. Beasts may be taught to do many things. Some of them discover a surprising degree of sagacity and a tractable spirit. They have done things that have been truly wonderful. But none were ever found to speak and reason with man's voice and man's understanding as the ass did. The like has never been heard of, and it is presumed never will be. The idle stories of this kind among the pagans, invented to serve particular purposes, deserve no credit. Man's voice or speech is one great thing that distinguishes him from the lower creation. This distinction early appeared, and is as great now as it was in the beginning. If the intelligent creation go forward or make improvements, as in many instances it is certain they do, yet the same cannot be said of those orders of beings beneath us. They are no wiser now than they were a thousand years ago; nor do they make any advances in the art of speaking. Language they have suitable to their condition: it is well understood, and answers many valuable purposes; but it is the same in all, and does not seem to admit of any improvement. Language among the human kind is continually altering. It has

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never been brought to perfection, and perhaps never will be. From the defects in language, many evils arise. If mankind could perfectly understand one another, I suppose they would appear to think much more alike than they do at present. Many of the most unhappy consequences there have been in the world have been merely about words; and, not being able to convey their ideas with precision, they have treated each other with barbarity and cruelty.

II. We learn the unhappy consequences of violent passion.

Balaam is said to be mad. The dumb ass, speaking, forbade the madness of the prophet. From whence originated his madness? From passion: men may be as drunk with passion as with spirituous liquors. And when mad with rage, fury, or anger, they can see nothing clearly; and it is quite uncertain what part they will act. To say the least, there is great danger of their stepping aside. It is not often that any thing is well said or done while the mind is infuriated with passion. Of all the passions, anger perhaps is apt to be the most violent. Many have done such things in anger, as they have repented of when they have recovered their reason. All are not alike subject to passion. Some are always bordering upon frenzy; others are seldom moved, and hardly know how to resent an insult when offered to them. Strong passions in a well-regulated mind are eminently serviceable. Take away the passions, and mankind would become, I acknowledge, a harmless set of creatures; but, at the same time, they would be useless. Passions are justly styled the gales of life, and nothing can be well done without them. Mankind never act well but when their passions are engaged. Strong minds have generally strong passions. I am sensible this does not always appear, because they have understanding to govern them. Weak minds often appear to have violent passions; and the reason is, they have them not under command. Isocrates, the famous philosopher in Greece, was supposed to be destitute of passion; but, upon further acquaintance, the contrary was found to be true. He had learned to keep them under due restraint. If men would see how they look, and how they act, when passion

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predominates, they certainly would take more pains to govern them. Christianity teaches us how to do this, and at the same time how to use them. Balaam had nearly lost his life by his intemperate anger and insatiate avarice. Passion has brought many to an untimely end. It is difficult having any thing to do with such as have no command of themselves. It behooves us not to say we cannot hinder their running to excess. Balaam was to blame, and confesses his sin; and so are others when they are led astray by them. It behooves such as are in danger to be always on their guard. Passions are strengthened, like every thing else, by exercise. For this reason, children should be treated with mildness; and their passions, as far as well can be, kept from being ruffled. There is no danger but they will increase fast enough without provocation. Children, who are kept always in a fret or uneasy, in all probability will suffer for it as long as they live. To give rules to prevent the excess of passion is beside my present purpose. If I should, the probability is they would not be much regarded by such as need them most. It is by suffering, and in consequence of them, mankind learn to restrain them. Some suffer in one way, and some in another. One thing is certain, that, where there is excess, there is pain; and it is pain that principally prevents excess. Some evils are not to be wholly cured. Violent passions are seldom held in such subjection as they ought to be. Some, I am sensible, are to be pitied. They to appearance labor hard to restrain them, but are overcome. Some have but little trouble in this way. Such as take no pains are commonly a torment to others, but a greater to themselves. Let us be careful that we do not allow that in ourselves which we freely condemn in others.

Once more, we learn the wisdom and goodness of God in stopping sinful men in their sinful course sorely against their inclination. Balaam was in a sinful way. He meant to curse the people of God, if he could get a permit, induced hereto by the love of gain. Balak would hardly have begrudged any price if he could have brought him to accomplish his purpose. Balaam knew this. He loved the wages

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of unrighteousness, and was not difficult about the means of acquiring wealth. He appears to be under some restraints. He was not wholly abandoned; at the same time he was very far from being good. He was stopped in his course before he reached the place of destination. The resistance he met with soon put him upon consideration for a moment; and though it did not reform him, yet it prevented him from proceeding to such length as he otherwise might. Sinners are often stopped sorely against their wills. He that has set bounds to the sea, saying, "Hitherto shall your proud waves come and no farther," hath set bounds to the passions of men. He lays wicked men under such restraints as that they are not always able to execute their purposes. We all know that the wickedness of men is great in the earth; but how much greater it would be if they were under no restraints, is impossible to say. It is not often that either nations or individuals, who have gone any time in a wrong way, ever return till they are in a sort compelled to do it. Balaam would have gone on to accomplish his wicked intentions, if he had not been prevented by an angel from heaven, with a drawn sword in his hand. So sinners seldom think of returning till their way is hemmed in, in such manner that they can proceed no farther. You know how it fared with the unhappy prodigal. All vice in general is impoverishing, and tends to ruin. If evil is not prevented, yet we have great reason to be thankful that wicked men and seducers are frequently prevented from accomplishing the whole of what they designed. . We rejoice because the Lord reigneth.

In many instances, the animal creation are more sagacious than the intelligent. They act with more uniformity and consistency; and if they are not, properly speaking, capable of virtue, so, on the other hand, they are incapable of vice. They answer the end of their make; and we have every reason to believe that there is nothing made in vain. Nor do I know that we have any reason to think, that, if the world was to be new-created, it could be mended, all things considered. I'm sensible we are always complaining, and are apt to think it would be an easy matter to mend the works of

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God; but, if all things were left to the disposal of vain and conceited mortals, we have every reason to believe that irremediable wretchedness would be the consequence.

Upon the words now read (see text), we have made some observations which I trust may be of some use to such as wish to pass through life agreeably, and finish it with hope. Without repeating any thing that has been said, we shall go on to make some further inferences and reflections, which I hope may be useful.

In the next place, we learn that cruelty to the animal creation is a heinous crime. Balaam was unjustly angry with his beast. As it had been always tractable, and had never before behaved ill, prudence would have directed him whether there might not be some extraordinary reason for this extraordinary conduct, and have weighed the matter well before he proceeded to extremities. If he had been wont to conduct in this manner, the master would not have been so much to blame for using some severity. Some beasts are of such an unruly make that they are apt to be ungovernable, and beating may be sometimes necessary to bring them into subjection. And they are so formed that they may be subdued in this way when they cannot be in any other. But, surely, all unnecessary pain or cruelty ought to be avoided. But, according to his own confession, his beast had never before behaved ill. It was madness in the prophet, then, to suffer himself to be hurried away by the violence of passion to do such things as are not convenient.

As cruelty to the animal creation is a subject seldom handled, especially in the pulpit, and seldom attended to with that attention that it ought to be; as it is a very heinous sin, and what we must expect, sooner or later, will meet with condign punishment; and as my text naturally leads us to spend some thoughts upon it, — so, I trust, a few observations will be neither unpleasing nor unprofitable.

Man, by his Maker, is made lord of this lower creation. The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea, are made for his use and benefit. To the animal creation, he is greatly indebted, under Providence, for his support and

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comfort in life. Strip the world of living creatures, and but few of the human kind could subsist; and those few would be deprived of many comforts they now enjoy.

They all wait in God, who is the Parent of all; and he provides their meat in season, and frequently without the care and labor of man. It is true, for domestic animals some provision he is obliged to make. It cannot be expected, that, while they are held in our employ, they should be able to seek and procure their own food. But then such animals richly pay the expense of their provision, first with their labor, and then with their lives. Many creatures live and die for man. How ungrateful, then, must he be, if he abuses them by acts of barbarity and cruelty!

These creatures in general have quick and tender feelings; perhaps as quick and keen a sense of pain as any of human species, except that kind which, of all others, is the greatest, — arising from reflection. They are not troubled with remorse; nor do they appear to anticipate evils at a distance. If not abused, they always enjoy the present moment. In this respect, their lot is more happy than ours. We are capable of creating evils; and perhaps those of the imaginary kind are as great or greater than such as are real, and in many not less numerous. And such is our unhappiness, that, the fewer real evils we have to bear, the more distressed we often are with those that are imaginary. The mind must be always employed; and, if we have nothing good and useful to take up our attention, it is more than probable that our thoughts and reflections will be greatly distressing. For this reason, the idle and dissipated are never happy. Heaven has ordained that an ill-spent life shall be wretched. There may be, indeed, the appearance of enjoyment; but follow such persons into retirement, mark their end, and you will generally find them miserable. The animal creation are not afflicted in this way. Instinct does not lead them wrong; they have nothing to repent of, nor any thing to fear in consequence of wickedness. But, as to many other pains, I know not but that their sensations are as quick and exquisite as those of human kind. They are capable of suffering in innumerable ways; and,

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though they cannot complain, as Balaam's ass did, with man's voice, yet their sufferings are so great that they frequently show evident marks of distress. They cry for help with such evident signs of cruelty, that the heart must be hard indeed that has no feeling for them. Yet it is strange how little many people regard their sufferings. Many seem to value themselves upon their unfeeling make, and the pleasure they take in tormenting the brutal creation. They despise those who have tender feelings, and cannot behold unreasonable severity and torment without discovering marks of uneasiness. To prevent suffering in the animal creation may be as impracticable as to make the human kind completely happy in the present stage of their existence; but, by a little attention, a great part of it might be prevented. Many of their pains, and some of the greatest, arise from inattention, inconsideration, or wantonness. Passion, anger, and wrath take away sensibility. Many do that in a fit of passion for which their hearts condemn them when passion subsides. If Balaam had not been unreasonably angry, his innocent beast had not suffered in the manner he did. The writhings of some poor animals in distress afford pleasure to the eyes, their cries and bellowings to the ears, of many of the human race, more savage than the bestial tribe, — more savage, I say; for it does not appear that beasts take pleasure in torturing each other. Most of them show signs of compassion to the distressed. Hunger may lead them to devour, but not to torment. It is man, cruel man, that delights in torturing. I thank God this disposition is not universal! If it was, the human kind ought to be called by some other name.

I will now place before you some reasons or motives against cruelty to the inferior orders of beings.

In the first place, their weakness or incapacity of pleading their own cause, or doing themselves justice, ought to prevent our using them ill. We reprobate the tyrant possessed of absolute power who uses it in distressing those who have no power of resistance; who can sport himself with the miseries of his people, and hear their complaints without pity. We believe, that, if there is justice in heaven, such unfeeling crea-

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tures will one day feel what they justly deserve. We are sometimes grieved that the patience of Heaven should continue so long with them; that the cries of the afflicted should remain unheard. And how much less odious and cruel is he who tortures such creatures as he has in his power, merely to gratify his cruel disposition, or is wholly inattentive to their complaints! Will not beings above us suppose that such are equally deserving of punishment? That same spirit that leads to acts of cruelty to inferior animals would equally distress the human kind, if there was nothing to be feared. They well know that men will seek revenge; and it may be in their power to take it, notwithstanding any attempt of theirs to guard against it. Man is in some degree in the power of man; and this makes him stand in awe. We cannot stand against their rage and wrath justly excited. We condemn the mother that neglects or abuses her infant; and why not the person that abuses the harmless animal that can make no resistance?

If the animal creation had the speech or the voice of man, how numerous, suppose ye, would be their complaints? If their wrongs could be redressed in a judicial way, what an infinity of pleadings would take place! How many thousands must be continually employed in redressing grievances and punishing offences! And, if all crimes of this sort were to be recorded, how soon would the world be unable to contain the books that would be written! A good man is careful not to abuse any power that is committed to him. He knows that he is accountable. It might be of service to us to consider, when tempted to abuse our beasts, that, if the Lord should open the mouths of the dumb, how we should be able to answer them. The merciful man regardeth not only the life, but the comfort, of his beast. And, let men think what they may, such as show no mercy in this way shall one day find to their sorrow that it would have been better for them to have been beasts than men.

In the second place, our own interest of advantage, if duly considered, would lead us to use them well. This has influence with many, towards domestic animals, who have no com-

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passion towards others, nor towards the human kind. Most kinds of animals richly pay for the pains and care that is taken of them by the humane master. The expectations of many are often unreasonable. Impossibilities are demanded, and then cruelty is exercised for non-performance. Such creatures in human shape as habitually act this part commonly suffer for the wrong they have done.

Once more: tenderness and compassion to inferior creatures depend much on education. Children may be learnt to torture them without the least reluctance, or to take pleasure in so doing. They will also imitate those above them: they have no sense of the wrong that is done. By allowed and frequent acts of cruelty, their tender feelings may be all obliterated; their hearts may be hardened; and they may suffer for it all their days. A person of an unfeeling mind is not well calculated to live in such a world as this: instead of the blessing, he may expect the curses, of many souls ready to perish will come upon him. I hardly know of any thing that makes a person more odious than a total want of sympathy towards the afflicted. It is a pity that children and youth should be hardened while they have little or no understanding. It is by no means certain, that, when they come to years of discretion, they will discover a different spirit. Let children, as much as possible, be kept from the sight of blood and scenes of cruelty and distress, and be early made to know that silent and uncomplaining animals can feel, as well as themselves; that to give unnecessary pain is a crime.

Sensibility, cultivated in early life, will continue with us as long as we live. This is truly ornamental to the Christian. An unfeeling Christian is a contradiction.

Once more: we have no evidence but that the animal creation may exist in some future state. From analogy, we have reason to expect it. They may be in such a state as shall enable them to become accusers of all those who have used them ill. Though they cannot speak a language that we can understand at present, yet they may be enabled to do it hereafter. He that gave speech to Balaam's ass may give speech to them. They may recollect all they have suffered, and implore pun-

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ishment. I do not say that these things will come to pass; but we cannot prove the contrary; and wise, great, and good men have supposed them probable. For if there is any thing in the argument taken from the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in the present state, with regard to men, in favor of a future state, the argument holds equally good with respect to many creatures beneath us. They have little else but misery to endure, the little time they live; and, after suffering innumerable hardships and cruelties from man, they die a miserable death. If this is all they ever can enjoy, what is said of Judas, with great propriety may be said of many of them: "It were good for them not to have been born." What Judas suffered he justly deserved; the beasts have not merited what they endure. It may be questioned whether the Divine Being ever brought a creature into existence, capable of enduring exquisite pain, and condemned that creature to continual torment, without any fault of its own. To suppose that he has done it, and is constantly doing it, hardly coincides, I must confess, with my notions of divine goodness. If beasts should be allowed to become accusers, how many will be condemned for wanton cruelty is not for me to say. But, surely, many have reason to tremble. A black catalogue of crimes, little noticed now, will be brought to light. Let the unmerciful and cruel tremble; let all learn to treat their inferiors well, of what rank or nature soever they may be. He is no Christian that allows himself in the exercise of cruelty to them. He deserves not the name of man; he is inhuman.

Many other things might be mentioned; but I forbear. If any mock and scoff at these things at present, let them consider that the time may come when they may be sorry for what they have done. A good-natured man, if he is no Christian, will never do it. Such as do must be left to suffer what they justly deserve at the hands of Him who never made living creatures for man to abuse with impunity. Good men are always ready to show tenderness and compassion. What measure they mete shall be measured to them again.

JAN. 17, 1791.

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REEVES HILL.*

Reeves' graded terrace, green and high!
Earth reaches up to kiss the sky.
Oh! what a banquet for the eye
  Uplifted thus to view
The landscapes stretching dreamily
  To sleeping shores of blue!

Imprisoned in the meadows green,
The listless river-flow is seen,
Recoiling with a silver sheen,
  Far up the gentle slope!
And mountains, of a range serene,
  Blue-purple banks heave up!

Thus looking down on earth, how fair
Its hills of difficulty are!
Its fields of toil, and homes of care,
  And its cloud-shadows, seem,
Poised in the blue, cerulean air,
  As fleeting as a dream!

The lowlands limit with a wall,
Whose narrow bounds are all in all,
Petty pursuits and passions small
  And prejudices blind;
But, when we climb, the scales may fall,
  And light break on the mind.

Ascending to a higher grade,
Where skies and earth are both surveyed,
Our solemn vows shall here be paid
  With hearts of heavenly love!
Up to the hills we look for aid,
  And seek a home above!

R. F. F.

* In Wayland, Mass.

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THE LOVE OF THE PARDONED SINNER FOR GOD.

WHO can tell how deep and sweet and tender this love is, and of what exceeding fidelities it is the spring? Doubtless we can and do love the God who is the Creator and Sustainer of the natural world, — the world of which we are made the high priests. Our hearts are drawn out in gratitude towards the everlasting Father, Maker of heaven and earth. Thoughts of praise are called forth from our souls, as we look upon the humblest plant, and watch the beautiful unfolding of the leaf and bud. Doubtless we can and do love the God "whose wisdom moveth from one end of the universe to the other, and sweetly ordereth all things;" whose hand is to be traced in the wonderful life of man, as the historian marks the course of its mighty tides, as each one of us discerns the Ever-near and the Ever-gracious. And yet, as we sadly know, in the midst of wonders and providences, and even whilst he is laden with gifts, the child of God too often feels no tender personal love for the dear Father in heaven. He cannot enter into the experience of the saints, who pour out their thanksgivings, and weep tears of joy, as they think of the Lord's goodness. The explanation is, that there is a kindness and love of God, our Saviour, which he has yet to feel. It comes to those whose sins are forgiven for his great mercy's sake in Christ Jesus. Christ said of the woman who had been a sinner, and who needed not an argument upon the atoning sacrifice, or any course of penance, but simply to look upon the Lord, to know that she was forgiven, "She loved much; but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little." Our sins are so overruled by a wise and loving God, that they are made the occasions of wonderful growth in the most sweet grace of love.

It may be so, thank God, if our offences are very great, and cry to heaven against us. Here we may find in part the solution of the mystery of the divine permission of sin. We have asked, perhaps, why, when the Father is so careful and watchful of some, compassing their path and their lying-

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down, and making grievous transgressions morally impossible for them, he leaves others to battle with strong, fierce, almost uncontrollable passions; or, in the midst of most unpropitious circumstances, tempted to the very verge, at least, of their ability? We may ask, how shall such, when they come to themselves and to sad thoughts of past wickedness, ever gain peace, and recover the ground which has been lost? Must they not always lag behind many of their fellows in the race? must they not be a prey to shameful and afflicting memories? How can they forgive themselves, though they have been forgiven of God? The relief is to be found, the answer is given, in the deep love of thankfulness which is awakened in the penitent heart, — a love strong and tender in proportion to the greatness of the debt which has been remitted. "Whether of the twain will love him most? He to whom he forgave the most," was the answer; and the Christ said, "Thou hast rightly judged." If only the sinner can feel, looking in the face of Christ, that the sins which have been committed are in very deed forgiven, — and he will not so feel until his heart has been changed into a heart of love and tenderness, — he will be made rich in the very might which alone is able to create a new life; a life that shall so outgrow the old sinfulness as to leave scarcely a trace of it, scarcely so much as the faintest scar. It is possible to grow a year's growth in a few days of crowded being. Sometimes it is with the heart, as if a great weight had been lifted from it; and it springs up in noblest aspirations, and flows out in the richest abundance. It does not meet their condition to comfort those who have fallen into great sins, and are beginning to repent, by excusing their transgressions. They know, that, unfortunate as they may have been, they are also sinful, deeply sinful: nevertheless, we shall presently see that God has provided great things for them also; that they will never be satisfied with acknowledging the great love with which he loved them whilst they were dead in trespasses or sins; and that their new obedience will correspond in its measures and proportions to the enormities of the former unrighteousness. So those who are called good, but are often only good because they are in every

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way shielded, and are sometimes very cold in their goodness, and are rather conspicuously decent than eminently righteous, shall find at their side some, who, at one time, seemed to be hopelessly behind them in the road towards heaven: nay, will not the words of the Master find fulfilment in more than one instance, — "The publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of God before you"? This, not for the comfort of sinners who are continuing in sin (the words will not signify much to them in any wise), but lest any should be tempted to think that God is a respecter of persons, in appointing, for a time, those moral inequalities which are really more staggering to our faith than the varying measures of his outward bounties. The new love resolves the mystery. The new love brings us all to the same level, — as, in the marvellous harvesting of the bread in the wilderness, "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack."

But are there no sinners save those who have fallen into grave outward offences? Is it not possible for all of us to love God as they love to whom much hath been forgiven? Most certainly; if we will only examine ourselves so carefully, and question our souls in the light of God's word so earnestly and faithfully, that we shall come to realize how gentle and forgiving and patient God is with us all the time, and how continually he bears with our short-comings and our foolishness, our many professions and slender performances. God has forgiven so much to the very best of us! What earthly sovereign would men think to treat as they treat the great God? Perhaps we say, that we are not conscious of doing wrong; but should we not be conscious, if we were more conscientious, if we really made a conscience of every thing, and judged ourselves, as God will one day judge us, for our idle words? We fall into a careless way of concluding, that a certain amount of transgression is almost a matter of course, and is to be pardoned as a matter of course; and we forget that One, He who asks obedience of us, is grieved by every offence, and hath abundant cause to be displeased with us. We do owe him, every one of us, a great debt; and we have nothing to pay. We are not what he has a right to

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expect us to be. We have cause to love him as a wayward child might love one of the most patient of fathers, one of the most tender of mothers. Now, this love will be very personal: it will seek God by that way through which he has been pleased to come to us, incarnating his love in a life, uttering his love by the most gentle of lips. God in Christ reconciles the world unto himself, because we learn through this mediation how great is our debt, and how inexhaustible the compassions of Him who remits it. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous (that is, those who think themselves righteous), but sinners to repentance. Now, if any say, we have no sin, they deceive themselves. If any say, we need not the pardoning love of God, they deceive themselves; and so the way is open for all to enter into the most tender and personal relations with the Father of the spirits of all flesh. This is the love which passeth knowledge, — God's love for us, our love for God. This is eminently the love of the Christian for the Father of his Lord, because, although natural religion has its sense of sin, it is only under the gospel that we gain that persuasion of the infinite compassion of God, which stirs the heart from its depths, and bears us heavenward upon a wave of grateful and tender emotion. So the wise Lord makes our very offences means of binding us more closely to himself. Herein perceive we the love of Christ, and the love of Him who loved us in Christ, and is patient with us every day, as no one of us would think of being patient with any earthly friend: nay, we should turn away utterly from our earthly friends, if they tried us as we try the gracious Father. We need not sin, in order to learn the lesson of love; but, having sinned, we are without excuse, if we are not brought in our repentance to the feet of Him who hath power on earth to forgive sins. E.

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RANDOM READINGS.

RÉNAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

We take great pleasure in placing before our readers some large extracts from an excellent review of "Rénan's Life of Jesus," by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness is admirably fitted, by his life-long study of the Gospels, to pass sentence upon the merits and demerits of this widely known book. He has just the familiarity with his theme, the special knowledge, which the French writer, otherwise learned, had not. Rénan, as his critic shows, makes upon us the impression of a man who has "got up" his subject, and not very thoroughly at that. Many a plain Bible-reader is better fitted to write about the Christ than he. E.

"That M. Rénan had only just come to believe that Jesus was a real person, when he undertook to write this life of him, is evident, we repeat, from the whole tenor of the work. Amidst the thick and bewildering mists of time and error, he unexpectedly comes in contact with what he had long supposed to be a phantom, and he finds it to be substantial flesh and blood. It is warm with life. It breathes. It moves. It speaks. Instead of falling prostrate, as another, with different preconceptions, might have done under like circumstances; instead of pausing, awe-struck and speechless at finding himself in the presence of the Founder of Christendom; instead of feeling slowly, reverently, and all in a tremble, after this majestic form, if haply he may discover the configuration thereof, — with the precipitate vivacity of his country, he instantly dashes off a sketch of it, as if he had been familiar with it for years; and his quick and brilliant fancy and abundant learning enable him, at small expense of time, to fill the sketch out. Suddenly coming in sight of Jesus, seeing him more, and hearing him speak, he treats him with the freedom of long acquaintance. He patronizes and applauds him and apologizes for him, from the lofty and illuminated height of the nineteenth century, looking graciously down upon him moving there in the dimness of that distant age.

"But sincere, animated, and magnetic as M. Rénan's faith is in the reality of Jesus, so long has he been accustomed to regard him as an abstract being of questionable existence, his is but an infant faith after all. It is very tender to the touch. It cannot bear the pressure of the most moderate tax. It cannot endure to be drawn upon with any

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unusual force. It is not equal to the effort of acknowledging, save in the most indefinite terms, any very uncommon traits of greatness in Jesus. He sees with delighted surprise that there is a real human person there; but, to his eyes, 'the mists of a world without reality' still float around Jesus, and he is not at all prepared to trace any of the distinctive outlines of his figure, except so very lightly that they disappear under his hand. To keep him real, he must keep him far within the limits of the known and the familiar; for, the instant he approaches them, he begins to fade away. To keep him human, he must conceive of him and represent him as human, with a witness, the witness of many and palpable weaknesses."

"How wretchedly — we can use no milder word — does M. Rénan Frenchify what is recorded to have taken place in the house of Simon at Bethany! He represents the act of Mary, in pouring the precious ointment on the person of Jesus, not as a single-hearted expression of profound personal reverence, but as done for effect; to create feeling and admiration for Jesus in a community which had shown itself indifferent to him; in a word, to use a familiar American phrase, to make capital for him. And this tribute, M. Rénan says, was received by Jesus with pleasure. Why? Because, forsooth, 'he loved honors!' He! and because it confirmed his claim to the title, which he loved, of 'Son of David,' — a title occasionally applied to him, but which the Gospels breathe not a whisper of his ever having assumed.* In gratitude for this flattering attention, *un gage d'amour*, M. Rénan further says, that Jesus promised Mary an immortality of renown." — pp. 372–74.

"Now, from this account of the incident, who would ever dream of the interpretation which Jesus himself is recorded to have put upon the act of Mary? Who would know from any thing M. Rénan tells us, that Jesus, so far from thinking of personal honors, was reminded only of his death then impending, and that he accepted the fragrant ointment as an embalming? 'Against the day of my burial hath she *kept* this.' With all his liveliness of fancy, M. Rénan finds no touching allusion to his approaching death in the words of Jesus, 'The poor always ye have with you, *but me ye have not always*.' Neither does our author perceive that it was because he was struck with the coincidence of this act of Mary's with his own near death, that Jesus declared, that, wherever the story of his life should be told, this incident could not fail to be mentioned. Considering 'the economical habits of the place,' but not considering, that, as Jesus construed the act, the poorest person who might happen to come into possession of so precious a vase would be fully justified in keeping it for some special funeral occasion, M. Rénan agrees

* While M. Rénan here and elsewhere gives us the impression that Jesus was anxious to appropriate this title, he admits that Jesus never assumed it.

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with Judas, that the use which Mary made of the costly unguent was a piece of downright extravagance. Disregarding the account which tells us that Mary first 'broke the box,' and then poured out the ointment, M. Rénan further tells us, that it was an ancient custom; but he gives no authority for it, except that he had himself seen it observed 'at Sour,' after the vase was emptied to break it in honor of the guest. Is it not more likely that Mary first broke the box, as the Gospels say, because the ointment required, for the preservation of its perfume, that the box or vase containing it should be so made or sealed that it could be opened only by being broken? The account is again disregarded by M. Rénan, when he says that Mary poured the ointment upon the feet of Jesus. The Gospels state that it was poured upon his head."

"The truth is, M. Rénan's faith, genuine as it is so far as it goes, goes but a very little way, hardly a hair's breadth beyond the bare fact that Jesus was a person who really had an existence. Beyond this fact, or rather around it, in M. Rénan's eyes, the haze of an unreal world still rests; and accordingly the details of the history, going to show us what manner of person Jesus was, take whatever shapes it pleases his fancy to give them. He has hardly any thing else to guide him but his fancy constantly excited by the quick and varied suggestions of his copious learning. The discovery of the topographical accuracy of the four Gospels, of 'the striking agreement of texts and places,' — a discovery which took him, he confesses, altogether by surprise, — compels him to accord them a certain historical character. But, whatever authority he concedes to them, his reliance on them gives way the instant they state any thing unusual, even though it be not beyond the known scope of humanity. He is continually either making assertions that have nothing in the history to sustain them, or he starts queries which not a syllable in the Gospels warrants him in suggesting, and which he is forced to answer for himself with *On l'ignore.*" — pp. 239, 379.

"It can surprise no one therefore, it was the most natural thing in the world, it was inevitable, that he should treat the so-called supernatural relations of the Gospels precisely as he does. It was to be expected that he would not for a single moment entertain the thought of giving them a critical examination, in order to obtain through them, if he might, some glimpses of Jesus; our materials for reproducing the idea of whom are not so abundant that we can afford to dispense with a syllable that may possibly throw light upon him. It is no wonder that to M. Rénan the narrations of the miracles are nothing but a weariness (p. 259). Naturally enough, he has found it far easier to represent Jesus as colluding with ignorance and fraud, than to suppose those miraculous relations to contain the smallest portion of valuable fact."

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"A work of great interest and of quite a positive character, and eminently tender and religious, called forth by M. Rénan's work, has also appeared, by Dr. Schenkel, of Heidelberg, '*Das Charakterbild Jesu*,' designed, as the author states, 'to meet the deep want of our time,' and present 'a genuinely human, really historical representation of the life-picture of Jesus.'

"All these efforts must tend to good. Thus far, however, so little satisfaction has been attained in regard to the actual life of Jesus, that it is not infrequently said, that 'it was never meant' that we should have any clearer knowledge of him. But there need be no fear that we shall know him too distinctly. Let us at least know so much concerning him, that it shall no longer be possible for any one to doubt whether he ever existed. After all our study, that Divine Person will still be veiled in a mystery which no mortal eye can penetrate. Nevertheless, in the name of all that is dear to us, let us learn to know him as clearly as we may, that he may be formed in our inmost hearts, the Life of life, a glorious and everlasting hope. In no relation less intimate does he stand to Christendom and to the world."

THE CELEBRATION AT WESTON.

THE first day of February, 1865, was memorable in the annals of the Weston parish. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Field, who had given notice to his people that he would then retire from its more active duties. The good people of the parish made ample preparations that the meeting should be one worthy of the occasion, and grateful to the venerable pastor. Invitations had been extended to absent friends, and to the ministers of the neighboring churches, with whom Dr. Field was accustomed to exchange pulpits; and at twelve o'clock, on the appointed day, the church was filled. On the right of the pulpit was the date, "February, 1815," with a border of evergreen; and, on the left, the date, "February, 1865," with a border of rich and ripe autumn leaves. Behind the pulpit was a cross and stars, wrought also in evergreen. Dr. Hill, President of Harvard University, read selections from the Scriptures, made so appropriately that they seemed to speak to the heart as no human words could do. Dr. Allen, of Northborough, offered the introductory prayer. Dr. Field gave a discourse of about half an hour, stating briefly the prin-

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ciples that had guided him in his long ministry, closing with a summary of its most important statistics. The following hymn, prepared for the occasion, was then sung by the choir: —

Father of mercies! in the radiant morning,
Thy youthful servant started on his way;
And prayers were breathed for light and grace adorning,
And that his strength be equal to his day.

And thou hast answered! Fifty years of blessing
Have fallen o'er us, gently as the rain;
Thy promised grace, thy heavenly peace possessing,
Here in thy house and in our homes again.

Father, we thank thee! through the fruitful meadows
Still lead the flock and pastor by thy hand;
And grant him, walking through the evening shadows,
Still brighter openings towards the Promised Land;

Till, passing on through earth's brief joys and trials,
Pastor and people join the immortal throng,
Who sweeter incense waft from golden vials,
And worship thee in their unending song.

This was followed by an address, which sketched the early history of the Church and parish, its connection with the neighboring churches, and especially with the First Church of Watertown. Rev. J. B. Wight offered the concluding prayer, which closed the exercises in the church.

The audience were then invited to the Town Hall, where a bountiful collation had been provided. The Hall was soon filled; and, after partaking of the generous hospitalities of the Weston parish, full scope was given to the outflowing of kindly and social feeling, and the indulgence of grateful memories. An exceedingly appropriate hymn, written and read by Rev. Mr. Sewall, was sung as an opening exercise. President Hill, Rev. Messrs. Livermore, Hinckley, and Sewall, and Drs. Allen and Ellis, made brief and pertinent addresses, touching in the heart many a grateful chord, and waking many pleasing reminiscences. In the course of these exercises, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, in which everybody joined, breathing into it the inspiration of the heart. So the afternoon passed away; but the occasion did not close with mere verbal expressions of good feeling. In the evening, a committee called upon the family of the pastor, and left them *eight hundred dollars* as a substantial token of their affection and good-will.

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The history of the Weston Church is specially interesting. Weston and Waltham were primarily included within the limits of Watertown. The Watertown Church was the first Church in Massachusetts which grounded itself firmly, from the beginning, on the principles of Congregationalism, and maintained the large and liberal principles of an unsectarian Christianity. Sir Richard Saltonstall was the leader of the Watertown colony, — a kindred spirit of John Robinson; and Rev. George Phillips was the first minister, and asserted the rights of conscience and religious liberty, in opposition to their bigoted neighbors. Theirs was the mother Church, and the Waltham and Weston churches were her daughters, and imbibed her liberal spirit. The Weston Church was organized in 1709, and its first minister ordained in that year. This was a hundred and fifty-four years ago. In this whole period, it has had but four ministers: Rev. William Williams; Rev. Samuel Woodward, ordained in 1751; Rev. Samuel Kendall, D.D., ordained in 1783; and Rev. Joseph Field, D.D., ordained in 1815. Such a record is almost, if not entirely, unprecedented in our ecclesiastical annals, — the united pastorate of four ministers covering a period of more than a century and a half. The history runs through a line of able and devoted ministers; and long may the Weston Church preserve the spirit of those good men, and may the beautiful mantle of their ascended or living prophets always rest upon them! S.

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES, AS COLLECTED IN 1864.

These occupy sixty-four pages of the "Congregational Quarterly" for January, 1865. They give the number of ministers, churches, additions, deaths, dismissals, excommunications, baptisms, Sunday-school pupils, and charitable contributions throughout the denomination, in all the Northern, Western, and Middle States; in the Territories, in Canada, and the West Indies, — a work of immense labor, performed by a labor-loving and pains-taking man, Rev. A. H. Quint, of New Bedford. We have cast our eye over it, not merely in admiration of his industry and faithfulness, but with surprise at some results it has enabled us to reach. The number of new church-members made in the year ending May 1, 1864, deduct-

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ing the deaths and excommunications, gives a net gain of less than one member, and one-third of a member to each of the 2,863 churches. The number of adult baptisms gives only one and one-half person to each Church. The number of infant baptisms has no greater proportion. Do not these facts suggest, for consideration at the proposed National Council of the Congregational Churches, to be held next June, in Boston, the question, whether a ritual service should be made the test of church-membership, — a ritual service, which, in the existing ecclesiastical arrangements, is evidently fast declining in public regard, but which might become a more general and hearty observance, were it not injuriously thrust forward as a dividing line between so-called saints and sinners? We have noticed another thing: the large number of ministers not in regular pastoral work. They amount to 753 out of 2,719, — more than one-fourth part. In Massachusetts, they are 205 in a whole number of 423, — nearly one-half. This includes, it is true, superannuated ministers, professors, teachers, and secretaries of benevolent organizations; but, after all, the proportion is so large as to beget the suspicion, that the tendency, both to an unsettled ministry and an irregular employment, is greatly on the increase. We think this is the fact in other denominations. We believe there is no body of men in the world more laborious, single-minded, and useful than the Orthodox clergy of America. When not agreeing with their doctrinal statements, we honor an utterance which is not "yea and nay," but which "in Jesus Christ is yea and amen." M.

RETALIATION.

It is the Christian duty of every man to forgive his private wrongs, and refrain from personal retaliation. It would be his duty, even if the Master had not enjoined it, because he is under the protection of law and government: not he holds the balances and the sword of justice. But when he undertakes to forgive the enemies of others, and especially the matricides who are stabbing at the life of the country, the great mother of us all, he is acting out of his sphere. And yet floods of this cheap pseudo-charity begin to be poured out. Our greatest danger now is, that the

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traitors will be received back, their hands red with the blood of our fathers and brothers, to exploit their perjuries and work their devilish schemes anew. If the rebel commissioners had accepted Mr. Lincoln's "amnesty," what under heaven would have prevented them from re-organizing the old democratic party, taking possession of all the slave-state governments, defeating the new constitutional amendment, and remanding the slaves to their ancient bondage? This, we have no doubt, was in the wind.

So about retaliation, — this mawkish and bastard charity has cost us thousands of precious lives. No one that we know of has ever advocated retaliation *in kind*. But if, while our brothers were being starved or frozen in Southern pens and prisons, or inhumanly mangled and butchered, every rebel officer in our keeping had been put to hard labor, with the chains on their limbs and the whips held over them with which they used to torture their slaves, we have not a doubt that Union prisoners would very soon have had full rations and decent shelter, and this horrible inhumanity have straightway ceased. Retaliation! We seem to forget that the life of every one of these traitors is forfeit by the laws of the land; and that the men in our state-prisons, who are put to hard labor, are innocent compared with them. Let a man forgive his own enemies, and love them to distraction, if he will; but when he talks of forgiving the enemies of the State, while yet they are stabbing at its bosom, we hold it not humanity, but the direst cruelty. The people, the masses, who have been misled, ought to be regarded with commiseration as more sinned against than sinning. But the leaders, who have wrought this great ruin, and fixed a blot on the civilization of the age, which all the rains of the sweet heavens cannot wash out, and turned every household of the country to a place of mourning, should bide the even and majestic course of violated justice. If not, then let us open all the state-prisons, and release their inmates as wronged and persecuted men. S.

MAN was created of, for, and in *Paradise;* of, for, and in, the *love of God;* but if he bring himself into anger, which is a poisonous pain and death, then that contrary paradisaical life of *love* is a pain and torment to him. — *Behmen.*

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GOD WILL GUARD HIS TRUTH.

In these days of universal upturning, when things temporal and things spiritual are searched to their very foundations, and nothing is too sacred to be subjected to the keenest scrutiny, the question naturally arises, What will be left to us, and where will these things end? "The axe is" indeed "laid unto the root of the trees," even those dear old trees, whose fruits have been so precious to us, and "whose" very "leaves were for the healing of the nations." Many of us who had reached the meridian of life in comparative tranquillity, under the shadow of the conservative school, entered on this new order of things with many fears. Undoubtedly there were tares among the wheat. We ourselves had cast away much, that, by our Puritan fathers, was considered the bread of life; but the scrutiny of the present age is so much more rigid and daring, that we could hardly be expected to watch its progress without fears for the result. The first thought of the anxious, religious mother was, "What will be the effect on my children of hearing these things questioned, perhaps stigmatized as "old wives' fables," which have always been taught them in all sincerity as sacred truths? Who will lay the doubts thus raised? or, even supposing that some minor points must be surrendered, to their indiscriminating minds will not the questioning of a part prove the destruction of the whole?"

So we reasoned, and so we feared. Yet God works on in his own way; and it seems now as vain to attempt to stay the tide of theological inquiry, or to keep our children ignorant of its progress, as was the effort to avert the great contest in which our nation is now engaged. God is leading our country, "by a way we know not of," and one which we should least have chosen, from twofold slavery to perfect freedom. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes;" and shall we not trust him to guard the interests of that "pure and undefiled religion," which his most holy Son lived and died to establish? Surely he will guard his own; and nothing truly beneficial to mankind will be ultimately lost, though for a time it may seem to be imperilled.

In the mean time, perhaps, our conservatism may be purged from bigotry and dogmatism, and quickened into a truer life by its contact with radicalism; and as in other things, so in theology, by close proximity and free conversation, we shall find on both

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sides that the difference is not so wide as at first sight appears. Many of the radicals have come out from the school of the rigid Orthodox, so called, and, not fully comprehending our position as Unitarians, insist on certain doctrines as new, which we have always held. Then, again, terms are used in a sense somewhat differing from the popular one; and in this way new and questionable doctrines sometimes seem to be set forth from the pulpit, which, when discussed familiarly, lose their objectionable aspect.

It is true that there is in some individuals of the new school a degree of flippancy which seems to delight in shocking the devout hearer by its jeering manner of treating subjects generally regarded as sacred; but these, we believe, are exceptions; and we have found in others an earnest reverence of spirit, and a loftiness of purpose, even in their questionings, which won our admiration, and gave evidence of an abundant and a living faith. We shall always be the happier and the richer for hours of free communion with one or two choice spirits of this school.

Let us hold fast our confidence in the happy issue of all these tumults! "The Lord reigneth" still; and we can trust the wisdom that is higher than ours, and the love that never faileth. †

LITERARY NOTICES.

Christ and His Salvation. In sermons variously related thereto. By HORACE BUSHNELL. Third edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street. 1865.

Dr. Bushnell understands the age he lives in. He knows how to enter into the difficulties of thoughtful persons, who, with all their thinking, would not lose faith in God and Christ, in providence and immortality; and he has a singular power of lifting the wheels of his fine chariot out of the old ruts. He does not deal in platitudes, or astonish, whilst he wearies us, with what Carlyle calls the "parish pump faculty." The "Orthodox" say that he is not sound; but we most fervently wish that everybody were *as* sound. We wish the "Orthodox" might hear some of the statements with which the liberal folk, who are in the way of hearing every thing, are favored; and they would fall back upon their eloquent,

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if somewhat unsystematic and erratic divine, with an exceeding contentment. In these days of naturalism, he plainly believes in a supernatural order; that God comes to us in his sovereign grace, and does not wait for us to be developed, nobody can tell how, up to him. The sermons are thoughtful, vigorous, well-put, pungent, and unto edification. We are rejoiced to see that they have already reached a third edition, and we should be glad to know that the editions were large. E.

Apologia pro Vita Sua. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. Newman, it will be remembered, is one of the Tractarians who went over to Rome. He tried to find *viam mediam*, and couldn't. He hated Liberalism; he craved a positive dogmatic faith, a visible authoritative Church; he tried to find it outside of Rome, and failed. He writes this book, not so much to defend his beliefs as his honesty. It is a relation of personal history and experience. So far as we have read, he succeeds perfectly. He reveals early predilections towards Catholicism; and he renders it entirely credible, that an honest man, with his proclivities, should be a convert to Rome. That there is any *via media* between Romanism and Liberalism, would be quite as difficult a thing to make out logically as the validity of the seven sacraments and the papal supremacy; and, if any one wishes to know the process whereby a man of ripe scholarship, pure tastes, strong intellectual grasp, and honesty of purpose, educated a Protestant, and knowing all its methods and reasonings, can still be a thorough convert to Romanism, let him read the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." S.

The Young Crusoe; or, Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy. A story for boys, by Dr. HARLEY. Illustrated. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — The adventures are wild and perilous, as much so as those of the original Robinson himself. We take it they are imaginary; but the boys read them with big eyes and lively interest. S.

History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, in three volumes. Vol. 3. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1864.

Those who have the first and second volumes of this admirable history, will, of course, supply themselves with the third; and those who are not so fortunate as to have read the two earlier portions will do well to secure the three. Dr. Palfrey writes from a

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mind which has been conscientiously and successfully furnished for his work. Fortified with documents that have only come to hand in these last years, and skilful to shake off from them the dust that would make them unwelcome, he has given us not only a trustworthy chronicle, but an attractive history of lands and times, which, humble as they may look outwardly, are none the less deeply significant for every thoughtful student of our human life.

Dr. Palfrey's narrative is clear, concise, nervous, flowing: better than some who have sought to describe what are usually reckoned greater matters, he avoids diffuseness and repetition, and will not easily be removed from his place as the best recorder of *nostrarum rerum cunabula*. Why should he write a word about increasing years, or hint at any conclusion of his labors, before his task shall have been finished? E.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have set forth a comely edition of Gray's Poetry, with a pleasant Memoir prefixed. — "Slave Boys," by Mayne Reid, comes from Ticknor & Fields, and finds interested readers amongst those who are not bondmen.

Our Young Folks comes promptly, and rich in matters which are adapted to our smaller people. E.

PAMPHLETS.

We owe our thanks to authors and publishers for very interesting sermons. We intended to have noticed in juxtaposition a Discourse, by Rev. Dr. Gannett, at the installation of Rev. A. P. Putnam, as pastor of the Church of the Saviour, at Brooklyn, and a Christmas Discourse by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. They are widely different; but the matter is too large for us now, and we must content ourselves with the expression of our hearty concurrence in the general drift of the Brooklyn sermon, and of our earnest dissent from the doctrine of Mr. Frothingham's discourse, though we find much to admire in its pure and elevated moral and spiritual tone.

WEEKLY EXCHANGES.

The New-York Post, for the vigor and clearness of its editorials and their fulness of information on all topics of living interest, can hardly be surpassed. All subjects connected with the war

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are handled with great ability and earnest patriotism; and the historic view of events and the criticism of current literature are of the highest value.

The Christian Register represents both wings of the Unitarian body, with an evident veering towards the left. Its catholic spirit is delightful, and the well-sustained ability with which it is conducted has earned for it three times its present patronage. It ought to have, at least, ten thousand subscribers, and its popular department very much enlarged, — we mean, by the popular department, reading for minds that crave spiritual food; not merely denominational, but that which goes farther towards the deeps of the religious experience. The "Register" is republishing some excellent tracts to circulate among the soldiers of the Union army.

Zion's Herald, we have taken pains to circulate after reading it, and have always found it thrice welcome among, we will not say a lower, but humbler class of readers, who do not speculate or theologize, and who do not wish to know Christ after the flesh, but only in the spirit. It has food for just such minds, among which it is read and re-read.

The New-Church Independent is an old friend with a new face. It is published at Laporte, Ind., and has the breadth and temper of the New Jerusalem with none of the narrowness or bitterness of Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism. The first number contains an excellent sermon to children from our brother Staples, of Milwaukie. If any of our readers will send a dollar, directed to the "New-Church Independent," Laporte, Ind., they will receive a semi-monthly messenger which sets forth in the best spirit some views of Spiritual Christianity which are both rational and beautiful. S.

A late number of Littell's *Living Age* contains the narrative and report of commissioners appointed by the Sanitary Commission, of the privations and sufferings of United-States officers and soldiers while prisoners of war, in the hands of the rebel authorities. It has illustrative plates, and an appendix containing the testimony. It is full and authentic, and confirms the worst statements which have been made, touching the fiendish cruelty of the slavemongers, and the terrible sufferings of our brave and devoted men.

The Methodist is the best paper that comes to us amongst our exchanges.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIII. APRIL, 1865. No. 4.

DID JOHN THE APOSTLE WRITE THE GOSPEL WHICH BEARS HIS NAME?

The "Westminster Review" for July, 1864, in an article entitled "Liberal French Protestantism," contains the following sentences, which, we think, will commend themselves to every candid reader, as, in the main, true: "The fourth Gospel has the appearance of being, for the most part, homogeneous, — of having proceeded, with some exceptions, from a single author; and there is claimed for it, and, according to some, it claims for itself, to be the work of the Apostle John. It therefore must stand much higher or much lower as evidence than the other Gospels. If it was the production of the apostle, it was the production of an eye-witness of the events which it relates, which cannot be said of any other of the Gospels as we now have them (?). If it was not the production of the apostle who is supposed to have been present at the transactions it narrates, and yet claims to be his production, it is less worthy of credit than the writings which have been founded on tradition. They may not be true, and yet not intentionally false. The first Gospels may be more or less unhistorical, but are not on that account to be termed fictitious. The Gospel according to John, if it be not by John, is not only unhistorical, but fictitious.... If the veracity of the rest of the narrative be disputable, we cannot attach any special importance to the circumstance that special discourses are put into the mouth of Jesus himself; for this may well be no more than an artifice of

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composition or literary form, whereby the author delivers his own conception concerning the indwelling of the divine in the humanity of Jesus Christ." As our interrogation-mark indicates, we are far from agreeing with this writer in his assumption concerning the other Gospels: but we are entirely at one with him in his estimate of the importance of the inquiry concerning the authorship of the fourth Gospel, and are at loss to understand what they mean who tell us that it does not matter whether John the apostle was the writer of it, or John the presbyter, or some altogether unknown person; or whether it belongs to the last of the first century, near the close of the life of St. John, or to the middle of the second. Christianity does not depend upon the Gospel according to St. John. The word was preached and believed in, to their unspeakable comfort, by multitudes long before "the beloved disciple" wrote; and the truth concerning the relation of Jesus to the Father is witnessed for, though not so abundantly, by others, as well as by him who leaned upon the Lord's breast, and lived nearest to his heart. Nevertheless, in the marvellous providence of God, as we believe, it was given to John to complete the circle of divine instructions; and without him we lack a part of what the great Revealer designs for us. We have been moved of late by much that has been written — not, as it seems to us, to edification — about the historical and internal evidences of the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels, to refresh our acquaintance with the subject, and to ask again whether there is really foundation for the sweeping denials which have become so common in these days. In this short paper, we propose to lay before plain readers a few facts that may satisfy them, as they have satisfied us, that no such foundation does really exist; and that, as there are dogmatists in the interests of what is called faith so there are dogmatists in the interests of what is called scepticism.

Demonstration in matters of this sort is, of course, not to be looked for; but we can have a probable evidence which abundantly prepares the way for the proper action of religious and moral truth upon the mind and heart. The writer in the "Westminster" says, "We have no reliable external evidence

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to the existence of the fourth Gospel much before, if at all before, the middle of the second century." We confidently take issue with this writer upon this statement. We affirm that we have such "reliable external evidence."

1. We find such evidence in the fact, that when, in the early Church, the canon of New-Testament Scripture was settled, and a line was drawn between the books universally received and the books about which there was a question, we get no hint that John's Gospel was brought into any controversy of this sort. Jerome and Eusebius, in the fourth century, had the facts before them upon which to form an opinion; and they knew nothing about the modern doubts, but quite the contrary. There is no reason to declare that they were undiscriminating in this thing: in fact, we know that they did discriminate. We shall not accept the opinion of the early Church as to the canon, as the result of inspiration; neither shall we set aside their opinion, when we find so much to justify, and so little, indeed nothing of any importance, to set off against it.

2. We find "reliable historical evidence" in the fact that Tertullian, of Northern Africa, writing against the heretic Marcion, early in the third century, viz., 207 or 208, quotes the Gospel of John in refutation of the man's heresies. Referring to the testimonies of Luke (which that writer had mutilated), in the following words, "I affirm that not only in the churches founded by apostles, but in all which have fellowship with them, that Gospel of Luke, which we so steadily defend, has been received from its first publication," he adds, that "the same authority of the apostolic churches will support the other Gospels, which, in like manner, we have from them conformably to their copies." "They," he says, "who were resolved to teach otherwise than the truth were under the necessity of new-modelling the records of the doctrine."* "If he (Marcion) did not reject some and corrupt others of the Scriptures, the Gospel of John would convict him of error." Again: Clement of Alexandria,

* Norton's Genuineness, vol. i. p. 65.

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writing during the latter part of the second and the earlier part of the third century, has left these remarkable words: "In the last place, John, observing that the things obvious to the senses had been clearly set forth in those Gospels (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), being urged by his friends, and divinely moved by the Spirit, composed a spiritual Gospel." He had travelled far and wide: he had been a philosopher, and became a Christian, and was a man of learning. Reasoning against some heretics, he says, "In the first place, we have not that saying in the four Gospels which have been handed down to us." Yet again: Irenæus, who was born in Asia Minor, but became bishop of Lyons, in France, during the latter half of the second century, tells us that "John, the disciple of the Lord, who leaned upon his breast, likewise published a Gospel, while he dwelt at Ephesus, in Asia." Having spoken of the other three, and having testified that the gospel was first preached, and afterwards written, Irenæus goes on to argue fancifully that there *can* be but four Gospels; an imagination, which, instead of weakening his testimony, as some sceptics have urged that it should, rather shows how settled in his mind was the fact which suggested the metaphorical language. He says, "The Gospel according to John declares his princely, complete, and glorious generation from the Father, saying, 'In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was with God, and the Logos was God: all things were made by him, and without him was nothing made.'"* Origen comes a little later than those who have been named. He was a most thoroughly learned man; and so abundant is he in his quotations from the Gospels, that they might almost have been restored, had they been lost, from his pages: he mentions John as having written last, and says that the four are received without controversy by all the churches of God under heaven. Must not all these men have found abundant grounds for their opinion? Did the Church accept a book which began to be generally known only in the middle of the second

* Norton, vol. i. p. 115.

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century? Again: the canon of Muratori, about 170, A.D., is the earliest testimony that we have to the New Testament as a whole. Omitting some of the books which are included in our present collection, but were questioned in the ancient Church, viz., James, Hebrews, and 2 Peter, it includes John's Gospel. A statement of a slightly legendary character accompanies this testimony; but it is admitted, nevertheless, even by those against whom we are arguing, that the witness is good to the extent of establishing the currency of the Gospel as John's by the middle of the second century. How did it gain this currency, if there was no ground for it? Must we not at all events assign a very early date? and, if we assign an early date, do we not greatly increase the difficulty of referring it to any save the reputed author? Again: Tatian, writing about the time which has just been assigned to the Muratorian canon, draws repeatedly from our Gospel. Theophilus, his contemporary, Bishop of Antioch, quotes John by name; and, if he is the first to do this, we must remember that the names signified little except to Christians, for whom the fathers, for the most part, did not write, but rather for the adversaries of Christians.

3. We find "reliable external evidence" in the fact that Justin, who flourished about the year 150, being first a Platonist and then a Christian, and who was born in Samaria about the beginning of the second century, and died a martyr's death in Rome, speaks of "memoirs composed by apostles and their companions," — memoirs which "are called Gospels," — and quotes, with other passages that do not so exactly accord with the text of John (for it seems to have been his habit to quote from memory, and to give only the substance), these remarkable sentences: "For indeed Christ also said, 'Except ye be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and that it is impossible for those who are once born to enter into their mother's womb is plain to all." Not writing for believers, he does not give the names of the writers of the Gospels; but his description of the writings is perfect, — Matthew and John being apostles,

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and Mark and Luke companions of apostles. These memoirs, he says, were read in the assemblies of the Christians on the Lord's Day; and the reading, so he tells us, was followed by exhortation, prayer, the Lord's Supper, and a contribution for the poor. Moreover, Justin expressly speaks of Christ as the Word and Power, "as we have learnt from the records." What records? What save the Gospel of John? How can the Westminster reviewer say that Justin cites no writing by the name of John? He does not formally; but he does to all intents and purposes. Was the writing from which he does quote lost, and was another put into its place to be read in the churches?

4. But we can go back to the very beginning of the second century. Here we meet with Papias, who, although he seems to have been more interested in unwritten traditions than in the recorded words, is allowed on all hands to have known the First Epistle of John as his epistle. Now this is indirectly a strong testimony to the Johannean authorship of the fourth Gospel, simply because two writings so according in style must have come from the same hand. But Papias, it is said, does not mention John's Gospel. It is true, and it is the single omission which is of any moment against the position which we are endeavoring to maintain. It is the silence of a man whose knowledge was confessedly small; whose judgment was confessedly less than his knowledge; who knew about the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, yet made but little account of them; and who, besides, lived so near to the time which has always been assigned to the publication of John's Gospel, that it could hardly have gained great currency. Doubtless those who made up the canon were aware of this silence, and could explain it better than we can: possibly they knew that Papias, although silent in some of his writings, had spoken in others of which we have no remains. Is this omission sufficient to offset all other testimonies, and to throw upon us the explanation of the phenomenon of the reception of a fictitious Gospel as genuine?

5. Once more: we find "reliable historical evidence" in the fact, that the so-called heretics and errorists of the second

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century recognize what was claimed by the Church for the Gospel of John, even whilst they refuse themselves to admit this claim, or, by forced explanations, endeavor to weaken the significance of the appeals made by their opponents to the writings of our apostle. Marcion, for example, who came to Rome as early as the year 130, virtually witnesses for the currency of St. John's Gospel, even whilst he refused to accept it as authoritative. And if any one asks, how did he venture to dispute the genuineness of John's Gospel, and why is not his doubting to be allowed to influence our opinion in the matter, we will ask another question, How did he venture to mutilate the Gospel according to Luke, and to alter the Epistles of St. Paul, in order to conform them to his views? — things which he is admitted to have done. Two ways would seem to have been open to the errorists; the one to question the authority of the writing, the other to acknowledge the authority and pervert the meaning. Marcion followed one course with St. John's Gospel, the other with St. Luke's: his testimony to the currency of the writings is good in either case. The Valentinian Ptolemy found it more convenient to accept the record of John, and explain away his words. Now, the errorists lived at a time when the Gospel of John, if it was not written by the apostle, must have just been foisted upon the Church; when the question as to its genuineness and authenticity must have been altogether an open question; and undoubtedly we should have from them the most positive asseverations as to the real state of the case. There was just that division of opinion which favors the cause of truth. Instead of altering a spurious document which makes against us, we set about to show that it is spurious. Instead of contenting ourselves with a simple rejection of its claims, we appeal to the acknowledged fact, that the claim is a novelty and preposterous. Spite, then, of the silence of one of the most ignorant of the bishops of antiquity, and because of the opposition of some of the most wrong-headed of the early dogmatizers and reasoners of this world, we accept the decision of the Christian Church as expressed by Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Irenæus

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of Lyons, and Origen, the greatest scholar of Christian antiquity, that the Gospel called the Gospel of John was written by the beloved disciple of Jesus.

We should be glad to go beyond our purpose, and make an exhibition of the internal evidence in support of the Johannean authorship. We cannot close without adding a very few sentences in this direction, chiefly for the purpose of inviting the reader to study the Gospel for himself, that he may learn from the thing written who the writer must have been; and how scarcely honest, to use no stronger language, he must have been if he was not the Apostle John. As an eye-witness he presents himself to us; and the narrative is full of incidental particulars, which, if they did not come from an eye-witness, must be ascribed to a very ingenious writer of fiction, and can hardly be reconciled even with the very easy literary conscience which Tübingen accords to the New-Testament authors. Why is one of the disciples characterized in this book simply as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," unless the author intended in this way to describe himself, and to avoid giving his name? M. Rénan, indeed, would have us believe that John wrote his Gospel because the other evangelists had not made enough of him; but we have yet to learn of the first person who shares this opinion of M. Rénan. All the way along there are particularities: descriptions of gestures; turnings-about; beckonings with the hand; interchanges of looks; postures of the body; assertions of personal observation and recollection; details of evidence, as in the case of the blind man; discriminations in the drawing of characters, very real if not singularly artificial, as in the stories of Martha and Mary; testimonies to deep emotion, which, if they are not very honest and simple, are sadly disingenuous, — these, and the like, all pointing to and requiring the eye-witness. The book is manifestly the work of one writer, and of one who dwelt in the midst of the persons and the scenes that employ his pen.

One word more as to the alleged impossibility that such discoursings as are contained in this Gospel could have been received and given forth by a fisherman of Galilee. First,

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We have no reason to conclude that this son of Zebedee was an illiterate man. Known unto the high priest he certainly was, and able to get access to the palace. Moreover, have we not a right to look for the greatest and the deepest things from the chosen friend and bosom-companion of our Lord and Saviour? Why should there not have been one soul sufficiently receptive to be made the teacher of the Master's profoundest word; the evangelist of the absolute Wisdom; the apostle of the Mediator? Why should not the promised Spirit have taken of the things of Christ, and shown them unto John, so leading him, towards the close of his earthly life, into all truth, — truth which he never fully received whilst the Master was visibly with him? If we make Christianity the outgrowth of the times, the crystallization of a certain collection of rich but unorganized elements, then we may well subordinate persons, even the great Person of all; but, if it came to us through the Son of God and his chosen instruments, then we may look for men, who, because they spake and wrote only what was given to them, exceeded all ordinary human measures and expectations, and became lights of the world for all time.

The marvellous Gospel was written by some one: few will question that it is from a single hand. Was that some one the nearest of all the disciples to the Lord, or some unknown person, whose work gradually stole into the Church? Why should it be thought a thing incredible, that a fisherman should become an evangelist, and report the highest things, when we recall what miracles the Lord has wrought in our world during these last eighteen centuries?

In these few paragraphs, we have aimed at no originality; but we believe that nothing has been set down which is not abundantly sustained by authorities that few will venture to challenge. In closing, we wish to acknowledge the aid which we have received in our humble purpose from an admirable paper upon the subject by the Rev. Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale College. It will be found in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for April, 1864. E.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXV.—For Easter.

"AUFERSTANDEN, AUFERSTANDEN."

[BY C. C. STURM. FOUND ONLY IN RECENT BOOKS.]

Melody,—"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht Singen."

Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
He by whom we're reconciled;
See how God from pang and prison
Has with honor crowned his Child.
Now enthroned there with the Father,
Over pain and death set high,
Reigns he in his majesty.
With your prostrate homage gather,
For he life immortal gives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

He is risen, sing ye praises,
Who his blood on Calvary spilled;
Shout it loud in farthest places;
What he promised he fulfilled.
Who withstands? And why dissemble?
See him mount in glorious worth;
Bright in triumph breaks he forth.
See how Hell's black portals tremble,
As the Conqueror at them drives.
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Us from death-doom to deliver,
Sank he in the grave's dark night;
Us to raise to life for ever,
Rose he through the Father's might.
Death, thou art in victory swallowed,
All thy terrors overblown;
All thine Empire overthrown;
Life is now achieved and hallowed.
Though the Spoiler still bereaves,
Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

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To the Father he ascended,
  Lifting man from death's domain.
Life that's in him spent and ended
  Tastes and sees that death is gain.
Hold amidst your pain and pleasure
  Jesus Christ in memory,
  Loosed from death's captivity.
His are joys beyond all measure,
  Who for heavenly prizes strives.
  Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

Children of the great Renewer,
  Joy in him with thanks and song;
Bring to him, the Death-Subduer,
  Crowns that to such name belong.
Praise him in the hours of trial,
  Then when Sin and Misery threat;
  Praise him in the mortal sweat;
Give his great call no denial,
  Who the outcast soul receives.
  Hallelujah! Jesus lives.

XXVI. — Easter Time.

"AUF, IHR CHRISTEN, LASST UNS SINGEN."

Melody, — "Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme."

Up, ye Christians, join in singing,
And praises to our Saviour bringing;
  For risen is the Conqueror.
Lo! his march is now undoubted,
And all the powers of Death are routed;
  Lo! open is the sepulchre.
  O fair and glorious beam!
  O joy in fullest stream!
    Hallelujah!
    With hero might
    He wins the fight,
  And scatters all the hosts of night.

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Though inheriting corruption,
Yet now we see our great adoption;
And death is but life's opening door.
Now that Jesus has the better,
Broken is the spoiler's fetter;
We go to Him who went before.
The body wastes at death;
The spirit feels no scath.
Hallelujah!
From pain and fate
Emancipate,
We enter our divine estate. N. L. F.

LIFE IN SECLUSION.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"
THE TASK, book ii.

WE have found the lodge for which poor Cowper sighed, — *we*, dear reader, denoting a company of three or four, who, in the last summer, led by friendly guidance, sought a breathing-place among the mountains of New England. And in a time when so many

"Rumors of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful wars,"

fill the air, it may be pleasant, if only by way of contrast, to turn the eye on a picture of secluded life, which, I must think, is rarely equalled, or indeed approached, in this stirring land of ours. The throng of summer tourists, happily, for the most part, know not the place; and I dare not, even now, indicate its boundaries too precisely, lest this hive of sweetness be rifled before its time. I tremble at the thought of any sacrilegious invasion of these mountain solitudes. Spare it yet awhile, ye ruthless and unsympathizing multitudes, who could only come to destroy all its peculiar charm! There is room for but a few, and more than few would leave it no longer what it was. Is it then selfish for those few to wish to

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guard this sanctuary, and keep it to themselves, when all its sacredness must disappear at the trample of many feet, and the sound of many and discordant voices? To people the wilderness, is, of course, to change its essential character; but since I forebode the time as not far distant when my "happy valley," too, must yield to the necessities of civilization, as well as to the insatiable demands of the itinerant pleasure-seeker, I am anxious to rescue from utter oblivion these remains of retirement, now almost the last of their kind. "Story" I have none to tell: a sketch is all that I aspire to; and that, without the accompaniment of the pencil, can only be of the most modest pretensions.

Three thousand feet above the sea-line there is an open space of some thirty or forty acres of cleared land, completely walled in by mountains, which are clothed with a shaggy and unbroken forest. The wall is of the grandest and most insurmountable character; and were one to be let down into this enclosure, from the upper air, he might well deem himself a prisoner here for life, if he did not rather congratulate himself on having found a temple, not made with hands, wherein he was to be a glad and grateful worshipper for all time. On a closer inspection, however, one perceives that some outlet is possible, and that the wall is not quite continuous. Its ever-varying outline, attaining its extreme height at the north and south of the valley, dips down so much towards the south-west, that it seems no superhuman feat to climb out that way. We, not having entered this seclusion by the aerial passage I have supposed, but by the more ordinary mode of terrestrial conveyance, knew very well that this south-western dip does indeed mark the solitary road by which ingress or egress is obtained. Through that alone, all communication with the outside world goes on. No visitor takes this valley *in transitu*. He comes either to stay, or to return as he came; for there is no passage beyond. Here one feels that the very end is reached, though it would be rather ludicrously described as "the jumping-off-place," when every jump would involve a spring of one or two thousand feet. There may be a higher mountain-wall elsewhere, and there may be quite as absolute

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enclosure; but the unique feature of our valley I suppose to be just this, — that there is no thoroughfare here. A special pilgrimage must be made to this spot: it is a shrine whose doors are open only to those who have come here for this exclusive adoration.

Of human dwellers within this cleared area, there are not enough to entitle it to the name of village. It is better designated as a hamlet; for you can hardly discern more than seven blue wreaths ascending in the morning air to indicate the habitations of man; and these seven dwelling-houses, with their barns, constitute, with two exceptions, all that human hands have built here. The valley owns no shop or inn or church. One neat little schoolhouse alone testifies to some higher interest than mere shelter; and one lonely bowling-alley is a reminiscence of the hotel, whose crumbling foundations may be traced hard by. This hotel, which had barely a year's existence, threatened to make a direful change in the quiet seclusion. It was to be the occasion of a new road being opened through the forests, and had already added more than a hundred to the summer residents of the valley. But one June night, when preparations were nearly ready for the new guests, a fire broke out in the upper rooms, and could not be extinguished till it had made a total wreck of all that was combustible, and only the granite substructure remained to tell the tale. As no other cause could be assigned for the disaster, it was, of course, believed to be the work of some human incendiary; but I would rather suppose that the offended spirits of the place, resenting the desecration of their mountain-home, fanned the breeze, if they did not even apply the torch which lighted the conflagration. At any rate, no attempt has since been made to provide a "public house" for the visitors. They are lodged, as we were, in the farmhouse, which I will presently attempt to describe. But of the valley itself I should not omit to say more particularly how perfect its solitude is. From morn to eve, and from eve to morn, no sound is heard to remind one that there is any thing beyond these guardian hills, save the rare sound of carriage-wheels, which announces their approach from afar. No railroad whistle, with its fright-

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ful scream, ever reaches our ears; no distant hum of busy life can cross these grand old mountains. Except for the occasional mail, — for even that is no regular occurrence, — we should not know there was any war; and, even as we read of the fearful carnage on some distant battle-field, it requires a lively imagination to conceive of it as a thing which we have any part in, or which could, by any possibility, penetrate as far as this. In the presence of these venerable forms of stability and repose, we can hardly admit so much as a thought of strife and distraction. We fancy that the fiercest band of soldiers would no sooner enter this peaceful seclusion than they would be compelled to throw down their arms for very awe and shame. Yet it must not be supposed that we had really *forgotten* the war for a moment, or that our patriotism had cooled because it found no active exercise. Sometimes, I must confess, a throb of pain came over me, to think that this inactivity was of my own choosing. What right had I to stand aloof from my country in arms? How dare I take my ease here, and pass my days in reverie and contemplation, and give myself up to the enjoyment of simple nature, when every man is needed to interpose between his country and ruin? "To arms!" — my conscience will not let me be deaf to that cry, though forests and mountains shut it out ever so carefully. Ah, yes! I hear it; but, without making my confessions to the public, it is enough to say that a stern necessity forbade me literally to obey that cry. I must sadly feel that it was not meant for me; and my retirement to this mountain hamlet was therefore no abstraction from the national defence. I could in some way be a gainer, and my country be no loser. But, though no noises from the world beyond the hills ever invaded our retreat, it was by no means absolute stillness here. The tinkling of the cow-bells, the lowing of the oxen, the cheerful sounds from the barnyard, the scream of the blue-jay, the cawing of the crow, the occasional burst of merriment from children, the still rarer ring of the axe or the hammer, or other implement of human toil, — these were pleasant indications that we were not buried, if secluded. "The mighty world of sound" was ours yet. The forests had their myste-

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rious voices, and many a coming shower was announced by the pattering on a million leaves long before a drop fell at our feet. No sound was disturbing: every thing we heard tended rather to tranquillize the spirit; and for one weary of care and work, whether of the hands or the brain, I can hardly imagine a more admirable place. We had no excitements, and we wanted none. Possibly — so sophisticated does one become in the midst of civilization — we might have ventured to think of it as "dull," had it been our constant abode; but, for a few weeks or months, we were satisfied, far more than satisfied, with the resources which this valley contained within itself. We had scarcely a craving which this mountain solitude could not fill.

Not all of our life, however, was spent in pure Nature. Man had provided a shelter more reliable for poor civilized creatures, as we were, than the overhanging rock or the canopy of green leaves. It would be leaving out one of the most picturesque features of our landscape, were I to say nothing of the farmhouse where we were lodged. Imagine, then, a long, low dwelling fronting the south, and putting on its best face to those who should first approach it; for on the front alone had any embellishment of color been attempted. Originally, this had been a bright red with white facings; but time had mellowed its brilliance: and now the house, with its appendant outbuildings doubling the extent of the line, seemed the natural product of the soil, and almost coeval with the rocks and woods. You could fancy that it had gradually ripened into its present bloom; that, turning constantly towards the meridian sun, it had caught something of his glow, and learned to smile and blush its welcome to the coming guests. Unconscious of any style of architecture, it suggested no impertinent comparison with Gothic or Italian prototypes. No servile imitation had ruled in its construction. Its three dormer windows were not intended to be picturesque; they were simply the most convenient way for introducing light through the roof. The quaint barn, also, with its enclosed yard and its innumerable sheds, had never proposed to itself to be remarkable; and yet every travelling artist loved

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to sketch its irregular outline, and thought he had seen nothing of the kind in the whole region more interesting for his pencil. Three doorways of the house, also looking southward, hinted at a generous hospitality. One of these led to the more modern addition of parlor; one opened directly, without the intervention of "entry," into the dining-room; and the third, of much ampler proportion, gave admission at all times, without so much as raising a latch, to the freedom of "the shed," as that was called, *par excellence*, which connected the house with the barn. This shed was the favorite after-dinner resort of the loungers of the household, who wished to be exempt from even the slight show of restraint which the word "parlor" might imply. Here one could indulge in the luxury of a tipped-back chair, while puffing the fragrant weed, or could lie prone on the rough carpenter's bench which flanked the shed, or could sit in quiet contemplation of the southern mountain-wall, or could listen to the anecdotes and adventures of an elderly gentleman, a long-time frequenter of our hamlet, whose piscatory skill supplied our table with abundant trout, and who was so wonted to an open-air life, that we could seldom entice him into the urbanities of the parlor; the airy shed being the nearest approach to shelter, which, in warm weather at least, he could endure. The hospitality which these doors suggested was no lying promise. We found it amply fulfilled. And yet, on our first approach to this quaint old place, when our eyes had curiously searched each dwelling-house as our possible abode for many weeks, it was with a kind of dismay that we found our driver at last turning his horses hitherward. I can liken it to nothing but my first experience with a canal-boat; the same ominous doubt now as then depicting itself in blank looks. How to find room for the half of us! It was only a new lesson how appearances may mislead. In reality, we were but a small proportion of the whole household; and yet no night found any unpillowed head. Nor did we cease to marvel, as long as we staid, where every new-comer was "stowed." We only knew that none apparently were turned away. But, if we had uncomfortable questionings as to the capacity of the

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house, we had none at all as to the hospitality of our entertainers. The pleasant smile with which our hostess welcomed us in was only a fitting prelude to the attractions of the hospitable board, with its snowy table-cloth, its delicious bread and butter, its piles of fresh berries, which graced our first evening meal. All that kindness of heart and neatness and skill and unstinted generosity could furnish was ours day after day. There was never any falling off, either in our fare or our welcome. That cheerful face which met us at the threshold never became less cheerful; and the most fastidious appetite had never far to seek in that abundant variety. I neither saw nor heard any grumbling while we were there. In addition to the other agreeable features of our dining-room, we had, as the cooler days and evenings came on, the cheerful blaze of a wood-fire in the most capacious of fire-places. On the slightest pretext, it was our custom to call for this — to us — rare privilege; and it was always most willingly bestowed. Wood could not be made dear there: it cost nothing but the sturdy axe to fell it, and the patient oxen to bring it to our doors. War or no war, these forests bore ever the same market-value; for, to a merely economical eye, the sooner they were consumed the better. It was pleasant to find how much the cheerfulness of this wood-fire was appreciated by the inmates, as well as by the guests. As for the latter, I trust each one went away, as I did, with a deeper abhorrence of the abomination of stoves, and an inward resolution, that the last thing to be sacrificed to poverty should be an open fire. When all other efforts to keep a real fireside fail, I mean to come up to these mountain-retreats, and spend my last days within sight and hearing of that crackling blaze.

We were not the only guests, as I have already intimated, in this mountain-home; and no description of our life here could be complete without some notice of the human side of it. By priority of residence, as well as for his marked personality, the old gentleman already referred to deserves the first place in our regard. He seems to have been nearly coeval with the original clearing; drawn hither by a pure love of unsophisticated nature and mountain-air and brook-trout.

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Izaak Walton, I am sure, would not have been ashamed of his zealous disciple. The denizens of the mountain-streams must have found some peculiar fascination in their lover, so copiously did they resort wherever his lines were cast. I am not quite prepared to defend the piscatorial art from the charge of cruelty; but certainly this gentle lover of the sport could not have been seriously injured in his humaner instincts. No thought of cruelty, I venture to say, ever shaded that honest countenance. He was no recluse, though preferring Nature to cities. He loved to talk with those who sought him out; and no authority was so reliable as his concerning the woods or mountains or their various inhabitants. Rarely, as I have already said, was he to be found in "the parlor;" but in the cooler evenings, when "the shed" became less agreeable, his place was by the cheerful fireside of the dining-room. There, inspired by the ruddy glow and welcome roar, he was ready to tell us of his encounter with bears or other natives of the forest, or to expatiate on the charms of this free mountain-life, or to describe the various aspects and advantages of the country in different seasons; for he was here not in the summer only, but often preferred the winter, too, before any vicinity to the seaside or the larger cities: and we found, to our astonishment, that the inhabitants of the place also agreed in regarding winter as their most delightful season. While we were disposed to pity them for their exclusion from the comforts and gayeties of city life in winter, they only smiled at our ignorance, and assured us they lacked neither gayety nor comfort. In fact, it was peculiarly their season of pleasure, to which they looked forward as the recompense for summer toils. Abundant and even falls of snow made sleighing always easy; and many were the social parties and entertainments going on, though the guests came, some of them at least, from ten miles off. Not all of our guests were as noteworthy as this old gentleman; and it would be tedious, should I attempt to describe them one by one. They seldom came singly, but more usually in pairs or larger companies. One group from the neighborhood of our metropolis had sought refuge here from another boarding-house but a short

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distance off, where the fare had proved too scanty and poor to be borne any longer. Our capacious farmhouse was not quite equal to receiving them as lodgers; but they were admitted to share our abundant table, to which they made pilgrimages three times a day. It was quite a variety in our still life; for there were three or four grown-up people, and as many more children, besides a charming young school-girl. The children, in addition to those who were occupants of the house, made of themselves an interesting group, with very decided individualities. On Sundays it was somewhat difficult to confine them within the strict limits which parental authority prescribed; for children are never born Puritans; and once a sweet little girl among them, who, for some imaginary offence (for she was incapable of any real one), seemed to have been committed to the stricter custody of her Irish nurse, was overheard to remonstrate in most pathetic tones against any further infliction of the reading of the Bible: "Please, Nora, don't read any more, and I *will* be a good girl." I do not wish to intimate that my little pet had any aversion to Holy Writ in itself: she only manifested the torment of a sensitive ear to the dolorous tones of those Irish recitations. The young nurse was evidently proud of an accomplishment so rare for one of her race, and never dreamed, I suppose, that her young charge, of whom she was very fond, did not receive as much delight in hearing as she herself had in reading. The brother of this child, too, — a little older than she, — was of a spirit, I fear, too restless and inquiring for the peace of Puritan parents. It seemed to be a sore puzzle to him to reconcile maternal infallibility with the liberty which others, apparently as wise as his mother, allowed themselves in the use of recreations, and more especially of card-playing. How could such good people tolerate a thing which was evidently of the Devil, and which was sure to lead to murder, and all sorts of horrible crimes? Poor little fellow! He could get small comfort from us in solving his perplexities. We pitied him for his premature introduction to the mazes of casuistry; but we could not in conscience advise any departure from a mother's law.

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But, though some of our guests were of the older New-England theology, there were others who had been brought up in a very different school; and naturally, between the new and the old, arose at times some sharp discussions: yet seldom, I think, were such decided convictions maintained with so little of unkindly or impatient feeling. We could argue without bitterness, even if not without some excusable warmth. I trust those most inclined to be bigoted may have learned some new lesson of charity, in seeing that opinions which they lamented, and even abhorred, were held in connection with a life which they could not but approve. At any rate, they gave practical evidence of such charity in attending the Sunday religious services which were held in the little schoolhouse of the hamlet; for the officiating minister was of a sect which most of his hearers must have deemed heretical. And, having alluded to this church-service, I must not let it pass without an attempt to convey the impression it made on some, at least, of those present. The schoolhouse, thus temporarily consecrated, could hold about forty persons. It was a perfectly simple structure, neatly painted on the outside, and adorned within for the occasion by pretty branches and wreaths of evergreens, with a sprinkling of brighter colors. The teacher's desk became a pulpit; the rather hard and narrow school benches were our pews; and a few kind-hearted women, with occasional help from a male voice, constituted our choir. For hymn-books, we had mainly to trust to our memories, as not more than two could possibly be collected. There was, of course, no "church-going bell" to summon us together; but, at half-past five of the clock, the sparse inhabitants of the little valley could be seen slowly wending their way towards this "modest house of prayer," even more deserving of that epithet than "Wytheburn's," as I have seen it at the foot of Helvellyn: for here were mountains compared with which Helvellyn is hardly more than a hillock, and in presence of which St. Peter's dome would be an impertinence. The least of man's work that could be obtruded here was best; and we had the least. To one rightly attuned to sacred harmonies, it was worship all the way that led to our diminutive temple.

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How could we help "lifting up our eyes unto the hills," and above them to the Eternal? Silence deep and tender brooded over all the scene: it was the every-day seclusion more intensified. We had come up into these heights to be alone with God, — alone, and yet not utterly without human society and human works. We entered the place of worship: it had indeed no solemnity of its own, no dim religious light, or any other external sanctity; but, bethinking ourselves *where* it was and what we were, we required little else to prepare us for a reverent posture of the spirit. Of the services, little need be said, but that they seemed to have struck an answering chord in many of the worshippers; as none, I think, were disposed to critical or harsh judgment. With the parting benediction, we went out once more into that vast temple of living green, of lofty dome, of massive and time-worn rock, which met our eyes in all directions. We felt it more than ever a temple now. The hour of worship in that little enclosure had prepared us to acknowledge a Presence whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. Already the sun was setting behind the hills, and the evening shadows fell soothingly on our spirits. We thought the day of rest could nowhere close more appropriately.

But I have not yet done with our fellow-guests in the mountain farmhouse. It is curious to observe the commingling of diverse elements in such a place. Not only did extremes of theology meet here, but various political shades, and many differences of education and social position. A few, but very few, fortunately, of the *nouveaux riches* found their way to our table; but even they had generally the good sense to perceive how absurd would be any display of wealth in these primitive rural retreats. The finery they had brought with them was usually kept, as we heard one lady confess, at the bottom of their trunks. There were no natives to "astonish" here. Two captains from the army, whose term of service had expired, brought their wives with them to participate in our mountain cheer; and finer proportioned men or manlier faces one seldom sees. The manliness, too, was attended by its usual accompaniment, — modesty. They had no boasting

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stories to tell, no fierce hate to pour out; but, when any disparagement was put upon the nation's cause, they were ever ready to defend that cause by a prompt word, as they had been on the battle-field by brave deeds. It was refreshing to hear from one of them, who had been made prisoner, that the rebels are not all insolent and cruel to the hated "Yankees." He gratefully bore witness, that not a word or look or deed from his captors had been other than courteous and respectful; while he did not pretend to draw the conclusion, that the stories of cruelty in other quarters towards our poor prisoners had been exaggerated. The event of our day in this secluded hamlet was the arrival, towards evening, of the somewhat irregular mail from the village of C——, ten miles distant; and with the mail came sometimes a human freight. The sound of the wagon-wheels could be heard in the still air far down the valley; and, as it neared in the deepening twilight, we strained our eyes to catch sight of the possible new-comers. In this way, one evening, there dropped down upon us quite suddenly two friends of mine, whose familiar voices greeted me from the approaching wagon before I could make out any of their features. They had both been my fellow-travellers in foreign parts; and very pleasant was it to meet them here, where I knew they would find the spirit of the place so entirely congenial to them. I was not disappointed in their admiration: they were dear lovers of the woods and mountains, and ready for any tramp that might be proposed. Few of our guests, too, enjoyed the seclusion of the place so much as they. Both of them were men of rare refinement of taste, and purity of character: one of them, an ardent naturalist; the other, more especially a devotee at all poetical shrines. The latter was seldom without his pocket "Shelley" for a companion; and the burden — sometimes too prolonged — of his conversation was a lament for the absence of all imaginative elements in American history and life. While I was sometimes vexed at this monotone, I could not but agree with him as to the testimony he adduced; and yet my optimism protested at the folly of brooding over that which was absolutely irremediable. I must, however, do him the justice to say,

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that, though almost bigoted in his admiration of England and her literature, he had also a hearty admiration for the *people* of America, and a sincere contempt for all aristocratic forms of government. His companion, with whom I had once traversed the Bernese "Oberland," differed from him not more in years than in nearly all the prominent features of his character. European travel had apparently not obliterated a single patriotic preference any more than it had spoiled his simplicity and purity. He viewed life not so much from the æsthetic as the moral side; and this was the key to most of the peculiarities of his character. But the two friends, though unlike, had travelled in perfect harmony, many a day and month together, at home and abroad. They knew each other's weak points perfectly well, and yet entertained for each other a very sincere respect and admiration. I was truly sorry that other engagements made their stay so short.

Besides these fellow-boarders, we had occasional guests from the more populous neighborhood of C——; parties of pleasure, who came up for the day, to visit the curiosities of this region, and enjoy a loftier position among the mountains. It was pleasant to witness their enjoyment. They came, for the most part, in large wagon-loads, with quite a sprinkling of young people, and always a decided preponderance of the fairer sex. These last often wore a costume suited to a tramp among these wild forests; and, as they wound slowly up the hill on their way to the Cascades, nothing could have been more charmingly picturesque than their brilliant colors. On their return from such excursions, towards the latter part of the day, they were not loath to sit down, with keener appetites and heightened color, to the tempting viands which our accommodating hostess was ready to spread out for them at any hour. They did ample justice, we may be sure, both in word and deed, to the delicious cream and other delicacies which our host had provided with unstinting liberality. These transient visitors sometimes bore a name of world-wide renown, and were nearly always of the more cultivated class, who came hither because they truly loved Nature in her simplicity; for it was one of the great privileges of our position that we had

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nothing whatever to attract the merely fashionable and frivolous. One must have been ready to die of *ennui* here, who was dependent on numerous or gay society, or who did not heartily enjoy mountains and woods and streams and leisure and books. The test was soon applied: one knew in a very few days whether his love of Nature was something affected or real; but, to those who could stand this test, the aspect of the world without was so far from monotonous or dull that they learned some new variety every day. And of that variety I must take some note now, before quite finishing my sketch.

The mountains themselves were never the same any two mornings that our eyes opened upon them. The nearest approach to monotony occurred for the first few days after our arrival, when a deep veil of smoke allowed only a few dim outlines to be visible. But even this was not absolute sameness: now and then, the veil would be slightly lifted from a peak here and there; and our imagination was constantly on the alert to fill out the deficiencies of sight. But who shall tell the joy of beholding the unveiled glory of this mountain amphitheatre? What a fresh delight to watch the contest of sun and shadow over those huge and broken surfaces! How we rejoiced in continual discovery of some new ravine or gorge, which a sudden burst of sunshine would betray on the mountain-sides! And then, at other times, what pleasure to follow some fleecy cloud, putting forth an arm, or a delicate finger even, to assist it in climbing to the mountain-top! Or again: after a storm, what spectacle in the plains could compare with those cloud-capped summits? — the clouds fashioned after the model of those exquisite volutes which the winter's wind carves out of the snow, on the farmer's fences and before his doors. And surely I must not leave out of this description the beautiful effect of the coming-on of "sober evening mild." Who knows what mountains are, or what evening is, who has not beheld them in their conjunction? How grand and solemn the twilight that settles slowly down upon us from these serene altitudes! How unspeakably awful the mountains as they gradually retire into the mystery and secrecy of

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night! Ah, well! I will not quarrel with those who love old ocean best; but I rejoice to know that all the richest spiritual analogies are borrowed, not from outspread plain, but from majestic and towering height. The mountains are, of course, the great visible Presence in our seclusion; but they are far from being all. We had the purest of Alpine streams, whose babbling I was never weary of listening to, whose coolness was equally refreshing for external and for internal use. On the hottest days, — and there were very few that could properly be called hot, — one had only to walk a few rods, through a pleasant pasture, and he would soon reach my favorite brook, where, half-way across to the opposite bank, he might comfortably seat himself on some huge bowlder, and bid defiance to heat or insects, while the delicious breeze overhead made harmony with the running waters beneath. But, if one would see what beautiful part the brook *could* play, he should take a two-miles' ramble to the Cascades already referred to. Here the water tumbles over five or six successive shelves of rock into as many basins below, and each time with a difference; and all so exquisite that one spends hours there, and is loath to come away. All is indeed on no very grand scale; but the proportions and "keeping" are so admirable, that one does not feel the want of grandeur. The rocks alone are a study for any pencil: now scooped out, by the attrition of the waters, into smooth oval basins; now piled up into regular masonry; now overhanging some deep dark pool, so thickly shaded that its depth can only be conjectured; now beautifully relieved by clinging mosses or slender shrubs and trees. But water gives life to all this scene, and charms the ear as well as the eye. It is also the habitation of a few shy trout, whom the persuasive arts of a skilful angler can entice into the upper air, to add a new grace to the rural repasts which crown the excursions thither. For here all "picnics" tend; and sometimes more than one excursion party has had its "nooning" here at the same time. Nor is it water and rocks alone that furnish this woodland inn. The forests must not be left out of our catalogue. We can never be out of their sight here; but the true pleasure is to be *in* them, wandering

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through their mazes, lost in their trackless depths, exploring their endless wonders. Here is a history which antedates all human experience. Who may tell how many ages have been required to deposit these deep layers of vegetable mould, before the present growth of trees sprang into existence? Who can reckon the years in which these myriads of prostrate trees have been decaying? And where else does one find a more beautiful illustration of the manner in which death ministers to life than we see here in the lovely mosses, lichens, and ferns, which so speedily cover up all the unsightly dissolution? Here are *primitive* forests, indeed! No hand of man has intruded upon Nature's work. As the tree falleth, so it lies for untold generations. And then what fantastic forms this undisturbed growth assumes! On the way to the Cascades, we pass by quite a curiosity called "Elephant Rock," a gigantic bowlder, of many tons' weight, on the very summit of which grows a tree of no inconsiderable dimensions, with roots extending in all directions to the ground. These roots firmly clasp the rock, and must, of course, have found their way to the soil originally through some covering of moss or earth, which has since been washed away, and left the rock bare. And this is but one of innumerable instances of the sort in which these forests abound. No wonder the woods are the abodes of mystery! We cannot repress a feeling of awe in entering them, and would scarcely be surprised were we warned off as intruders. Of all *secluded* life, theirs is the deepest and most intense. W. S.

THE priest hath *no* power to forgive sin, it standeth not in his own might and power, the might is in the *ordinance* of Christ: Christ in man, and so far also as he is in the priest himself, *forgiveth* sin to the repenting conscience. The absolution is but a *medium;* viz., an outward sign thereof, that we should receive one another in love and hearty forgiveness, and bind and reconcile ourselves in the love of the bands of Christ, in his *bride*, and in love receive one another into the *communion* of the body; viz., of *the bride of Christ.* — *Behmen.*

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THE STAMP OF SIN.

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

GEN. iv. 15: "The Lord set a mark upon Cain."

GENESIS gives us the origin of things. It goes back (and indeed what farther can any record?) "to the beginning." From the Hebrew standpoint, and to the Hebrew mind, it *accounts for* every thing: for light, for the celestial bodies, for animate and inanimate creations, for the institutions of men, for the preservation of a chosen people, for the evil which surrounds us. The problem of evil has always been perhaps the deepest one to mankind. Philosophy has stumbled at it; and even religion, its only explanation, has mourned its existence.

In this discourse we have nothing to do with the origin of evil: in the Bible narrative we have passed by that to the effects; or, to keep present the idea that Genesis accounts for every thing, the origin of the marks of sin men carry with them. Man began his career in mental and moral weakness, slowly groping his way to our present attainments, having had for ages no records, no literature, no standard of morality; and history begins to be written long after life and civilization have been making history. Genesis was not written "in the beginning." It shows a society in many respects far advanced, and the writers or compilers of the book give what seemed to them the true explanation of all the phenomena of life. Already men had noticed the law of cause and effect, that the sinner bore around with him marks of his guilt; and, in the simplicity of that faith which is the beauty as well as the bulwark of the Old Testament, looking with a Hebrew's inspiration to the one God of Israel as the author of every thing, say "the Lord set a mark upon Cain."

Our subject is "The stamp of sin," as it divides itself into these two parts, —

I. The fact that sin stamps its victim.

II. God as the author of the stamp. "The Lord set a mark upon Cain."

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I. Every sin leaves its mark upon the sinner. Does that seem too strong a statement? Does it contradict your experience? Would you seek to invalidate it by saying, "Yesterday I did some wrong, but I am sure I show no marks of it; last year, every day's record embraced some evil deed, but I am as gay, as healthful, as before; no one knows I have been doing wrong; I am sure there are no marks of sin on me"? It is not so: having sinned, the God-imposed consequence is, you bear the stamp of it, and you are deceived; *for* it is true, every wrong, be it ever so slight, leaves a mark upon you. This mark may be *inward* or *outward*. Inward first, because it is so in the nature of things. All evil is in its nature the same, just as all life is one and the same principle; but we distinguish the life of the plant, the life of the insect, the life of man: and so we speak of sin against the body, sin against the mind, sin against the Holy Ghost, or God in man. You call to mind the terrible sentence pronounced against the latter: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven unto men, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Take the sins against the body. A finely moulded frame commands our admiration; and, as the anatomist pursues his investigations, at every step he finds new reasons for exclaiming, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" Physiology shows us the stomach is lined with a soft, fine membrane as delicate and tender as a rose-leaf or a violet; but, hidden as it is, how we sin against it! how we mar it by intemperance of every kind! And the vital force of nature is used up in working off or repairing the effects of every injury until our bodies are worn out, and what poor, worthless lives we have led!

You may deny you have sinned against the body; but years or generations prove you have. Unless God made us as a mockery, he meant us to be the noble, healthy men and women I believe we shall one day become; but now it is really a religious duty to speak often and earnestly against the sins of the body. An hour's pain spoils many a happy expectation, —what if it be lengthened out to years of suffering? I know

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of no other sin which lies at the door of so many. Do you say it leaves no mark on you? Whither has fled your glow of health? The buoyancy of youth, — where is it? The untiring energy of a vitalized, physical life, — where do we find it? An important part of true religion to-day concerns our health. "We touch heaven," says Novalis, "when we lay our hand on a human body." Still all this, all your wrong, may be inward, the stamp unperceived. Then the sin against the mind. The sins against the body are generally of commission; against the mind, of omission, — but sins nevertheless. Much is said of the weakness of intellectual men: they get a great deal of undeserved pity from the admiration a cultivated mind receives from the ignorant; but, for every one who breaks down in fair study, a hundred have to give up from dissipation. Be not too quick in your sympathies for your pale-faced college friend: the chances are, he is suffering from vice, not philosophy. Do you say there is no stamp of ignorance on you? It may not be apparent; but God never gave you a faculty to be improved, and opportunity to do so, without stamping upon you the effect of your neglect. Now as to the sins against the Holy Ghost. The Jews — and with all their faults we must ever love their reverence — would not tread upon the smallest piece of paper: "for possibly," said they, "the name of God may be on it." We know that God by his Holy Spirit dwells in each one of us. Christ's image is in every human body, however lowly. Shall we sin against that spirit? Shall we mar that image? What is our worthless dust without that spirit? Break that image, and is there left any thing fair? Better Jewish superstitious reverence and fear of Jehovah, than our own neglect and heartlessness by which we sin against the Holy Ghost. Does that leave no stamp upon you? Fairer than the glow of the morning light, purer than the dewdrop, more tender than the rose-leaf or the violet, is this soul-life which flows into us from the bosom of our God. Shall worldliness wither it, clouds darken it, passion's heat dry it up? The body may be coarse, the mind dull; but the soul, the spirit of God, is ever the same. Still all this may be inward, only you may

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know it, — sadder than all, you may be so hardened as not to know it yourself; but, I assure you, the stamp of sin is there, and set by the Lord. Do not, I entreat you, because you are still able to conceal all outward marks of your guilt, think you are the less guilty. Do you forget the All-seeing Eye? Listen to a heathen story. A sculptor was employed to erect a statue in one of the Grecian temples, and on being asked why he carved the back part, which was to be let into the wall, with as much pains as the front, replied, "The gods see it."

We come next to the *outward marks of guilt.* These are often observable to others when you do not think so, or are convinced you are concealing them. I know of no more lamentable sight than of one who bears about with him unconsciously the stamp of sin. It is a wonderful nature God has given to us by which we deceive ourselves so long, fancying sin does not show upon us. One meets these outward marks every day. Men's countenances show more of their inner life, to an observing eye, than they know. I read many a sad life-story in a single glance, which for the world would not have been betrayed. The eye is a window to the soul: "If the light that is *in* thee be darkness." The stamp of sin most easily observable is the one set on the body. Sin will out. It is easy to distinguish the master most men serve. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." In one part of our country, where caste is more marked than with us, you tell in a moment the servant by his cringing demeanor, the absence of all self-respect, the consciousness of manhood gone; but, nearer home, I meet a more abject servitude to a more despotic master. See the stamp of sin which passion, sensuality, intemperance, put on a man! — the eye, the mouth, the whole countenance, the walk, the whole body, stamped as with a burning brand. Is it strange, that, when one becomes conscious of this, shame is added to guilt as he meets the knowing glance, and the record of Cain tells all the rest, "His countenance fell"? Be not deceived, poor victim of passion! there are more knowing glances cast upon you than you think; and God's eye saw your first deviation from

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the path of virtue, and marked it, before vice led you on and on and on into the whirl of corruption. The image of the sinner is so truly drawn in the story of Genesis! There is Cain with his downcast look, feeling his heavy guilt; and by him stands the Lord, ever ready to come to man in his trouble, and say to him the words of sympathy, "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, dost thou not look up?" as it should be rendered. You know how the face beams, and the head rises, as we feel the reward and boldness of right-doing: yea, even before the Lord God of Israel we can look up, and not fear, if we have done right; but, if we have done wrong, conscience-smitten, countenance-fallen, as the omniscient Eye looks into the inner chambers of the soul, and the omnipotent Arm rises over you, and the all-wise Judge pronounces the awful sentence, "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door, and unto thee shall be his desire; cursed art thou from the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be; and the Lord set a mark upon Cain." The outward marks of sin come not only from sin against the body. How often, on Change, you can see this stamp on business-men! We wonder at the magnitude of their transactions. We admire the tact, talent, and precision they show, but grow sad as we see sin set its stamp for every deception and over-reaching bargain. When I walk the streets of our thronged city, I mark each one hastening by, — the evil eye, the leering look, the oath, the frivolity, the obscenity, sadness, remorse: oh, the stamp of sin on so many! You see it on ministers, — a false sanctity, a Sunday holiness, a sectarian piety. The unskilled eye goes over the surface of the earth, and sees little variety: but, when the geologist goes along, he finds one formation here, another there; this an outjutting of the Silurian, that of the Devonian; one here of igneous agency, another there of aqueous deposit, — but everywhere something to help his one theory of the earth's formation. So the practised eye goes over men, and finds one sin showing itself here, another there; in this man the successive incrustations of vice, in that the volcanic outburst of passion; here the

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depressions where the old fires burned, and there the upheavals of the latest struggle, — but the stamp of sin cropping out of every one of us.

II. God as the author of our punishment. There is a great mystery in this to most persons. Even granting that God is the author of evil, and permits it, it is inexplicable to them that he has so bound events together, we cannot escape the consequences of our guilt. If God is in his very essence goodness and love, it seems unaccountable to them that we must suffer; that with free will to choose the wrong or right, with both open, and inviting us to enter their domain, yet by the predominance of evil, a tendency in many — oh, how almost irresistible! — to the wrong, why is it, a loving, just God stamps upon us the record of our iniquity? I know that many think, in times of despair, — when they yet long to cast off their sins, and realize something of the unalterable laws of destiny, — that if they had God's power, or he had their sympathy, things would be otherwise; and the mystery of godlessness becomes to them equal to the mystery of godliness. To me, the love and mercy of our heavenly Father seem most manifest in that he himself stamps us with the marks of our sin; for, as long as I have faith in him, I know that every one bears the burden of his own sin, and no one is ever stamped amiss. Then, too, I acknowledge His loving-kindness who has given us the only way to escape from sin. I recognize with a grateful heart that God's own hand sets upon me a mark for every sin; and the stamp which Omnipotence has put on, Omnipotence alone can remove. Can a mortal bear the stamp of the Immortal? How the sinner breaks out with the exclamation of Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear"! What is that punishment? "Behold, thou hast driven me from the face of the earth!" How all the beauty of Nature is lost to the sinner when every fair grove and every charming sound but re-assure him of his guilt; when the flaming sword turns every way to keep him from the abode of the pure; when the innocency of life lies behind him, and the gates of hope seem to close before him for ever. Can you bear that? But more still. "Behold,

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thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid." Oh hour of anguish! oh bitterness of soul, when the sinner feels that his own acts have hidden him from the heavenly Father! To be removed from the face of the earth is little; but to be taken away from the face of God — can you bear that? But more still. One can bear every thing in the present; but the thought of the future comes to him, when death and the unknown of another world press upon him with their terrible fears: then what a moment! "And it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me." How the sinner fears death! how he stalks among men, and trembles lest they slay him! Can you bear that? Yes: one can bear all that; be driven from the earth, hid from God, brave the future, and live, — living in the fear of death, — the sinner can bear them all; but there is one thing he cannot bear. "And the Lord said unto Cain, Whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold: and the Lord set a mark upon Cain." That is unbearable, — to live among men with the stamp of sin put there by God; to want to die, and have to live; to fear to die, and fear more to live; all safe around us, and the destruction in our own souls: then it is we exclaim, "Our punishment is greater than we can bear." Stern as all this seems, I feel there should be no shrinking back from portraying the fate of the sinner. The first lesson to learn is a bitter one, "The way of the transgressor is hard." No matter what may be the rest of forgiveness, or the raptures of repentance, or the joy of trust, even Omnipotent love does not put you in the same place you would have occupied, had you never sinned, — does not wipe out the effects of sin upon one's memory and soul. But, I am sure, in all this the trusting heart can see nothing but justice and love, — justice ever stern to the erring, and love ever of our heavenly Father.

There is, however, a compensation for all this. Sin afflicts us; but the affliction saves us. When Christ came, he revealed to the world, first, The consciousness of sin; second, The remedy for it. There was evil before Christ came; there was suffering in consequence of it: but a true consciousness

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of it came after he had made known the full gift of salvation; and this consciousness of sin is what makes it all the more terrible. As long as the future life was at best a dim hope in man, sin cast no gloom over him, for it wore no hideous aspect, brought no condemnation; but when the resurrection of Jesus Christ brought in the full hope of the immortal life, then it was, that death, so dreaded by the ancients, lost its sting, and sin became the only death to be dreaded. Oh, what a cloud then gathered over man, when he found, that, by his own acts, he was deprived of his soul's highest anticipations! If it is a terrible moment when the soul first begins to feel the presence of God, how much more terrible when it first comes to a consciousness of sin! This, however, brings its own remedy. I said no man can bear to be conscious of the stamp of sin set by the Lord. When one feels that, then begins the hope, the struggle, towards a new life. The despair of sin has opened the gates of heaven through which, by the love of Jesus Christ, we may enter in, and live and reign for ever.

The stamp of sin is on every one of us. Will you insist upon wearing it around with you? Will you rest while again and again it sets its mark upon you? Shun it. Flee from it. While you linger, it sets its stamp upon you. Pluck it out, I beseech you! Better that it rend you as it goes, better death, better any thing, than sin. It is a strange seducer. It comes like a friend when you sit in your room, in meditation, and knocks at your door; and, as a friend, you open to it, when, lo! a legion of demons rush in, and claim you as their own. Learn a lesson from our times! You have watched the growth of our nation's sin, until to cast it out, threatens our own destruction; but we must do it, even if our punishment is greater than we can bear. Would that our loved fatherland had come to a consciousness of her destroying sin long ago! Harshly as the sounds of war fall upon a Christian's ear, the glad sounds of peace can never again be heard until that sin of slavery is swept from our shores, and we look on upon the first unfolding of true freedom's banner. In the West Indies, we read there is a vampire-bat which lights upon

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the sleeper, and, as it sucks his blood, fans him with its wings to a deep and deeper sleep of death. Will you lie down and rest, with this vampire-bat of sin draining the last drop of your spiritual life? If the fear of God will not restrain you, let the love of Christ!

Remember the words of our Lord Jesus, how he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But the burden of sin, — who can afford to bear it? who will bend beneath its yoke? who will wear its stamp?

THE FOX AND THE MARMOT.

"THE FOX and the Marmot" is a lesson for bribe-takers. "Whither are you running," says the latter to the former, "without daring to look on either side of you?" "Calumny, calumny!" replies the fox: "I have been driven out as a rogue; but *you* know whether I rendered justice or not in that poultry-yard. There was nothing to gain there: it was a most ungrateful office. I had no sleep at night, by day I had scarcely time to eat a mouthful; my health was even suffering by it; and after all, through hatred and calumny, I am disgraced. Call *me* a thief, indeed! I only ask you whether I can be justly accused of the slightest act of dishonesty?" — "Certainly not, my dear friend," is the reply; "but I must say, to my regret, that I have sometimes seen down sticking to your muzzle."

"More than one functionary," says Kriloff in the moral, "complains of his poverty, and declares that neither he nor his wife ever received presents. Nevertheless, in time he builds a villa, and buys an estate. How does he balance his disbursements and receipts? If you wanted to prove before a judge that he had taken bribes, you would find it difficult; yet every one must acknowledge that the down is quite visible round the gentleman's mouth." — *The Russians at Home.*

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THE IDEAL LIFE.

THE announcement of spiritual laws is always made with so much brevity and emphasis, that whatever we would say of them in explanation or extension seems altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory. Though they be so suggestive of thought, thought never goes beyond them, but returns upon them like a traveller to his home. There was never yet a paraphrase that equalled the text; for it is the thought which shapes the expression, and makes for itself new and inimitable forms of words. "Ipsæ res verba rapiunt:" the things themselves force words to express them. A text is announced; and if it be finely chosen, a fit thought in fit words, the preacher, however far he wanders, presently returns, and gathers up all in that one sentence. He seldom rises higher than this his text; his discourse is like the sweep of a festoon moving in graceful curves from point to point along the level of its elevation.

All writing, speaking, and doing is but the illustration of a few great texts. In music, the greater part of its notes is a commentary on a few finer strains. This, perhaps, is the secret of its refrains, themes, and choruses, to which it returns, as it were, to restore itself, and be helped to new flights. It is our unhappy fate in these days to write sermons: the poet preaches, the novel preaches, and the newspaper. But it is easier and more simple to write texts than sermons. The same is true in music and art: that which is best in them is an inspiration, wonderfully simple, easy, unpretending, and very brief. Brevity is always the measure of the importance and depth of the idea. In action, the ease with which a thing is done is its measure, the token of superiority. The kingdom of God comes not with observation into the composer's, the artist's, the poet's heart, any more than into the saint's. The best things, somehow, say and do themselves. There are long spaces of drudgery or of idleness; days and years when we draw water with bottomless buckets. Yet we feel certain, that when we get into the right train of

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thought and of life, when we are in unison with nature and our highest selves, we shall be divinely assisted, — we shall come from the closet into the lighted room.

But the jewel must have its setting, and around our highest life grows a wild waste of the trivial and commonplace. The ordinary life of man is a troubled and broken surface of water: sometimes it falls smooth and still, and there are reflected in it the fleeting shapes of an overarching and mysterious Infinite. In these moments, all our wisdom and learning come back to us. We recover that vantage-ground which we so often gain, and so often lose. The perception of the few simple laws of our being gives us resignation and repose. We become reconciled to suffering, and success does not make us arrogant. We see that we have not attained what we have coveted, because we were not fit; that we have been bereaved of the merit and reward of many noble actions which we have performed, through our own secret pride. The love, the applause, the estate, we have so much desired, are not yet ours, because we have not yet learned to do without them. I figure to myself all the blessings of life as beautiful fairies following man, as, looking ever before him, he moves onward with firm assured confidence in his heart, careless of fame or shame. Hovering closely over his footsteps, they strew his pathway with unexpected gifts; but if he turn to gaze after his benefactors, or pursue them, or linger intoxicated among their offerings, they fly away, and leave him friendless and unblest.

It is in vain to stand waiting, or to pursue. What belongs to us, what by divine right is ours, will follow us, whatever road we take. We need not be uneasy about friends, about advantages of any kind. No power can rob us of what is our own. Soon we shall reach the crossing of the ways; and although deserted, and separated from many things that were dear, yet in the way which lies before us lurk higher destinies and nobler companions, ready to join us when we shall have been abandoned by what was alien and temporary. In our own history, we must wait long periods for results and the award of time. Weeds spring up in a day: virtue and

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power are of slow growth, like oaks and cedars. But how often do we forestall and interrupt the growth of a character, for whose formation the times in which worlds and suns were formed are momentary, and, like children, uncover the good seed we have planted, to see how it grows, or pluck a crude and unseasonable fruit! Slowly, silently, as the stars come out one by one in the summer twilight, appear in our characters the effects of our wills and our lives. With unseen perseverance, the spiritual and the ideal are transforming the world, — the inward is becoming the outward, while that which is outward disappears. In our to-day's life, were we skilful enough to read it, is contained the secret history of our whole career. For the day is not a creation, but a growth. Cause and effect do not lose each other in time or space. The effect follows, though far off and unrecognized. It follows to the third and fourth generation, — is only lost, because we have no measure for it, — and, when it does appear, generally reproduces, or represents in some astonishing way, the original cause and conditions. This is that poetic justice of the old tragedy and of the modern romance: it is that discriminating vengeance which Dante and Swedenborg saw so mercilessly executed in the lower worlds. Nothing is more striking in the divine justice than the appropriateness of its rewards and punishments. The cause is never lost sight of. There is always superadded to the legal penalty another exactly corresponding to the crime. This is the case, because God is *present;* and, where he is, justice is. The world, however, is governed so much, — its very existence seems to depend, not so much upon the divine Providence, as upon the detective police, — that we are confused in the attempt to discover the workings of the law of laws. Human governments have a few barbarous and indiscriminating penalties. The divine justice uses the spirit itself. The guilty never escape, the innocent never suffer. It reverses many decisions, precedes precedent, judges the judge. For my part, I should esteem it always safer to be any criminal than any judge.

It is by insight, memory, and imagination, that we are enabled to detect the effects of spiritual laws. We see them

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first in ourselves. When seen, they become the guide of life: they are its light when neither the sun nor the moon shines. Then is awakened in us that wisdom which educates us in new subjects, and revises the learning of the intellect. We can enter new fields without apprenticeship; for we have found out our own genius. The impulse to any performance seems to be equal to the native capacity, not the cultivated. Nature does not seem to help us much, unless she first set us to work. Then we leave off construction and criticism, and begin to live and to create. Man is uneasy, until he gets where the heavens are open to him, and he can work freely and securely. So restless is he, he studies, he travels, he adopts with enthusiasm every new idea and system, tries all employments, and would pass through every form of being. We cannot tell what anybody would do or be, but plainly it is not this his present place. At best, we are adventurers and experimenters; some achieve success at one turn or another; for others it is reserved, who still pursue or learn to wait.

> But is there, I believe, beyond this land,
> Another land, lighted by larger stars;
> Where all I seem to be, but never am,
> I shall become, assuming all my lot, —
> At whose door I have waited, and not slept.

Thus are we drawn on, instructed as much by what we are not as by what we are. Hope educates us, experiment educates us, and that within us, which has no name, but is most like a germ seeking the light. The child first sees the world from his mother's arms, sees only what is at a little distance and straight before him. Then he turns his head at sights and sounds; he creeps, climbs, walks, runs, must be amused with constant new toys, which, if not given, are found; and each moment, at every step, at every glance, sees a new and curious world, — one vast plaything. The youth and the man keep up the hunt for the new and the ideal. And once having felt their revelation to the soul, enlightening and dilating his whole being, man struggles to come into direct and constant relation with the source of his inward and divine life.

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The effects of violation of, or obedience to, this higher life, when at last they are discovered, tend somewhat to the silence and isolation of the individual. He feels that there is no help but in himself, and his joy is equally private and unshared. It puts out of sight his relations with persons and things, his accomplishments and advantages, and carries him forward with powerful impulse in the path of his natural endowments. His development is from within. What he is, and what he is to be, dawns upon him. The meaning of life, the meaning of prophecy and song, of nature and art, dawns upon him. These states do not come by any direct, wilful effort. They discover themselves, and are incapable of analysis or formulary. There must be something in the soul that answers to them, or they must for ever remain unknown and unnamed. The highest truths draw us up into their own region, where we have only to open our eyes to see things as they are. The satisfaction of our natures, purity of life, obedience to intuitions, fit us for their reception. The effort of the soul to realize its aspirations seems all in vain: for a long time, no fulfilment or progress is perceptible; till at once, by what appeared a happy accident, — some random attempt or guess, but which, no doubt, was a divine guidance, — the object is revealed, and we stand in the radiance of a new life. The aspiration must be a prophecy; but it may be answered in a way we had not anticipated, in order, as has been said, to give us something beyond our wishes. We can hardly tell how or when our prayers are granted; and often the fulfilment itself casts a backward light, making us see more clearly what was that secret, undefined longing of the heart. This is what we wanted, although we could not previously describe it. Even in lesser things, we grope after what we want, with a curious feeling of inability to describe it exactly, united with perfect confidence that we shall recognize it when we see it. Balzac desired, for a character in one of his novels, a certain name. What it was he could not catch, thinking hard and long. Yet he knew it as well as the locksmith knows from the lock the key that will fit. At last he called a friend, and bade him lead him through the streets of Paris,

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where the signs were most numerous. They walked on for two hours; Balzac's eyes intensely fixed upon the names, his friend guiding his feet. Suddenly he stopped, turned deadly pale, and, pointing his finger, exclaimed, *That's it!* He had found what he wanted. It is with some such feeling that I go to the tailor's, never knowing what I shall wear away; but my eye selects for me, without any trouble of deliberation. The eye, the ear, the taste, determine many things for us without thought, and betray what we are; but the soul is behind all, the atmosphere of our being, through which sun and stars shine, or clouds and storms drift. It is curious to observe the first effect of the revelation of a great truth, whether it come in the form of a thought, an analogy, a discovery, or duty. It makes a man silent. Silence has been called golden; and well may it be called so, when it is the perfect fulness of the mind. Reserve is only iron or lead or emptiness. During thought, there is a peculiar stillness present in us: we hardly breathe. It seems to be a suspension of ordinary conditions; the senses are in abeyance; the soul appears, and becomes the mirror of an unseen and sublime intelligence. Speech comes when inspiration begins to subside, as water flows from a half-emptied bottle more freely than from a full one. On the pavements of my noisy street, the noisiest carts are the emptiest.

The discernment of truth is also attended with certain peculiar confirmations. We see immediately hints and illustrations of it; many things which can be at once classified; all roads seem to converge there, and all that meets the eye to confirm and extend its applications; as when a snatch of song, or strain of music, is running in the head, all the sounds of the workshop and street seem to beat time to it. The power of a thought to marshal all our miscellaneous information, our experiences and random observations, our facts and our note-books, under its banner, is the measure of its depth and truth. We want a string for our beads; a principle which shall connect the beginning with the end of life. We seek an idea so sovereign as to command all intellectual and spiritual acquisitions; a generalization to include the

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whole of existence. That idea, that generalization, is God present in the soul of man. This will arrange and subordinate all particulars. It will detect their truth or falsehood. Its prevalence will determine every choice, every secret affinity, and finally will conduct to such a genuine individuality that the philosopher and the critic will be compelled to make a new estimate, a new rule and law for each one of us. Under its guidance, we shall leave all estimates behind, and all description shall be at best only historical. No niche will hold us, be it never so carefully measured. Plaster it up, friends: the statue grows faster than the wall. No one has ever the least success in drawing your inner portrait. It is uncontainable, for ever flowing. God in the soul gives an ever new and fresher life. It cures every mistake and misfortune, despair, grief, loss, by rapidly leaving them behind. Peace, like an angel, hovers over the pathway. Let us adjust ourselves to this inflowing spirit. Then looking inward, as upon an untarnished mirror, we shall have rendered back to us the images of nature, of books, of men, of character and events, with accurate and instructive fidelity.

Obedience to the suggestions of the spirit guides us to our proper place and work in life. If we would allow it, it would willingly and wisely select for us. But now we select for ourselves arbitrarily. Therefore we make no progress: we do not know whether our choice and our work be right or wrong, because we have no witness in our own souls. Another proceeds easily, securely, correctly. He has a test in himself: he knows before he begins. The fingers easily learn to play a harmony already in the ear. A workman brings his block into shape by a few well-directed blows; he has an image in his eye: but the bungler hacks and pounds, every blow requires another to efface its misdirection, till at last his labor is lost, and his own genius violated. How few there are who know how a thing will look when it is finished! but, unless a man does, he need not begin. The presence of this spirit may be detected by many tokens; in friendship, in work, even in play. In conversation, how exactly the speaker oftentimes seems to speak to your experi-

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ence, or upon some question which is agitating your mind, in the most wonderful manner, as though God was speaking through your friend or companion! How is it that he can so unconsciously hit the nail on the head, unless by some divine direction? If he knew your thoughts, your perplexities, he could not speak to your case any better, perhaps not so well; for he would no longer be free to the general influence that moulds his words, not for one ear but for all. Your thoughts are in the air, and the speaker entertains them as his own. The sentiment that must be uttered, — sometimes it chooseth one organ, sometimes another. Happy the speaker, happy the listener! Watching the inward emotions, listening to what the soul says, we can hear and detect the divine words in any company, or from whatever speaker. Then it is indifferent to us whether we listen or speak.

Thus we learn to recognize the omnipresence of that spirit which is the fountain of all our being. Slowly do we learn it; slowly come the periods of growth to the human soul, and events keep no pace with our aspirations. Each day we meet in our track the objects of our wishes; objects that seem to be our own, that seem to be what we need for the completion and satisfaction of our natures, and life has little value without them. We approach to embrace them; but they retreat, for ever retreat. Sorrowfully we turn away, well knowing our unworthiness. But some day, while journeying onward, living through many moods and accidents, perchance these ideals will reveal themselves unto us. In the pursuit of some object, apparently quite remote from them, they will confront us, — as Columbus, seeking a short route to the Indies, fell upon a new world. J. A.

Every evil or false desire, whereby a man deviseth how to gather to himself by craft much worldly gain from his neighbor to his neighbor's hurt, is taken into the anger of God, and belongeth to the judgment. Wherein all things shall be made manifest, and every power and essence, every cause and effect, both in good and evil, shall be presented to every one in the mystery of the revelation. — *Behmen.*

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER IV. — OUTLOOK.

If, from the facility with which Arthur Ashton's conversation glided into serious subjects, it should be inferred that his spirit and life were of a sombre hue, it would be an entire mistake. A healthy, enjoyable nature was his, uniformly cheerful, and at times bubbling over with fun.

I do not say this in his praise; for the fact, I believe, implies no merit. Some of the chief elements of such a temper are not at our command; such as organization, hereditary dispositions, and health. To see all elements felicitously combined, is a spectacle of enjoyment surpassing most others which the world presents. What a magnetizing influence it has upon all! Is the interest with which we view it an intimation of what each was made for, and will become, when some unhappy obstacle is removed?

I remember that Dr. Paley, or some of those old writers on Natural Theology, whom I read a great many years ago, says, that, for his part, he thinks the greatest proof of the divine goodness is seen in the happiness of a little child: for the enjoyments of maturer life may be, in part at least, of our own procuring; but the pleasures of a child, he observes, are manifestly "provided for it;" an observation, which, I think, may be extended to the case of a man who has naturally a happy temper, for which, if it could be bought, many a millionnaire might make a good bargain by giving all he has.

At the same time, Arthur's happiness was greatly promoted by causes which every man may control; such as a wise philosophy of life, and a generous religious faith, which conjured up no bugbears, and was baptized in the spirit of him who said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

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I think, moreover, it was much affected by another cause,— his life in the country.

I am quite too old, and have lived too long in the city, to fall into raptures on this point. It is a large world we live in, and a many-sided nature we have; and the Disposer of our lot has wonderfully fitted man for all places and stations he holds. I am not surprised at the preference which so many in all times have felt for the crowded haunts of men; for these have advantages peculiar to themselves.

I know something too — not much — of the saloons of fashion, where wit and beauty, and grace and wealth, and song and dance, offer attractions found nowhere else. Let all these things stand for what they are fully worth. And if we content ourselves by saying simply that the rural shade is clearly one place designed for man, and one which, in importance and dignity need fear no comparison, it may then be added, that in its healthy airs, its wholesome food, its varied exercise, its exemption from extremes of excitement, and its winning power to train every one to the quiet and cheerful order of Nature, it seems to give a deeper and fuller tide of enjoyment than any other lot.

Of Arthur's cheerful outlook on life, perhaps I can give some idea by repeating, as well as I can recall it, a conversation I once heard at his table.

One Sunday, as we were returning from the afternoon service, he asked me to take dinner with him; adding, that I should meet the young minister, whom we had just heard, and who was temporarily supplying the pulpit of our church.

The old New-England fashion here prevailed, of having, on Sundays, the dinner and supper in one meal; and, about five o'clock, we sat down to a table amply provided for its double duty.

At the close of the dinner, when we were all in that placid, dreamy state, which, in summer, a long Sunday afternoon in the country inspires, Arthur repeated the words, — *vanity of human life*, which had just been dropped by some one, — myself, I believe, and then added that he often felt as if it was somehow unchristian to use them.

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Minister. — And yet you remember with what emphasis they are repeated in the Bible.

Arthur. — Ah, yes! by the lips of Solomon. Still, does not the value of every general observation like this depend upon the standard of judging applied by the observer? and, till we look to that, is his statement any more exact than that of a man who says the tide is high, without telling us whether it be high as measured by his expectations, wise or unwise, or by what it was an hour before, or by the water-mark of yesterday, or that of the great flood a century ago?

Minister. — The old Hebrew king, I suppose, uttered a profound conviction derived from his own experience; and, if he found the pinnacle of earthly greatness to be vanity, it would seem, that, for a stronger reason, all other places must be so too.

Arthur. — But the point now is, *why* he found life to be vanity. If he expected from it only what it could well yield, need he have been disappointed? You remember the account he gives us as to what his expectations were. There is a great deal said about his building houses, and planting vineyards, and making gardens and orchards, and getting men-singers and women-singers, and gathering silver and gold, and giving his heart to wine, and proving mirth and pleasure. In short, it was a sort of sensual paradise he was aiming at; and because he must leave it all to the men that should come after him, and the wise man must die as the fool, he breaks forth in the exclamation we are considering. Is it strange that life was vanity to him, or that it will be vanity to every one that is like him? And who can regret that it should be? What I regret is, that we forget that the example of Solomon was given for our warning, and so often imagine that the divine Bestower of life can be pleased by this perpetual confession of our disappointment and complaint.

Minister. — But let us use our own eyes, and see for ourselves if life does not assume the aspect of vanity. There is its brevity. What is it? A vapor! — here a moment, and then gone for ever.

Arthur. — As to that, you know that all our notions of time are relative. Threescore years and ten must seem but a span to Him in whose sight a thousand years are as one day; but they would be an enormous duration to an insect that lives but for a summer. Is human life long enough considered with reference to the divine plan of introducing upon the stage of existence the greatest possible number of generations? Is it long enough as the primary school

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of humanity? True, we cannot answer these questions: why, then, seem to answer them, and to answer them against the divine wisdom, by complaining of the brevity of life?

I was reading, the other day, the life of one of the poets, — a pure and noble name in English literature; and the biographer who had visited the old Hall, the scene of the poet's labors, remarks upon the impression it gave of the *vanity of human life* to walk through apartments, which, for forty years, had been cheered by his genius, and find his place occupied by strangers.

Now, I am not sure that forty years of a pure and gentle life ought to have left such an impression, nor that it is vanity that the poet had at length been taken up into a higher school, while others are coming, in indefinite successions of forty years, to have the same precious seedtime of enjoyment and opportunity. I think some reflections on the reality and blessedness of human life and hopes would have been more in place. Did not One take upon himself our nature, in order, in part at least, to show us what a holy and blessed thing even a few years of earthly existence may be?

Minister. — But this is but one point. Consider how uncertain is life, and all its possessions. Nothing continueth in one stay. What ups and downs every day! what wrecks of human hopes every moment! I feel that I get a response from man's heart when my sermons present this view of the vanity of human life.

Arthur. — And very good sermons for their final impression, I do not doubt, they are; and perhaps I am wrong in holding this argument with one whose office it is to study these matters deeply. But we understand one another. I am telling you frankly, that I feel that those Old-Testament views of life have too much colored our phraseology. As to what you say of the instability of earthly things, how easy for us to conceive of a condition less mutable! how unsteady these billows on which we are tossed compared with the peace of some ideal repose! But, if it be good for us at present to have these trials, I do not know why we should complain of them, or give them a bad name. If we see inactivity and rust corrupt those whose condition is most unchanged, if we feel that we all require a motive to watchfulness, and a spur to put us up to our best exertions, so that, perhaps of all arrangements of the world, it is this very insecurity which most develops and deepens life, I cannot see the justice of calling that feature empty and delusive, in which a divine wisdom and benignity are so clearly seen.

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Minister. — You make me think of a remark made to me by one of your neighbors as we walked from church. He parted from me, and went towards the red house under the hill.

Arthur. — Oh! it was Uncle Ephraim. Well, what did he say?

Minister. — We fell into conversation about the relations of this world to the next; and he said, "A scaffold is a poor thing compared with the house it helps to build, and yet it may be a very good scaffold after all;" and then he laughed as if it was a capital joke.

Arthur. — Ah, that was just like him! Let me also repeat a remark made by another, if I may here reverently quote it. It was uttered a great many years ago. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Why should not our language about life a little more reflect the spirit of words like these, and thus catch that tone of *good cheer?* I think we have not found enough good cheer in our religion. How I like the words, and how I wish I could have heard them from the lips of Him to whom I allude!

Minister. — But let us go on a little further. Does not this seem a stronger proof of the vanity of human life, that, after all, it satisfies us so little? We all know that no earthly experience fills our capacity of joy. Our highest satisfactions leave a void from which comes the echo that elsewhere there is something deeper and better than they. Of far the larger part of our pleasures, we feel that they are not worthy to be compared with that perfect felicity of which we conceive.

Arthur. — *Perfect* felicity, — was that what you said? When did we learn to dream that the condition of the world, or the nature of man, was intended to yield such a thing? It is true we form a conception of it; and that conception is one of the noblest prophecies we have; a proof that this world is not an end in itself, — the wing of the unfledged bird. But I know not why, on this account, we should speak disdainfully of a thousand lowly satisfactions, because they do not come up to the stature of all that we can conceive. If that be the measure we demand, no prolonging of life, no greater security in our state, no intenser enjoyments in our lot, can satisfy us, because we have aspirations and thirsts which nothing short of infinity can fill.

The chief reason why we talk about the vanity of human life is, that God has made our nature larger than the world. It is

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through the greatness of what we *conceive* that we learn to underrate what we *have*. What was the name of that Roman emperor who died in that quaint old city of York in England?

Minister. — The Emperor Severus, do you mean?

Arthur. — Yes: that is the name. Well, when he, on his deathbed, said, "I have been every thing, and nothing satisfies me" ("Omnia fui, et nihil expedit"), was this a judgment against the world, or a verdict against himself? For the old Hebrew king, I cannot help feeling some compassion. There is not, I believe, in the writings of Solomon, any reference to a future life. His sad moan seems like a blind longing for something better, — the protest of a great nature dimly conscious of wants and aspirations which this life cannot satisfy. His outlook on life was not altogether unsuited to the time in which his lot was cast. Can we do nothing but repeat those complaints and dirges which — wise man, though he was called — were hardly wise in him, and are, it seems to me, neither wise nor grateful nor Christian in us?

During the above conversation between Arthur and the minister, I kept the attitude of an attentive listener. My interest in it was partly from the animated and kindly manner of the former, partly from seeing how much and how freshly he had thought of the topics referred to, but more by the charm of consistency between his religious philosophy and his daily life.

Some men are happy only in spite of their religion, which seems like a burden, heavy and sad, which they take up with much ado. Arthur's joyous nature was more happy in consequence of his religion; for he lived in it as in an atmosphere of beauty and love.

How many were the expressions of his wholesome and hearty life, outside of the circuit of his farm! In his frequent and loved horseback-rides round the town, he was often seen conversing kindly at the farmer's door, or by the wayside; and cheerful and cheering sayings of his went further than he dreamed of: for who can calculate the orbit of a word? The large library which his father had collected, and to which he himself was continually adding, was at the service of a wide circle of readers, whose individual tastes he

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took unwearied pains to please. The improvement of the public schools was a favorite object with him; but, leaving the common methods to others, he made it a point to form personal acquaintance with the teachers, and to elevate their conception of what discipline and instruction should be.

As for the system of miscellaneous public lectures, of late so much in vogue, he never favored it. I have heard him say something of the temptations they held out to skim knowledge and corrupt the taste, and of "the general unwholesomeness of so much plum-pudding!" as he said; but I never fully understood his mind on this point.

Every now and then, he got up a class for the study of some branch of natural history. Our meetings at each other's houses were occasions of great social pleasure. I remember particularly the enthusiasm he inspired for the study of the leaves of trees. For a long while, our herbariums were in fashion. They never failed to afford an inconceivable amount of pleasure and instruction in marking the classification, orders, permanent types, varied structures, manifold hues, graceful forms, and apparent functions of a class of objects too often deemed quite unworthy of much notice; as if any thing the divine Hand condescends to make does not show His affluence, and is not worthy of the profoundest study.

Nor must I fail to allude to his more sportive moods; the keenness with which he entered into the diversions of his younger brothers and sisters; the charming playfulness of his eye when, at table, he repeated some anecdote or amusing scrap of history; the picnic parties he assembled in his woods, where abounded the most contagious mirth; the vivacity with which he took part in the plays and games of young persons during the long evenings of winter.

At all these scenes, he was the central object of affection and interest. Not that he had any *rôle* of wit or drollery to act, or that he led off briskly in any proposed amusement. This was not his nature. But he had a quick, instinctive sympathy with the best humor of the hour, and a quiet power to reflect it, as if from a magic mirror, on every thing around.

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The blank which the withdrawal of such a companion and friend leaves in a rural neighborhood can hardly be imagined. Sweet and beautiful memories! What costly pile of marble can be a monument equal to you!

Such memories in a quiet country place have a singular longevity. Nothing is more noticeable than the different characters of towns only six miles apart. If we compare two of them together, it is apparent that one is rude, the other polished; one is selfish, the other public-spirited. We see no cause for the disparity; but we shall find it, if we search aright. Years ago, in the latter place, there lived one whose refined and generous nature sent out virtue to all who touched the hem of his garment, or remembered those who had touched it. The pebble dropped on the quiet surface of this sheltered lake — how far may its gentle undulations extend!

Oh thou life of my flesh, and of my soul in Christ my brother! I beseech thee in the hunger of my soul, and intreat thee with all my powers, though they be weak, to give me what thou hast promised me, and freely bestow upon me, in my Saviour Jesus Christ, his flesh for food, and his blood for drink, to refresh my poor, hungry soul, that it may be quickened and strengthened in the word which became man, by which it may long and hunger after thee aright!

Oh thou deepest love in the most sweet name Jesus, give thyself into the desire of my soul! For therefore thou hast moved thyself, and, according to thy great sweetness, manifested thyself in the human nature, and called us to thee, — us that hunger and thirst after thee, — and hast promised us that thou wilt refresh us. I now open the lips of my soul to thee, oh thou sweet Truth! and, though I am not worthy to desire it of thy holiness, yet I come to thee through thy bitter passion and death, then having sprinkled my uncleanness with thy blood, and sanctified me in thy humanity, and made an open gate for me, through thy death, to thy sweet love in thy blood. Through thy five holy wounds, from which thou didst shed thy blood, I bring the desire of my soul into thy love. — *Behmen.*

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RANDOM READINGS.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

[We propose to publish, in successive numbers, a brief selection of items of information gathered from foreign papers and reviews, bearing upon the great religious and philanthropic movements of our times. They will be prepared with care, expressly for the Magazine, under the above head.]

THE bishop of London, in his earnest efforts to provide for the spiritual destitution of his diocese, has obtained, as was stated at a late public meeting, the sum of four hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Provision has been made for the services of eighty-eight additional clergymen. Of these, forty-six have already been appointed. The remainder will be set apart as soon as the men can be found. Clerical support is more readily furnished than the right clerical service.

A BOOK has recently been published in London, entitled "Woman's Work in the Church," written by John Malcolm Ludlow. It gives a complete history of the successive phases of woman's work, from the "deaconesses" of the Primitive Church down to the "deaconesses' institutes," which are now springing up in various Protestant countries. In these institutes, it is said, the members "resemble the primitive deaconesses in being bound by no vows, not being secluded from the world, and in being actually engaged in works of charity." There can be no doubt that an immense power of Christian love and activity might be organized in every large community, by giving proper scope to female usefulness.

It will not be thought an unnatural sequel to the above, if we add, that the great increase of inmates in religious houses in England, under the patronage of the Anglican High Church, has called forth some loud and earnest opposition. Public meetings have been held, and inflamed addresses have been given, in which it has been stated, "that a Church which would sanction Protestant nunneries ought to be driven from the land by a scourge of scorpions." Parliament has been petitioned to appoint a committee

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to search these houses. A writer in a late number of the "London Examiner" believes that all this hue and cry is got up in the interest of a religious party that seeks a re-action against both the High Church and the Broad Church; the former being likely, as he says, "to steal away the hard-headed men, and the latter the soft-hearted women." A new and more aggressive combination is seeking power, and is trying to call to its aid all Dissenters who are offended because "Exeter and Oxford cannot be brought to say that all Catholics will be damned, and that London and Lincoln will not say distinctly that any earnest, though erring, believer will be damned at all."

A COMMISSION is at present employed to ascertain, by careful measurements, the exact height of Jerusalem above the Dead Sea. It is under the charge of the Topographical Department of the English War Office, at a cost of one thousand dollars, to be paid, half by the Royal Society and half by the Royal Geographical Society.

THE "London Athenæum" closes a very extended account of the "Life of Cæsar," by the French Emperor, in these words: "If this had appeared as the work of an ordinary historian, it would have attracted public attention. But associated with the name of one of the most remarkable men of this age, — one whose power is such as to cause his every action to be canvassed, his very thoughts to be suspected, — such a work will be perused with extraordinary interest and digested with very unusual care. Truly it is in every sense an imperial book. The concise judgments passed upon the various acts of Cæsar and his contemporaries exhibit the discernment of the statesman, while the insight which has been taken into the motives and conduct of the old Roman senators and nobles displays the penetrating instinct of the politician."

A NEW work on "The Holy Land" is advertised in London, as soon to appear from the pen of W. Hepworth Dixon, the editor of the "London Athenæum," and the author of the remarkable work on "Lord Bacon and his Times." A week we once passed with Mr. Dixon impressed us with his spirit of research and nice observation; and, if his proposed book does not add greatly to our knowledge on a subject which has been so often treated, we feel sure that the results of fresh observation will be presented in an attractive and graphic manner.

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St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, the ruinous and neglected condition of which has so long offended the eyes of all visitors, has just been thoroughly repaired. "All these hideous deformities," says the "London Review," "have now been removed; and St. Patrick's Cathedral is restored to its primitive purity and grandeur. Nothing is wanted. It was handed over to the restorer a ruin: it is now returned to the dean and chapter perfect in every part, — steeple, roofs, walls, pillars, windows, stained glass, bells, drainage, ventilation, warming, lighting, and even every item of upholstery." The "Review" goes on to tell us, that all this restoration was the free gift of one man, — Benjamin Lee Guinness, who has expended the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It adds, "A work which was too great for the knights of St. Patrick to attempt, and from which the old Irish parliament shrank back in awe, has been effected in four years by a single Dublin merchant."

A writer in the February number of the "London Christian Observer" gives an intelligent and full account of "The State of the Roman-Catholic Church in Italy." After the enumeration of many statistics, which we omit, he says, "What do we see within a few short years? — This nation rising as one man, and restored to a rational liberty, civil and religious; the light of God's word breaking in upon the darkness of a thousand years; men daring to doubt and inquire, where, through an hereditary bondage of ages, they dared not to think; the evangelist kneeling and praying where the priest trampled his opponent in the dust; the word of God disseminated where the inquisitor kept his instruments of torture; cheerful countenances crowding the streets of cities where lately downcast and despairing looks told you of oppressive wrong." The writer feels sure that the present state of things in Italy is weaning every day thousands from an adherence to the temporal power of the Church. He thinks, however, that, through the prevailing jealousy of all outside interference, the best help which Christians from other countries can send to Italy is the Scriptures, freely circulated in its own tongue, and works that will simply and clearly explain Protestant views of doctrine and worship.

A leading article in the "American Church-Review," for last January, gives some interesting facts in regard to the Lutheran Church in the United States. It has 40 synods, 2,487 congregations, 1,400 ministers, 260,000 communicants, and a population

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from two to three millions. Here would be an effective Christian body, were there not doctrinal differences that impair concert of action. Beside national differences, as English, German, Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian Lutherans, there is Old Lutheranism and New Lutheranism, Rationalizing Lutheranism, and Orthodox Lutheranism. Of Scandinavian Lutherans, there are 150,000; while in a German population of four millions there is nearly a million and a half supposed to be Lutherans. Since the Rebellion, the Southern Lutherans have formed a separate general synod, which the Lutherans of Texas, however, have not joined; they being adverse to slavery and in favor of the Union.

THE manner in which the Pope's Encyclical Letter has been received is most significant of the altered condition of the papacy. In the bosom of the Roman-Catholic Church, there has been a profound grief at a measure which forgets all the progress that has been made for the last three hundred years; while, outside of the Papal Church, the pretensions, the dogmatism, the ridiculous assumptions, the empty claims of power, of that Letter, have called forth only contempt. Once such a document would have convulsed the world with terror. Now the world indeed shakes; but with derision.

THE awful ravages of the Cyclone in India, on the 4th of October last, we are but just beginning to comprehend. It extended over a space a hundred and twenty-one miles long by nineteen broad. Over much of this rushed a storm-wave of water, fifteen feet deep, and moving at the frightful rapidity of twenty-seven miles an hour. Houses, cattle, human beings, were swept away instantly. In one place, 20,665 souls perished; in another, 5,000; in another, 1,978; and, in one village of 1,400, only 27 were left. We have not seen the entire footing-up of these tables of destruction; but it is evident here was one of those great historical calamities like the destruction of Lisbon or Pompeii.

No one can cast his eye over a file of foreign reviews and papers, without noticing how much religious questions enter into all popular discussions. The great controversies of the times everywhere assume theological aspects, and lead to discussions which are full of interest to every devout and hopeful believer. We hope to give our readers the results of an occasional glance at them. M.

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THE UNITARIAN CREED.

SEVERAL confessions of faith have been published of late, setting forth the Unitarian belief; all of them very full on the negative side, and very lame and meagre on the positive side. We have seen none which does not resolve itself into simple Ebionism, such as the Judaizing Christians held in the first century, — a creed so lean and poor that the sect died out and soon disappeared. If we are to have a creed, let it be large and generous, not remanding us back to Judaism, but leaving room for all that the Church has realized, and a great deal more. A correspondent expresses much apprehension, that the National Convention, at New York, will posit itself on some one of these narrow and shaky platforms, and commit the denomination to bald humanitarianism. We have no idea that they will perpetrate such an egregious folly; a measure that would unchurch Channing, Pierce, Kendall, Kirkland, Lardner, Clark, Price, and, last not least, Dr. Watts himself (for his last recorded faith is undeniably Unitarian); say nothing of a multitude of others, both among the living and the dead, who have belonged to the Unitarian communion. The fathers of the denomination had a creed, — very large and comprehensive. It was Christ, the foundation and the only Master, with every man's right of private interpretation. They did not object to creeds. They made no such issue with Orthodoxy. They objected to *human* creeds; to making any man's private interpretations of the Bible, or those of any body of men, the foundation of the churches, and not the divine creed itself. The whole Unitarian controversy proceeded on this ground, and no other; the churches all stood upon it, and most of them stand there still, — "The Church heareth none but Christ." Make this ground narrower, such as somebody's dogmata about Christ, and we become a sect like the rest, — a sect, and not a Church. Give up this ground, make the word of Christ like any other man's; and we are neither a Church nor a sect, but a number of forlorn individuals, each drifting on his own plank, if he can find one, with a fair chance of being ingulfed in the next sea. The National Unitarian Convention will construct no such wretched platform as our correspondent is apprehensive of, judging from the good sense of those who are likely to be its leading spirits. S.

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THE DYING SOLDIER AND THE DOVE.

[We extract the following touching incident from a "Memorial of Major Edward G. Park," printed for private circulation. — E.]

A LITTLE incident of peculiar beauty occurred on the day of Major Park's death. A dove placed itself, early in the forenoon, on a balcony near the window of the room in which he was breathing his last. It remained there immovably, often observed by the inmates of the house, until six. At six, he died; and, immediately afterwards, it was observed that the dove had flown, and has never returned. A lady friend has seized the incident; and, under her delicate touch, it has been preserved in the following graceful lines: —

THE MESSENGER.

Art thou sent from the spirit-world, sweet dove,
On this holy day of rest,
To bear my soul to the realms above,
To a region than earth more blest?

Shall I close my eyes on these scenes so dear,
On the faces of loving friends,
To gaze upon brighter glories there
Where the spirit alone ascends?

Shall I bid farewell to the hopes of time,
To the honors which earth bestows,
And rest secure in a fairer clime
Where peace like a river flows?

Then bear me away on thy wings, sweet dove,
Far away from earth's pain and strife,
Where await me kind angels and spirits of love
At the gates of eternal life!

And oft as the shadows of evening lower,
And to memories sad give birth,
Wilt thou not come back, with thy soothing power,
To the friends I have left on earth, —

Bearing some message, upon thy wings,
Of love from the spirit-land,
Shedding new light on the unseen things,
The mysteries of God's hand?

Then away with my spirit beyond the sky,
O'er the pathway by angels trod,
Nearer and nearer the throne on high,
The home of my Father, — God.

C. M. P.

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EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

"Thus the Scripture miracles stand more and more alone and isolated. It seems to be the inevitable consequence, — a consequence, we may presume, not undesigned by God, — that, being more strongly contrasted with actual experience and with the vast development of the study and knowledge of natural causes, their force should diminish. As such events recede, and must recede, further into remoter distance, and become more at issue with our ordinary daily thoughts and opinions, the belief becomes a stronger demand upon the faith.

"Men believe in miracles, because they are religious. I doubt their becoming religious through the belief in miracles. Some may look back with idle regret to what they call the ages of faith. I confess, this is to me repulsive. Write of those time with calm, considerate candor, if you will, with devout admiration; but, in our day, such language is but folly persuading itself that it is wisdom because it thinks itself to be piety. It seems to make common cause between that which mankind has generally discarded as the object of belief, and that which, I trust, it will ever retain. I am not prepared to put on the same level faith in the Gospels and faith in the Golden Legend.

"For at the same time, and seemingly with equal steps, the moral and religious majesty of Christianity has expanded on the mind of man. The religious instincts of man have felt themselves more fully and perfectly satisfied by the gospel of Christ. These instincts will still cleave to those truths which are the essence of religion, — which are religion; while that which is temporary, and belongs to another period of thought and knowledge, will gradually fall away.

"Christianity, at its first promulgation by our Lord and his apostles, was an appeal to the conscience, the moral sense, the inmate religiousness, of mankind; not so much to the wonder, the awe, the reverence, as to feelings more deeply seated in his nature, — less to the imagination than to the spiritual being of man. Its wonders (admit the miracles to the utmost extent) were rare and occasional; its promises, its hopes, its remedial and reconciling and sanctifying and self-sacrificing and sorrow-assuaging and heaven-aspiring words were addressed to the universal

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human heart. Is not this, in some degree, foreshown in the gospel? Among the signs of his coming, after having recounted his wonderful cures of all diseases and infirmities, the Saviour seems to rise to, to lay the ultimate stress on, the simple words, 'And the *poor have the gospel preached to them.*' To this moral test, the Saviour himself seems to submit his own wonderful works. How were his works to be distinguished from those at that time thought equally true and equally wonderful, only that they were ascribed to Beelzebub, the Spirit of evil? It was by their beneficence, their oppugnancy to evil, — a test cognizable by, and only cognizable by, the conscience or moral sense of man.

"For the perpetuity of religion, of the true religion, — that of Christ, — I have no misgivings. So long as there are women and sorrow in this mortal world, so long there will be the religion of the emotions, the religion of the affections. Sorrow will have consolation which it can only find in the gospel. So long as there is the sense of goodness, the sense of the misery and degradation of evil, there will be the religion of what we may call the moral necessities of our nature, — the yearning for rescue from sin, for reconciliation with an all-holy God. So long as the spiritual wants of our higher being require an authoritative answer; so long as the human mind cannot but conceive its imaginative, discursive, creative, inventive thought to be something more than a mere faculty or innate or acquired power of the material body; so long as there are aspirations towards immortality; so long as man has a conscious soul, and feels that soul to be his real self, his imperishable self, — so long there will be the religion of reason. As it was the moral and religious superiority of Christianity — in other words, the love of God diffused by Christ, 'by God in Christ' — which mainly subdued and won the world; so that same power will retain it in willing and perpetual subjection. The strength of Christianity will rest, not in the excited imagination, but in the heart, the conscience, the understanding, of man." — *Preface to Milman's History of the Jews, Revised Edition.*

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LETTER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

DEAR SIR, — I send, at your request, a few extracts from letters received from the army in regard to our religious reading. Many more might be given.

This is from a lady connected with a soldier's hospital: —

"I thank you for 'The Monthly Religious Magazine.' We had a number of old ones, which I found were read with great interest by many of our patients. My experience goes to show, that the door is open widely for a more liberal faith than the dominant one of the past, and that multitudes are hungering and thirsting for just what we are able to give. I have been a constant attendant at the soldiers' prayer-meetings, both in the chapel and in the wards, and could not help noticing, that, while the exercises of the chaplains were uniformly Trinitarian in form, those of the soldiers were very rarely so."

A young man writes: —

"I was very much interested in the February number of 'The Religious Magazine,' which chanced to fall into my hands. Reading-matter of a kind like that is so scarce here in the trenches, that I am emboldened by your Circular to ask you to send it to my address."

The following is from an Orthodox chaplain: —

"Am always glad to get the publications which you send. The tracts of the American Unitarian Association meet the wants of the soldiers better than those of any other society that have come to my notice."

An Episcopalian chaplain and superintendent of a Soldiers' Home, writing to acknowledge the receipt of "The Monthly Religious Magazine," papers, &c., writes: —

"They will always be welcome in our 'Home.' Outside the army, we have our preferences, of course; but here we know no doctrine or creed, save that which supports the good old flag and true loyalty."

I very often receive requests for library books of a miscellaneous kind, — standard histories or novels or poetry or other useful works. These we cannot, of course, furnish with the money of the Association; but we shall be glad to use the facilities we have, by sending to the places where they seem to be most needed, any books that may be given to us for that purpose. We should only be willing to send, however, those that are of real interest and worth.

Truly yours,

CHARLES LOWE.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., March 20, 1865.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of the Jews, from the earliest period down to modern times. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul. Reprinted from the newly revised and corrected London edition. In three volumes. Boston: William Veazie. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1864.

The reader will find, in our "Random Readings," an extract from the admirable preface to this edition. The preface is so sensible and so timely, as well as so reverent and true, that we would gladly have printed the whole of it. Dr. Milman's book is well and favorably known. It has been in the hands of almost an entire generation; and, where a more elaborate and learning-laden history would have been laid aside, this pleasantly written narrative of Jewish fortunes has been read and read again, and with the utmost satisfaction and profit. As we all know, many points of Milman's important and interesting subject require a delicate treatment, — such a treatment as can be given only by one who, besides being a competent scholar, is endowed with what we may call perhaps a religious imagination, — a faculty which Mr. Theodore Parker lacked altogether. In this particular, Milman is singularly happy. Moreover, if there is a matter which must come at last into doubt, he leaves the reader to approach it gradually and naturally, and does not stagger and amaze and offend him with an abrupt and pronounced denial. The writer has brought up the revised edition to the measures of the new times, with its new learning, though he has made it plain — what, indeed, had been made plain to others who are not ready to be imposed upon by the dogmatism of scepticism any more than by the dogmatism of the conservative — that the alleged new learning is often very slender in material and in result, spite of much sounding of the trumpet. The third volume brings down to modern times the history of this wonderful Hebrew people, and gives us, in small compass, a mass of valuable historical and critical details. We wish to call attention specially to this portion of the work, to correct an impression which some may have that these pages are occupied simply with a paraphrase of the historical

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portions of the Old Testament. The material and form of the volumes correspond, in every respect, to the high character of the contents. For household and parish and school libraries, the book is admirably adapted. E.

Two Pamphlets. By B. F. BARRETT. Correspondence between Rev. Thomas Worcester, D.D., and B. F. Barrett; being a Sequel to the "Plain Letter."—Swedenborg and his Mission; or, a Sketch of the Character, Claims, and Teachings of the Great Seer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The "Correspondence" is closed by Dr. Worcester, who tells Mr. Barrett his "true position,"—that he is "set on" by "evil spirits;" that he is a "slave" to them; that he "never can come into a state of freedom, except by doing works meet for repentance;" that he shall "open no more letters" from him, till there is evidence that he has "come into a different state."

If Swedenborgianism is so heavenly in its influence as its disciples claim, we wonder very much how a man, who believes in it so heartily as Mr. Barrett does, could become so entirely possessed with the Devil as here represented; and, whether so possessed or not, how it could inspire this *style* of correspondence. We have a dim recollection of being plied ourselves with this amiable vocabulary; of being called "thief," "robber," "wolf in sheep's clothing," and we know not what else, as we have not looked for a long time into the Swedenborgian organs. "Stripling," "blasphemer," "profaner," were also among these holiday terms applied to some other heretics. Touching these sweet refrains of the "heavenly doctrines," our own opinion is, that the best course, dictated alike by wisdom and self-respect, is, not to hear them, much less hold "correspondence" with them,—putting a Pacific Ocean between you and them,—and so let them melt away in the distance, "like a song that dies along the sea, and then for aye is mute."

The other pamphlet, "Swedenborg and his Mission," is one of the best things, we think, the very best, that has come from the pen of Mr. Barrett. In forty-eight pages, written in a clear style, free of the diffuseness which is Mr. Barrett's besetting sin, in a frame of mind tempered with the mildest and sweetest charity, and a most catholic spirit, he sets forth the claims of his beloved Swedenborg. It is less discriminating than any competent criticism of Swedenborg should be; but, for the end it was written for,

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— to draw attention to the claims of the great seer, and help to a just appreciation of the wealth of truth and goodness in his writings, — it is exceedingly well done. S.

A Book of Golden Deeds, of All Times and all Lands; gathered and narrated by the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe." Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

This is a book of stories, — some of them rare, some of them well known in literature, illustrating the beauty and heroism of self-sacrifice. The heroes and heroines are of all religions and peoples, and they give us animating views of the best side of human nature. It is an interesting book for any one to read: children are delighted and thrilled with these tales of self-devotion, and get excellent practical lessons from them. S.

Essays in Biography and Criticism. By PETER BAYNE, M.A., author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual." First and second series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1865.

We have here two very pleasant volumes, wise in thought, abundant and various in illustration, and in spirit thoroughly religious, — valuable contributions to our Christian literature.

E.

PAMPHLETS.

Co-operation in the Father's Business: A Discourse preached at the Installation of Rev. S. B. Marvin, Harrison Square, Jan. 25, 1865. By JOHN WEISS.

The Cooling Globe; or, the Mechanics of Geology. By C. F. WINSLOW, M.D.

Both of the above are to be found with Messrs. Walker, Fuller, & Co.

The Fountain of Christian Truth: A Discourse by Rev. Dr. Furness. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co., printers.

We have from Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street, "The Work of New England in the Future of Our Country," an election sermon by Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., delivered Jan. 4, 1865.

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IMPORTANT MISSIONARY WORK.

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Extract of a Letter from Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.

I cannot express the satisfaction and pleasure which the work has given me. There is no aspect in which it is not of a value not easily measured. First, and chiefly, it is a calm, unexaggerated narrative of an actual verification of the rapidly transforming power of the gospel, not upon a nation favorably situated for its reception, but on a nation which presented every possible obstacle, fixed religious belief alone excepted It shows, in the absence of all other agencies for good, and in the face of numerous evil agencies, that there is in Christianity the omnipotence of its Author, and that it must prevail and triumph. Then, again, the book has interested me greatly as a student of the Bible and of church history. I seem to see in the narrative the processes of the primitive ages of our faith renewed, the evangelizing ministry analyzed, the character and history of the apostolic churches illustrated. Especially it gives the best commentary that could be written on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, and throws essential light on many incidental notices of the early churches in St. Paul's Epistles; and furnishes a ready and efficient answer to the cavils that are sometimes urged against the type of Christian faith and practice among the Corinthians, Ephesians, &c.

I cannot but sympathize with the joy the author must have felt in his progress throughout the Islands. If not royal, it was vice-royal; for who is a viceroy, if not he whose life-work it is to manage newly annexed provinces in the name and interest of the King of kings? There were several stages of the tour at which it seemed to me he must have felt as if it would be a blessed thing to have those congregations of ransomed savages, and those songs of Zion in a strange land, the last sounds and sights on earth. There were several places in which I know he was ready to say (and I could not help saying for him, though I trust he has not a few years of service still before him), "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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MAY, 1865.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. MAY, 1865. No. 5.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

THE readers of this Magazine have become acquainted with the proceedings of the conference through the reports of the secular press. They will get in this way, however, very imperfect and inadequate impressions of what was done and what is proposed to be done, as well as of the general spirit and tone of the meeting itself.

The convention at New York doubtless marks an era in the history of the Unitarian body, — if heretofore it has deserved the name of body. It was distinguished by two characteristics altogether new. It was strictly a representative body; not an accidental meeting of persons speaking for no one but themselves, but of persons whom the churches had selected, and sent thither. And they were represented, not by ministers mainly, but by laymen; as these latter constituted two-thirds of the delegates present. These laymen were men of the highest order of intelligence, many of them holding the first places of trust in the community, men of clear, practical wisdom, who evidently knew what they believed, and could give a reason for it.

Apprehensions and forebodings of evil preceded the meeting, preventing we know not how many churches from being represented. Some creed will be got up, it was said, and imposed upon the body; or the door will be thrown wide open to radicalism, which will come in and take control. Or

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there will be a great "fight" between the two wings of the denomination, and a schism in consequence.

They met: many of the delegates sharing these vague apprehensions, and also the general feeling of uncertainty which one shares in stepping upon untrodden ground.

Dr. Clarke's sermon in the evening of Tuesday, recommending "a change of base," though well enough as he would explain the phrase, by no means allayed these apprehensions. So that, when the convention met the next morning, and ere its organization was complete, a distinguished layman brought in five distinct articles of faith, virtually a creed, which he proposed as the basis of the new organization. These articles were as follows: —

1. Belief in the Holy Scriptures as containing a revelation from God to man, and as deduced therefrom.
2. Belief in one God, the Father.
3. Belief in one Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, the Son of God, and his especially appointed messenger and representative to our race, gifted with supernatural power, "approved of God by miracles and signs and wonders which God did by him," and thus, by divine authority, commanding the devout and reverential faith of all who claim the Christian name.
4. Belief in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
5. Belief in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection from the dead, and life everlasting.

Here was a very excellent creed, and probably nine-tenths of the meeting so regarded it. But they thought its introduction ill-timed, and laid it upon the table; not, however, till it had developed, very decidedly, the two opposite lines in the convention, which were reserving their fire.

The convention then went to work, putting off this matter of a creed for the last stage of the proceedings, and giving it in careful charge to a committee of twelve, representing all shades of opinion. The work of the convention consisted mainly of three things: —

Hearing reports from the various associations existing within the denomination, that the whole field of operation might

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be clearly surveyed, and the demands made by the increasing wants of the times clearly made known.

Devising some plan of action.

The deliberation and discussion held thereon as preliminary to its adoption.

Some of the reports were prolix, and contained irrelevant matter. But Dr. Stebbins, representing the American Unitarian Association, gave a view of the new field of work now opening before them, especially in the desolated South. The wants of Antioch College, the importance of filling up the Cambridge and Meadville Theological Schools to furnish teachers and missionaries in promoting the new civilization, were also made prominent, and the whole subject discussed with much eloquence. Dr. Miles read a report from the Society for promoting the Cause of Theological Education, one of the oldest benevolent associations in the Unitarian communion. Reports were also read from the Sunday-school Society; from the New York, Maine, New Hampshire, and Western Unitarian conferences. All together gave a clear conception of the organized Unitarian charities and associations, their field of operation, and their need of being greatly strengthened and re-inspired for the work which the Divine Providence lays with special urgency upon the liberal churches.

Next came the plan which the committee of twelve reported the next day. They brought in a preamble and constitution. The preamble embodied the creed, if you will, or the Christian bond of union and basis of action. It recognized the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, "increasing our sense of the obligation of all the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building up of the kingdom of his Son." The articles following with by-laws, simply provided for the permanent organization of the national conference for Christian work.

The articles passed unanimously: not so the preamble. It developed again, and unmasked the two lines of division.

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Our readers will perceive, that the preamble, though simple and comprehensive, embodies the grand article of the primitive Church. It acknowledges Jesus Christ as Lord, and gathers us around him as disciples, claiming our lives and possessions for the building-up of his kingdom. It organizes us, not as theists and philosophers, but as disciples and followers of one Lord and Master.

To some, this language and the idea which it expresses were both offensive. Christ was not "Lord," they said, but "Servant." He claimed no such lordship over us. The passage came spontaneously into the hearts of many; and it was written and sent along from hand to hand, "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am." One man said that "master," in those times, meant the same as "mister" with us. The debate showed a deep current of intense, anxious, and excited feeling; and it became very evident, that, if the preamble was stricken off, a schism would immediately follow, parting the "disciples" on one side and the "theists" on the other. On taking the vote, however, the majority was overwhelming and decisive. The preamble was adopted, and the body was organized as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. The vote probably was as ten to one, though no count was made.

Thus, after passing upon some details and subsidiary matters, closed the business-meeting of the convention. A word as to its general spirit and character. It was marked by an enthusiasm more deep and strong than we have ever witnessed before in the Unitarian communion. We think most who were present must have come away with the impression that the occasion was not got up by individual effort and influence, but that it came in the fulness of time, by a controlling Providence, as an agency required in the solemn future just opening before us. It indicated that the Unitarian body is no more to be fragmentary, but a national Church, to do its part in evangelizing and educating the people redeemed from the barbarism of slavery. It settled one point about which there had been much doubt and despondency. It had been feared, and really supposed, that the denomination

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was swinging round into the naturalism represented by the name of Theodore Parker. The decisions of this convention — the first one which really ever represented the churches, two-thirds of the members being lay-delegates — came down so emphatic and strong on the other side, as to show, that either those ideas never had any real hold upon the Unitarian body or, if they had, the rebound is now pronounced and final; and a universal re-action has taken place. We are not drifting from the foundation, but standing upon the Rock of Ages ten times more firmly, for having looked into the gulf down which no light ever shines but the private reasonings and guesses of erring men.

It would hardly be right to omit the social gathering in the evening, after the business-meetings of the convention were closed. The Music Hall was crowded by some thousands of persons besides the delegates of the convention. The speaking was excellent; the best feeling flowed through the festivities of the evening; but its grand feature was the speech of our Governor Andrew, who struck the key-note both of the convention and of the national rejoicings, and, for an hour, swept the hearts of his hearers with thrills of thanksgiving for our victories, hopes of a brightening future for all races, and of subdued and most tender sorrow for our fallen brave.

So far, the convention was a signal success. Its one great article of faith places the denomination on clear and firm Christian ground, — the ground on which its fathers placed it, leaving to the right of individual interpretation to unfold the wealth of the gospel in ampler measure. If it stands on this ground, and goes forth heartily and strongly in the name of Christ to do its part in the civilization of the new era now dawning upon us, educating and christianizing the races which look to us for light, building up the waste places, covering the desolations which the war has made with the greenness of a new day-spring from on high, organizing and directing its vast resources of wealth and intellect and learning for this noble end, a new career of prosperity is before it, and the divine blessing will be upon it, we are persuaded, in ampler measure

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than it has ever experienced. Having made a clean denominational line towards the neologism of the day, which had hung around the goodly ship like a cold Newfoundland fog, it may go on, if it will, in the clear sunlight, wafted by the breezes of God's spirit, freighted with the divine riches and with the best hopes of mankind. S.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXVII.

"AUS GNADEN SOLL ICH SELIG WERDEN."

Melody, — "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

BY J. G. W. FORSTMANN.

[Another hymn is in the Psalm Books, with the same first line and to the same tune, ascribed to Christian Ludwig Scheitz, 1742.]

From Grace alone descends the blessing,
And I am safe and reconciled;
For no desert of my possessing,
The Father owns me for his child.
Through my Redeemer I am pure;
Through Grace my hope is ever sure.

Through Grace; — for who can be deserving
Of what the Saviour Christ has done,
Who, through his cross and passion serving,
For guilty men a pardon won;
When he, who knew no speck of sin,
Chose that sharp road to travel in?

By Grace 'twas done. Revive, ye sinners,
Made clean by what he underwent!
The law-condemned are heaven-winners,
Believing now and penitent.
What gifts, which he alone can bring!
The culprit is a priest and king.

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Oh, then, with feelings glad but lowly,
Extol the hope on mercy built!
Presume not on that goodness holy,
And thus be heaping guilt on guilt.
For they who trifle with such love
Shall find their trust a ruin prove.

Help, Lord, through Grace to be confiding;
Be with me when my strength is small;
And, when my treacherous feet are sliding,
Forbid that they should slip to fall.
Thy hold alone keeps man upright,
And shields him from the Tempter's might.

When Grace the soul to glory raises,
With all the saints above the skies,
More nobly, Lord, shall sound its praises
Than here on earth the strain can rise.
For there made perfect I shall shine,
For ever blest, for ever thine.

XXVIII.

"IESU, MEINES LEBENS LEBEN."

BY ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, 1659.

Jesus, of my life the living,
Of my dying is the death;
For my sake his own self giving,
Yielding up in pangs his breath;
In the deepest shadows lying,
That my soul may know no dying.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert scorned, rejected, hated,
And acquainted well with woe;
For thy brows the thorns were platted; —
Why consent to have it so?

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That I might thy joy be sharing,
And a crown immortal wearing.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this.

Thou wert willing to be wounded,
That my stripes might healèd be;
Wert with threats and bonds surrounded,
That I might go safe and free;
That my trust might ne'er be shaken,
Thou didst please to hang forsaken.
Thanks and praises numberless,
Dear Redeemer, be for this. N. L. F.

LETTER TO ONE PERPLEXED BY DOUBTS.

Your letter, my friend, reveals a state of mind not so unusual and strange as you seem to imagine, — a feeling in which many can sympathize in these days, when the very foundations, not only of society, but of religion, are disturbed, and questions as to all that you have been accustomed to regard as sacred and immutable are discussed with a critical freedom rarely before known. Your whole mind and spirit have been disturbed, and for a time thrown off the old balance. Carefully educated in religious truths, regarding the Bible with sacred reverence, trusting its words with implicit confidence, and accepting the opinions of your Christian parents and teachers with unhesitating faith, — now that you are led to search for yourself the foundations of truth, to feel your own personal responsibility in the formation and expression of your opinions and faith; now that you feel no other soul can do more than guide you, and even then with no infallible certainty; and that, from the one Fountain of life, you must draw for *yourself* of the living waters of truth, the free gift of the Spirit, — no wonder that for a time you are perplexed, wearied, disturbed.

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Your dimness of spiritual vision, and your intellectual perplexity also, re-act upon your daily life and character. The uncertainty of your faith, and the consciousness that others do not appreciate your difficulties or sympathize in your doubts, renders you too often captious and irritable. So wonderful is the mechanism of our inward being, so delicate the chords that bind all in harmony, that, if one of the members suffer, all must suffer with it; and, if one string be untuned, there must be only a discordant response. And this, too, only adds to your self-reproach and weariness. You know you are wrong; you strive to conquer the bitter feeling or the angry word; you strive to perform the old routine of daily duty with the old cheerfulness and zest: but the restless thought within cannot find an answer of peace in the outward routine of life; and, burdened with the added consciousness of failure and sin, you cry out in despair, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to his seat! Who shall deliver me from this wretched uncertainty and doubt? — from the body of this death? Who shall tell me what and where is truth?" You say, "I strive to pray; but these same questions and perplexities press in upon the soul as I approach the mercy-seat, and God becomes a vague infinity, not a personal Father, the hearer and answerer of prayer. I endeavor to approach Jesus; but how shall I think of him? as man, as God, or a super-angelic being of whom I can have no distinct conception, — neither able to love him as really my brother and Saviour, nor to see clearly the Father dwelling in him? I turn to the Scriptures. Am I to read these writings through the interpretations of scholars and divines, or am I not also to add to such critical knowledge the free use of reason and of my own intuitions? Will not, and does not, the Spirit speak now to each longing soul, no less than to evangelists and apostles in earlier times? And how shall I distinguish this voice of the Spirit from the teachings of reason and consciousness? In a word, where and how shall I find rest, after all these wanderings and sins, and in the midst of doubts and anxious questionings?"

In reply to your inquiries, my friend, let me offer you a few

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simple words in true sympathy, trusting they may be of some avail in opening to your spiritual vision a clearer view of Him in whom alone is peace, — who says to all the weary and heavy-laden, "Come unto me, and ye shall find rest."

I do not doubt the reality of your Christian aim and purpose, — that you have been sincere in your words and teachings and life hitherto. All of the past is not lost nor false because God is now leading you through these valleys of humiliation, and these deeper inward experiences, to a fuller sense of your need of him. But you have rested too much in the opinions of others, have been content with the repetition of religious phrases and observances, and have too often substituted religious *opinions* for religious *faith*. Thank God, that you feel your need of a surer and more stable support; and doubt not, that, even through these weeks and months of darkness, he is guiding you to a firmer foundation, — a trust that cannot be shaken; an inward, personal realization of the truth that cannot be taken from you.

And, first of all, be faithful in prayer, and *persevere* in your longing petitions. No matter how indefinite is your thought of God, how faint your comprehension of his infinity; no matter if your heart-longings seem uttered only to a vague presence, or even to return to you void, — still *persevere*. Keep your soul open to God; keep the eye of the spirit turned to him. You *know*, that, in turning away from him, there is only unrest. Pray, even if you cannot in distinct words; for remember that these very longings of the soul are the truest prayers: and so cherish and deepen them. Pray and *wait*. Wait God's own time. Never yet has he failed to speak to the soul longing and asking to hear his voice, and patiently and trustingly waiting his own hour and way.

> "For he will come, in his own time and power,
> To set his weary-hearted children free:
> Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
> And the bright morning yet will dawn for thee."

And, next to prayer, strive to gain some distinct conception of Jesus, that no longer he may be to your soul an indefinite

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person, a sort of myth, a being afar off, whom you do not comprehend, — neither man nor God, — whom your early education teaches you to regard with reverence, whose words you say you believe, whom you feel you ought to love, but to whom you have never yet been drawn with aught of the real affection you feel to parents and friends, because there is so little reality to his being. Here lies one chief source of your difficulty; and, were this in any degree removed, new light and peace would come to you. You strive to love him, to know him as your Saviour and Helper; but you can form no conception of him to your mind's eye. You have never really felt his love to you, and love only can beget love; and thus there is self-reproach for your coldness, and the thought that you ought to feel differently. The deepest faith cannot indeed comprehend him who reveals to us the Father, in whose soul are depths of being which no frail, finite spirit has ever yet fathomed. But more and more can we read, if we look to him, not through any preconceived theory or any opinions *about* him, but as he really lived among men, — as their friend and brother, and as we find he speaks to the soul's yearnings and wants, through the words uttered first among the hills of Judea or by the shores of Galilee, and now whispered to the spirit's ear through the ever-present Comforter.

Read the Gospels as they stand in their simplicity and fragmentary character. Read them with an unprejudiced mind, and without bringing to them any preconceived theory. Place yourself among the disciples who followed Jesus from day to day; go with him to the loved home at Bethany, or to the feasts at Jerusalem; mingle among the crowd on the sea-shore, listening to his words, or follow with the chosen few to the retired garden or the lonely mountain-top; watch him from day to day in his words and works of love, — and one impression will be borne in upon your soul: that pure and sinless as he was, elevated infinitely above all around him through that very purity and spirituality, he was yet one with us; the perfect man, the second Adam, the new creation of God, through whom a new divine life comes into the world. He stands as the representative of our race, the one complete

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and perfect flower, — not merely the perfect man, but the perfect woman also; for in him was a completed and perfected humanity.

Losing sight of his humanity, we lose him as our brother and friend; and all that is so touching in his love, so tender in his compassion, so strengthening in his sympathy, so quickening in his example, is of no avail to us, when we place him far away, as some intermediate, super-angelic being, of whom we can gain no clear conception. For his temptations, then, are no real temptations, his sorrows no real sorrows, since he can be human only in the sense of wearing this human form of flesh and blood. He is no longer our brother in any way we can clearly comprehend. Do not fear to look upon him, as did his immediate disciples, with wonder and reverence indeed, but also with a consciousness of his real sympathy and help and love. "He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." — "He was tried in all points, *as we are*, yet without sin." — "He was made perfect through suffering." These passages, and all such as speak of him as experiencing the emotions of joy or sorrow, pity or indignation, exaltation or depression, tenderness or aversion, reveal him as in truth the *Son of man*.

But as our brother, our example, our guide; as the representative of a perfect humanity alone, — he would not meet the soul's deepest wants. Your own yearnings and desires teach you this; your longings to know more of God, and to be more deeply conscious of his nearness to you.

Regarding Jesus, then, as the representative of a completed, perfected humanity, the "only-begotten of the Father," he was also, if we may use the term without a cold technical definition, the humanity of divinity, the "Word made flesh," — "Emanuel, God *with us*." God dwelt in him, and he in God. As the uncreate, the self-existent, the great "I Am," we cannot comprehend God. But all that we can know of him, all that can be expressed to man of his infinite and fathomless being, we see in Jesus, the personal God, the Father who loves us and sympathizes with us, who cares for us as his children, who reconciles us in Christ, and bids us live the life

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of children in his home of love. "He that hath seen me *hath seen* the Father." — "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." And thus fixing the eye on that holy one, *seeing* the Father in the Son, we feel that God is no longer afar off, but comes very near to us; not merely that he manifests himself, or reveals certain attributes in Christ, but that he actually abides in him. "The Father that *dwelleth in me,* he doeth the works." — "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the *Father in me?*"

You may speak, and truly speak, of God being everywhere present, of his filling infinity, of his spirit dwelling in every soul; yet, in your present state of mind, I believe that this view of God *in Christ* will aid you more truly than any other. It will bring him near to you, and give you that sense of his personal love and being you need; and you will hear, as from a divine voice, those blessed words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and ye shall find rest."

And now, in your weary struggles for light and truth, Christ comes to you, — not merely with sympathy, as the tried and suffering one, but evermore one with God: from his glorified humanity, he comes as the Comforter to sustain and to guide you, and to baptize you with those holy and sacred influences which you long for so earnestly, and which alone can still the restless cravings of your soul.

"Yes: the Comforter draws nigh
To the breaking, bursting heart;
For, with tender sympathy,
He has seen and felt its smart:
Through its darkest hours of ill,
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, '*When* comes his hour?'
Then when it shall aid thee best.
Trust his faithfulness and power;
Trust in him, and quietly rest.
Suffer on, and hope and wait:
Jesus never comes too late!"

"God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," redeeming it from evil, lifting up its fallen and sinful humanity, and infusing into it a divine life, coming as a new life and

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light amid its darkness, and imparting to it his own divinity, — what can bring him nearer to us than this sublime condescension and love?"

Looking thus to the Father in the Son, listening as a child to the Spirit's voice, — slowly it may be, yet surely, will the light dawn within your soul. You will hear the words, "Thy sins *are* forgiven; go in peace," with such a sweet assurance of faith, that no sense of personal ill desert or inward failure can take from you. And when, from the deep recesses of the soul, comes the yearning cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" the promised day-star already will have arisen.

"Wait! for the day is dawning,
Though the dark night be long;
Wait! God is *not* forsaking
Thy heart. Be strong, be strong!"

Persevere in prayer; look earnestly to Jesus until you see the Father *in* him; and so look and strive and patiently wait, — yet wait, not in apathy and indifference, but resting in God. No longer let the want of spiritual and intellectual clearness lead you to impatience and distrust, and the loss of self-control in the daily life; but *work* while you look and pray and wait. Be faithful in your daily duties; faithful in the active services of love to others; and through this very endeavor to be faithful and conscientious, as far as you see and know, new light will open to you.

Not the soul, dimmed by passion, can see the pure light of truth, or discern God's presence: only the pure in heart can see him. Not in settling opinions *about* Christ, or theorizing about his nature, will you find peace in believing; but alone in the consciousness of having him in your soul.

To refuse to walk in the narrow way because we *see* not always our guide or the end of the path, is a fatal mistake. Obedience, indeed, is easier when the vision is all clear, and there are cloudless skies above us; but to follow the Master amid the darkness is a surer test of faith. "Take up the cross, and follow me," are his words. The way he may lead us, and the cross he lays upon us, are his to choose. It is ours to follow and to bear, through darkness or light; and no light

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cross is this inward darkness and perplexity. Only the soul that has known its weary strivings, its untold yearnings, its restless struggles, its bitter doubts, can know the blessedness of the first dawning of a clearer light.

And this blessedness will yet be yours. Watching and praying, working and waiting, looking to Jesus, you will more and more clearly see the Father in the Son, and be drawn to Christ as your Saviour. "*God in Christ*, reconciling the world unto himself." And so will all minor questionings sink into insignificance before this glorious truth. Still will you seek, and press on to know more fully; no longer restless and anxious, but as a child learning of the Father. Coming unto him, infolded in his love, you shall find rest unto your soul.

"May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have *suffered* a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!"

THE HIDING PLACES OF POWER.

EVERY reflecting person feels that he is responsible for his words and deeds. He alone is answerable for the effects which they produce. It is his agency which has brought them about. He is responsible for the form which his activity takes, and for the manner in which he employs his opportunities and his time. But there is another and a most important matter in respect to which we are too apt to underrate our responsibility; I mean, our influence. This, as its etymology implies, is something that flows out from us. It is the impress which all that is comprised in our personality produces upon others. As the sun sends out its rays of light and heat, so from every individual there proceeds a power which modifies those upon whom it falls. We cannot separate ourselves from those social, sympathetic bonds, along which invisible spiritual currents run. By the very tone of your voice, or aspect of your countenance, you affect those

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about you. You cannot be sad, even though your grief should obtain no utterance through words, without others sorrowing with you. You cannot be cheerful, and not communicate your joy to other hearts. You cannot neglect a duty, and not afford excuse to some one else for deferring and abandoning what he ought to do. We may not suppose that the results of a wrong word or action stop with its immediate effects. For instance, a person may prevaricate in some matter that seems trifling. Apparently, except as a matter of present convenience, whether he spoke truth or falsehood would make no difference. But the consequence of his action does not cease with the attainment of the object which he sought. It produces an effect on other souls, modifies their characters, weakens their faith in virtue, and renders them less scrupulous to speak the exact truth. Nor does our speech and action affect simply those with whom we come in contact. Our influence is transmitted through acquaintances to thousands who have never known us. Persons who have never heard our names, nor been aware of our existence, may have the whole current of their lives changed from some thought or feeling that we have expressed.

And not only so, but our influence mingles with the stream of time, and is transmitted to succeeding generations. We can see this plainly in the case of men like Luther, Calvin, Howard, Milton, Channing; but it is equally true in the case of all. Those who come after us are different from what they would have been, were it not for what we do and what we are. The character and conduct of the rising generation are modified by the influence of the one that is passing away. With far more certainty than the transmission of property, the influence of the parent passes down the long line of descendants, modified, of course, by other agencies producing more or less effect. The great poet of Greece called words "winged." They fly not only to the understanding of him who first hears them, but issue again from his mouth, until perhaps they take the circuit of the globe, become translated into foreign tongues, and reach the minds of successive generations. When Dr. Franklin wrote the maxims of "Poor

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Richard's Almanac," he probably supposed that they would excite only a transient interest; but they have spread wherever civilization has found a foothold, and regulated the practice of thousands of individuals. He himself admits that his own course was determined by two little books that long since have been banished from booksellers' shelves, and are hardly to be found in our largest libraries. Now, we can trace the influence of Franklin's words, because he uttered his thoughts in that proverbial form which fastens itself in the memory, and remains unaltered; but there are numberless thoughts expressed which take new forms from the lips of each utterer, and can never be traced back to their source. If we suggest an idea to one of our fellow-beings, or call forth an emotion from him, we, in a greater or less degree, influence his character. He is different from what he would have been, if we had not existed; and, consequently, the impression which he will make on others will have been modified by our own upon him. As the thistle commits its seeds to every breeze, and each seed becomes a new centre for the growth and dispersion of these troublesome plants; so from ourselves influences are continually passing which take root firmly in other breasts, and become inwrought into the character and conduct of other persons. These influences may be good or may be evil, but they are unceasing; and, solemn thought! their effects are endless. The loudest utterance of the human voice dies away. The circles caused by disturbing the waters of a placid lake subside; but the influences that flow from *us* strengthen as they widen.

> "*Our* echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow for ever and for ever."

They accumulate force like the snowflake that starts from some Alpine ridge, and increases into an avalanche. What an influence does the mere existence of a person set in motion before he becomes a conscious agent! The new-born child, helpless and unintelligent, calls forth a world of thought and emotion in his parents' hearts. He awakens their deepest affections; arouses a solicitude which they have never felt for

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themselves; causes them to look forward into the future, and plan for his culture and happiness; enables them through love to transform labor, weariness, and self-denial into pleasures. What pleasant anticipations, earnest wishes, heartfelt prayers, a weak, dependent infant awakens! What an alteration his existence makes in the plans and management of a household! What tenderness, and sense of responsibleness, he occasions! What a restraint upon the words and conduct, what a stimulus to effort, the mere fact of his being in the world affords! While yet "new to earth and sky," a mere creature with appetites and sensations, with less apparent intelligence than the insect or the bird, he has exerted a most potent and usually a most beneficent influence, at least upon his parents' hearts. As he advances in life, and his mental and moral powers expand, his circle of influence widens. His brothers and sisters, his schoolmates and playfellows, are affected by his intellectual qualities, by his temper and his energy. A single truthful, obedient, affectionate child, such as became, when arrived at manhood, the first president of our republic, transforms the character of all his associates. He restrains them from quarrels, stimulates them to diligent application, imbues them with a frank, courageous, honorable, and generous spirit. Without knowing it, he has conferred upon his companions a benefit that will cause them to bless him as long as the soul continues to exist. Daily, hourly, every moment, his influence has been felt in the family, the school, and his circle of acquaintances; and it has made better every one upon whom it has fallen.

Or suppose, what too frequently happens, that the child, without being especially vicious, is yet self-willed, resentful, and quarrelsome. Suppose that he is regardless of his parents' wishes and the happiness of his companions and his own improvement, or that his mouth is defiled with profane and impure words, or that he is unable to curb the flow of animal spirits, and devotes to his sports the time that belongs to more serious occupations; how powerful an influence for evil does he send forth,—an influence which the most diligent efforts of judicious adults can never counteract or annul!

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Without wrong intentions, from mere carelessness, he becomes like those who cast the seeds of a noxious plant into a garden, or who poison the springs that supply a community with drink. He has caused pain in the hearts of parents and teachers, compared with which the laceration of a limb might easily be borne. He has modified in a greater or less degree all with whom he has associated. They are different, probably, through life on account of their intercourse with him. They struggle with habits which his example helped them to form, and look back with regret to the dispositions cherished by his companionship. Suppose him to attain the age of manhood; and that the expansion of his mental powers, the experience of life, and his own reflections, have proved insufficient for his reformation. How surely does his irreverence, or worldliness, or disregard of others' interests, or bitterness of spirit, or other wrong quality, hinder the progress of the community to which he belongs! How are generous impulses chilled by his apathy! how are mischievous intentions fostered by his encouragement! how are dissension, variance, animosity, and wrath kindled into a flame by a spark which he has malignantly dropped! He has been the inharmonious pipe of the social organ, the bruised muscle or broken bone of the body politic, the unintentional, perhaps, but still the responsible, corrupter of souls.

How different are the effects produced by his character, from those that proceed from that man or woman whose heart is swayed by reverence towards God, and love for man; who at least strive to govern themselves, although their efforts may not always be successful; who disclose that the chief aim of their existence is to make themselves and others excellent!

Now, take the influences that have proceeded from any person in the ordinary ranks of life from the time of infancy to the age of threescore, and consider how immense their amount, upon what a multitude of persons they have taken effect, how widely they propagate themselves, and how their consequences are eternal; and can we estimate too highly our responsibility? Can we say lightly to ourselves, "It is no consequence what I do: my example is of no weight"?

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May we dare to spread that subtle, moral poison that weakens and distorts the spiritual natures of our fellow-men? Must not the earnest prayer ascend to God, "Preserve me from promoting the downfall of my fellows"? Must it not be the thought of young and old, "Let my influence ever be on the side of justice, truth, good order, intelligence, freedom, piety, and good-will"?

It is said that, in a dockyard of England, a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward, and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly towards them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

There is much, too, to encourage those who think their influence is small, still to do their utmost. They do not work alone. If they are laboring for humane and noble ends, laboring to promote the objects for which Christ labored, they have the sympathy and co-operation of all who are excellent and devout, of all those whose approbation and assistance are most desirable. "The voice of Nature and of God speaks out upon their side." With the consciousness of divine aid, no thought of failure can be joined. In the great edifice of human perfection which God is rearing, every stroke helps forward the work, and is wrought by his presiding mind into connection with other portions of his plan. The thread of

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our existence is woven into the fabric by which God reveals himself, — a thread which may be beautiful throughout its course, or which may be stained and defiled by sin. It is true, then, that although we may not in any single hour seem to effect much by our influence, yet the sum of the results which the existence of each person in the world has caused cannot be estimated by human arithmetic; and a right effort, made at the right time and in a right manner, will have God's blessing go with it, and become one factor of an enormous product.

How plainly is this illustrated by those elements of our civilization which have come to us from past ages! We know not who uttered for the first time many of the truths that guide our conduct. We know not those who have helped to swell the current of philanthropy, courtesy, purity, piety, generosity, and other noble qualities, which mingles with and sanctifies the stream of worldliness that flows through the nineteenth century; but yet the power of their characters is felt by us. Plato and Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, and numberless authors, artists, inventors, and men of science, confer their benefits upon thousands who hardly know that these men ever lived. As from an inland lake a stream is brought by subterranean aqueducts, and at length comes to the surface in fountains that sparkle in the sunlight, or is distributed through numberless pipes into the dwellings of a populous city; so, through the channels of history, a stream of influence has flowed from all that were virtuous and lovely, blessing and regenerating mankind. From the spirits of the daparted, from the spirits of those friends whose bodies we have committed to the dust, what a hallowing power comes! It goes with us as we labor. It is near us in our seasons of meditation; and, though it is too sacred to find expression often through our lips, it exerts a constantly refining agency on our hearts. We are daily made purer and better because such as these have lived and died.

But the most perfect illustration of the power of right influences is found in him so justly named the "Son of Righteousness," the "Light of the World." — "The music,"

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says a writer whose prose is alive with the spirit of poetry,— "the music which led the shepherds to the manger was not sweeter than flowed evermore from the words and deeds of Jesus. As the clouds surcharged with gathered waters drop down upon the earth, so fell on the waiting souls of his disciples his words of promise; and as the earth opens her bosom to drink in the rain from above, so drank their spirits of the descending influence, and grew, though they might know it not. As sun he shone; as planets they received the beams and were glad, though they might wait long before they understood what were all the illuminations that fell upon them. And when the last dark hours are over,—those hours in which their faith faltered, and their love was found insufficient for the trial,—a new insight would naturally succeed. The Life re-appears from the realm of death. The Spirit descends, and they know the Lord. The vast continent of truth, on whose coast they had been passing so long in the evening shades succeeded by the deepest midnight, but from which brightest lights had shone and sweetest voices had floated to them, is now open and radiant,—its mountain heights with their pure celestial airs, its rivers and valleys with their groves and Edens, its whole unlimited sphere of new and divine beauty. Not more really did the disciples bear the image of the parent through whom existence came to them, and by whom their childhood had been nourished, than they bore also the divine image, which, thus impressed, enlivened, illumined, ennobled them; in virtue of which they perceived themselves likewise the sons of God."

The influence of one life that was perfectly loyal to duty, that satisfies our highest conceptions of spiritual excellence, how quickly it spread through the world, and formed societies in its corrupt cities, whose members were bound to each other by closer ties than those of nationality and kinship! How it operated then and operates now in bringing souls to a consciousness of a paternal God; in restraining them from sinful dispositions; in elevating them above the power of temptation; in affording them support, consolation, and repose! How, from that great reservoir of truth, rills of sacred

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influence have been carried down through the centuries, and over all the world! How, like the inflowing tide, which causes the rivers to reverse their course, does the current of spiritual life that proceeds from Christ counteract the wrong tendencies of the human race, and subject the appetites, passions, and affections of each individual to its superior power! The brief, and, as it seemed, the insignificant ministry of Jesus has been the most important agency in the historical development of mankind. And let it be remembered, that, in so far as we are like him, we become centres of illumination, light-houses of the world, shedding the radiance of a Christian character over the storm-tossed waters, and giving guidance, hope, and courage to many a mariner that is seeking the sure haven of God's love.

We have two modes of influence: the first is voluntary. We may put forth direct efforts to affect the conduct and character of others. We may persuade them by our words. We may seek to convince them by our arguments. We may employ the strength of personal affection to lead them with us. We may appeal to their own sense of what is true, honorable, and right. We may intentionally modify our own conduct in order that they may be moved by our example.

But we exert a still more powerful influence unconsciously. It flows out apart from our own efforts, and produces impressions which are entirely hidden from us. From each person, actions, words, and looks continually proceed, which, without his own or others' knowledge, affect the behavior and disposition of those about him. The very presence of those who have gained an intimate sympathy with our Saviour's spirit elevates the tone of conversation of a company into which they come. There are those, before whom evil thoughts, selfish motives, wrong desires, vanish; who carry with them an atmosphere of purity, peace, gentleness, and love; while there are others whose touch makes vocal all the discords of the soul. Let no one think that he is irresponsible for these unintentional influences. They are the natural outflow of the character. They are the pure or impure current that proceeds from a sweet or a brackish fountain. There is no

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spiritual law more important than this: *We tend to make others what we are ourselves.* God grant that it may not be the lot of him who writes or of you who read this page to look back upon a life unproductive of good results, but fruitful in pernicious effects! May the painful consciousness be not ours, that our example has led others to frivolity, to an unprofitable use of time, to the various vices of the tongue, or to the exercise of the evil passions that obtain lodgement in the heart! Let rather be ours, through the help of God, the hope, that, although we have been unworthy, yet in some degree we have contributed to render those within our influence more trustful in Providence, more desirous to be excellent and useful; that we have lightened their burdens, cheered and comforted them in sorrow, and helped them in their struggles against temptation, — helped them to obtain the blessedness which springs from confidence in God, and obedience to his will.

CHRISTIANITY is not a *bare conceit* that a man need only to acknowledge with the mouth, and believe that Christ died for us, and hath satisfied for sin; that a man need only to give assent to the gospel, and hold the history of what was done by Christ to be true; and that a man need *only* and *barely* to go to his testament, and there receive the grace which he left behind him, and comfort himself therewith, and account it as a merit and *imputed grace.* It is not *enough* for a man to hear sermons preached, and to be baptized to Christ, and go to the Supper, so that a man do but keep the custom. This by far maketh *no* Christian; it must be earnestness: none is a Christian unless Christ *live* and work in him; as Christ himself saith, *Without me, ye can do nothing.* John xv. 5. Also, *He that gathereth not with me, scattereth.* Matt. xii. 30. — *Behmen.*

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A MAY IDYL.

THE Spring is here; the sweet May-blooms,
Like snow-flakes, whiten all the air:
I smell the delicate perfumes
Of apricot and pear.

I wander down the garden slopes,
And take the path that nearest leads
To where in blind assurance gropes
My buried store of seeds.

Ah, Nature fails me not! She keeps
Her promise sacred as of old:
See where her glad fulfilment peeps
Up through the softened mould!

Pansies and pinks and daffodils, —
A brave array of bursting green;
Prophetic of the bloom that fills
The summer days with sheen.

A handful of unsightly seed, —
That was the simple gift I brought;
And, lo, in answer to the deed,
A miracle is wrought!

Nature, sweet Conjurer! I kneel,
Grateful yet awed before thy shrine:
The mystery of thy strength reveal,
And make thy secret mine.

I know the rich, warm summer hours
Shall crown the promise of the Spring,
And I shall walk among my flowers
As happy as a king!

But for that other, higher growth, —
The flowering of a perfect soul, —
Alas, that care and sin and sloth
Still keep us in control!

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We are not wise as Nature is:
She follows on where we essay
A smoother path; small marvel 'tis
That we do go astray.

And when shall come her autumn days,
And she, among her fruits and flowers,
Stands glorified, 'twere doubtful praise
To match her work with ours.

Oh, bitter tale of wasted years!
Oh, record of a life misspent!
That might have been so void of tears,
So brimful of content!

But what avails it? Let us cast
The old aside; it may be, yet
We may glean something from the past
More potent than regret;

And, standing at the last, may hear
The heavenly mandate, "Hither come!"
And with a tearful gladness bear
The tardy harvest home.

Thus, they who entered in and wrought
At the eleventh hour with zest,
Received — so Christ the Master taught —
Their penny with the rest.

C. A. M.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

EVERY party striveth only about a literal image, and will have Christ bound to their imagelike opinion, and will be *patron* of that image, and do it upon no other ground, but that they will attain glory, honor, and high *esteem* by it; which may be known, in that they all of them *disgrace* and contemn one another, that each of them may but maintain his imagelike opinion, and be called and esteemed lords of the mysteries of Christ; and yet in their heart's respect, nothing but the earthly *Lucifer*, with temporary honor and self-will; and will be worshipped as Christ. Every party would have it so, that men should worship their image; viz., their *framed* literal opinion. — *Behmen.*

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER V. — SUBMISSION.

I THINK I have once or twice alluded to Arthur Ashton's brothers and sisters. His parents left five children; and of the youngest but one, Sarah, my story requires me now to speak.

She had passed her fifteenth birthday, and had become a healthy, well-proportioned girl, whose regular features, pleasant smile, affectionate ways, and native gracefulness of manners, had been noticed by all friends of the family.

What an element of personal attraction is this gracefulness of manners! Elegance of form, brilliancy of complexion, and perfection of features, may at first more impress the eye; but they do not win the heart so much as attitudes, gestures, movements, which seem inspired by the soul of beauty, and have a living charm. In none of her gifts does Nature appear more capricious; for, while there are some to whom this grace is as spontaneous as the aroma of the flower, there are others to whom no art can give even a consciousness of their defects.

I had also noticed in her, as united to strong good sense, a rare self-possession, and quiet self-poise of character; and, to a remarkable steadiness and endurance of purpose, she added those bright sparkling emotions which well forth from a deep fountain of imagination and sensibility.

Every one saw how quick was the sympathy between Arthur and this sister. In some respects, she strongly resembled him. He had secured for her a thorough, solid education, and was now looking to see her mature into womanhood, —

> "Like the swell of some rich tune, —
> May advancing into June."

Is there any other point in human life more full of expectation and hope, or when loving eyes observe more intently the daily unfolding of bloom and beauty?

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There is likewise, I believe, at this precise age, a peril that often sends sorrow into circles which but yesterday were radiant with hope. It is the fruit falling from the tree just as it has received its form; it is the rose dropping from the stem just at the opening of the bud.

It seems to add to our conception of the treasures of heaven, when we think how many have been taken hence in virgin innocence, with no mark of this world's care or sorrow on their souls, and with that first, fresh thirst for what is divine, which seems to make them even here but a little lower than the angels. Perhaps it is through some mysterious consciousness that such as they may at any time be claimed and called up higher, that we all feel such an interest in that age.

The fact of Sarah's sickness had not been named to me in a manner that gave me any impression of supposed danger. It was in the latter part of summer, in those long, warm days when the sun pours forth such a dazzling brilliancy, and the song of the birds is hushed, for their season with us is ended, and the locust, high in the trees, with his prolonged and zealous whiz, has taken their place, and hardly a thing moves, save now and then a soft breath from the west lifts the silken tassels of the corn.

Amid all that quiet repose around, how swift in one place was the progress of disease!

> "The light of her young life went down,
> As sinks behind the hill
> The glory of a setting star,
> Clear, suddenly, and still."

The partition that separates this life from the other, at times seems thin, and almost transparent.

I shall not soon forget the tenderness of our interview when Arthur and I first met after Sarah's death.

I believe there are few such occasions of contact and blending of souls, as, among near friends, the first hours of bereavement present. May not an intimation that One comes tenderly to us in our sorrows be drawn from the fact that he has made others to come so close to us then? Why did he do this if he be indifferent to our griefs?

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There is an unquestioning assurance of human sympathy in the longing to tell all the story of our trial. And here, too, why should we be made to find help out of ourselves, if help from the Highest be only a dream?

I know that others cannot share the hardly suppressed emotions with which we dwelt upon all the particulars of her sickness, — her gentleness and patience; that calm self-composure which she maintained throughout; the clear possession of her mind up to the last; that looking steadily to what might be before her, yet without one symptom of fear; and then, in the final slumber, that sweet smile on her lips, as if she discerned kindred forms, and heard loving words of welcome — as she may have done — from the other side of the rending veil of time.

Perhaps we have not always given the right name to an event which comes with so much gentleness and beauty.

"I cannot tell you how it is," said Arthur, after a long pause, "but my heart seems full of the conviction of His unutterable love. Never, in my happiest hours, have I felt it so thrillingly as now in this chamber of death. In making me capable of sustaining these precious relations, in giving us that loved one at all, in the memories of those happy years of her childhood, and now in that gentle voice with which she still speaks to me, how much is there here that melts my heart! I feel not only that it is all right and well, but that He is infinitely good."

I could not but think that perhaps the newly-ascended so much draw our minds after them, by spiritual attraction, that we have momentarily the advantage of their clearer sight, distinguish better between shadow and reality, and know God more in his substance, which is love.

I have often reflected upon the fact that it is in our highest states that faith is strongest: it is only when our soul falls into neglect that the bats and owls of doubt fly to the windows to lodge therein; and I believe I made some remark upon the confirming power of those higher visions which we have in the presence of death.

"How is doubt possible," said Arthur, "when I feel the

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divine hand laid upon me, and I know by so much that thrills through me that it is the hand of the Father? Say not that he is too great to notice us individually; for he has noticed each of us, because he has made us; and the infinitely wise and loving One is not like a poor artificer who casts aside and forgets the work of his hands. 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice;' and why should we renounce our faith in that, in order to believe that we are only bubbles, floating, uncared for, on the currents of a boundless ocean?"

We sat for sometime silent; but our thoughts turned again to her who had left us.

"To the earthly eye," said Arthur, "it seems strange that she, so hearty and full of promise, should be the first to be taken from our little flock. But what do we know of all that belongs to those times which are in His hands, that we should call any thing untimely? Even for us who are left, it may be best that she should henceforth live, as she will, closer to our souls than when she was in the body; while, for her, will not those elements of a noble womanhood unfold more perfectly there than here?"

A reference of his hand and eye gave another direction to our minds. We uttered not a word, and yet somehow we seemed conscious of each other's thoughts through processes more subtle than speech. It was before the impenetrableness of the mystery of death that we stood dumb.

It was with us as with a party of friends who arrive at one of those Italian cathedrals, before the portal of which, in summer, hangs a heavy leathern curtain. It lifts up suddenly, and one passes in: we seem to get a glimpse of arches and statues, to catch the swell of the organ and a wave of the incense, when the curtain instantly falls, and the wonders of that temple are known only to the one that has entered, and left us standing outside in speechless awe.

"She has entered within the veil," said Arthur, "to explore, earlier than we, those mysteries and glories of which we cannot here conceive. And, when I think of her as wondering and happy in those upper mansions, is it wrong in me to long to know those things, and to wish that I was there?"

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I cannot describe the hushed and eager manner in which these words were uttered. To my surprise, I detected in his eye an expression I had never seen there before. It was that sort of unearthly radiance which sometimes accompanies mortal disease. It startled me, and made me mentally ask if it were a token that his trembling aspirations might ere long find their object. But, thinking it possible that the look might have come from weariness and excitement, I rose to take my leave.

I drew Arthur to the window to observe sunset clouds, such as we sometimes see in early autumn, the beauty of which the skies of no other land, I believe, often surpass. The sun had just gone down; and his full rays fell upon a long mass of clouds that hung in motionless repose, and in folds of infinite grace, just above the horizon. From the gorgeous splendors of this line, up, up, even to the zenith, in ever-varying hue and brightness was the western canopy illumined, while its golden reflection tinted all the trees and hills around.

It was one of those sunsets which make us feel as if we might expect to see the faces of such angels as Raphael has painted peep over the clouds in grateful adoration.

I have often heard the stricken and bereaved remark that Nature seems to have no sympathy with their sorrows; her ongoings are the same amid all their anguish. They feel as if the sun ought not to shine brightly, nor the cheerful order of the world be continued. Some thought of this kind I let drop in the hearing of Arthur.

"No, no," said he earnestly; "such is not my feeling. I remember that, when a boy, if any thing unusual befell me in the presence of my father, if only I saw his smile, I was assured that nothing bad had happened. Here is the smile of the Father! Nothing bad has happened. Death benignantly takes its place in the quiet order and beauty of His works."

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LIFE FROM THE DEAD.

A Sermon preached in the First Church, Boston, on the day following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

LUKE xxiv. 5, 6: "And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

THE voices still sound for the ear of faith; and he who hath that ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches to-day. It is our resurrection-morning, a time consecrated to gladness; and yet it finds a nation in tears. Our tower of strength is fallen. Bloody violence has invaded the high places of the land; and he who was in deed as well as in name the head of the people, more and more trusted, more and more loved, as he was better and better known, lies dead, — our country's martyr. Only on the last Thursday, I tried to acknowledge, in a few earnest words, the eminent worth and high services of our noble President, and now he is no more with us on earth; and, saddest thought of all, the wrath of man hath wrought for us this woe. Let every believing soul exercise a high and serene and Christian trust, according to the great necessities of an hour which hath no precedent in our history, and be wise and calm and faithful in the persuasion, that, in the providence of God, the wrath of man shall accomplish all the more completely that divine purpose which nothing can defeat or so much as delay. Our Easter* flowers shall remain in the house of prayer, not because we are glad, — we cannot be glad to-day, — but because we are full of the great hope which is the Christian's anchor, and which holds in the stormiest sea. They are providentially here to grace the burial of our Chief Magistrate, honored and well-beloved, the best defence of the nation, under God, only yesterday: they shall be eloquent

* Easter Sunday, April 16.

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symbols of immortality, shining witnesses of the light that burns behind the darkest clouds, and of the love which is unchanging; of the earth, earthy, and yet fragrant as with the airs of heaven, and telling us of things heavenly, that —

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green."

I am not sorry that it is Easter-morning; that the sad message has found us at the open tomb of Jesus, thankful, with a Christian thankfulness, that death is for ever abolished, and taught, by that look of triumph in the eyes of our risen Lord, how surely and how swiftly sometimes God brings the best things out of the worst, and clothes the heaviest spirits in the most radiant garments of praise. Let us confess his hand; and that known unto him are all the works of man from the foundation of the world; and that this blow also was needed, else it had not been given in the providence of One who never willingly afflicts.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." It is a pious, faithful, and most tender office to go to the graves of our loved ones; and not to weep there were to be less than human. Know ye not, said the apostle, that ye are the temples of God; and that your very bodies are consecrated, fashioned into majesty and beauty by the life within? And we have all seen how the departing spirit sets upon the lifeless form its own lovely image; and, in proportion as we honor the soul, we deal very tenderly with the soul's wonderful tabernacle. Nevertheless, there is need of the question, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" — need that, even here in Christendom, we should again and again be told, "He is not here, but is risen." They are not the words which man's wisdom teacheth. Science does not announce them amongst her discoveries, old or new. The heart of nature hath no such burden as that to roll forth from its burning core, persistent as is its hope, deep as is its desire of immortality. The voices are the voices of angels: they come to us from that tomb in which Christ and his gospel seemed to be for ever buried; they are the echoes

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of those early testimonies which declared to all the world, beginning at Jerusalem, that he who "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried," rose from the dead on the third day, to be called, ever after, the Lord's Day, to be the Easter of each week, —

> "Till week-days, following in their train,
> The fulness of the blessing gain;
> Till all, both resting and employ,
> Be one Lord's Day of holy joy."

It is an unspeakable privilege to live in days when the angelic voices are to be heard; and we never hear them more distinctly, and are never more sure that they are from heaven, than when, in our human weakness, we are afraid, and our faces are bowed down to the earth. It would be agony sometimes to look upon the poor stricken body, over which the change may have passed almost in the twinkling of an eye, if the spirit which leads us into all blessed and consoling truths were not waiting for the opportunity to say, "He is not here, but is risen;" for that is what the spirit whispers in the heart of every true believer since the Lord abolished death. The bridegroom has been taken from them, and the children of the bride-chamber may well mourn; but it is a holy and hopeful sorrow which moves their hearts, and they are lifted at once into heavenly places with the departed, and he is transfigured before them; and the eyes which were holden before that they could not see are anointed; and, because he lives, we live. Listen now, as you never yet have listened, for the angelic voices. It is a nation's opportunity to grow into a deeper faith in the everlasting life, — a faith that death only sets free, and reveals the bound and hidden soul. It is a faith which we owe to Christ. He changed the philosopher's opinion and the people's hope into a practical and abiding persuasion. The angels did not light up the tomb with their glowing faces and shining garments until he was laid in it. Then words of good cheer were heard, which were not passed by as the idle tales of the superstitious, but were taken up as most authentic

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Gospels, and proclaimed wherever men, from fear of death, were subject to bondage. It is our blessed heritage from those who were glad because they had seen the Lord. It is a faith which we can have in its power and fulness only so far as we are thoroughly Christian, not merely in the reception of the outward facts, but in a conformity to the very heart and mind of Christianity. It is a faith which must be proportioned to our other faiths, and chiefly to our confidence in truth and goodness and immortal love. Not to all the people is Christ revealed, but to witnesses chosen before of God, who, though like Thomas they might hesitate for a moment, could not scoff like the Athenians when Jesus and the resurrection were named together, since nothing could be more credible than the rising of such a Lord.

Not of us is it to believe; and yet God's gift is also our act, and we must exercise ourselves in this grace; and a public grief so heavy and so unlooked for, and so suggestive of anxious questionings as this which presses upon all hearts to-day, may challenge and exalt our faith in things unseen, and help us to taste the powers of the world to come even more than a private sorrow. Let this be the measure of our Christianity. By this let us know whether we have been the companions and friends of Jesus, whether we look at the things which are seen, or at the things which are not seen, according as we shall be able to look up from the grave, and to seek for the living in their appointed and exalted places. God is not the God of the dead. Truly to confess him is to confess the life everlasting. No hand of violence can rob you of aught living, or consign you to hopeless sorrowing for the dead, if you yourself are truly alive. Find the soul in the body whilst the body lives, and you cannot be persuaded, — no, not though an angel from heaven should say it, — that, when the body dies, the soul too goes down with the dust into the grave. "Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Oh for that strong and ardent faith, which, in losing a visible person, gains an invisible life! — a life which is ours no more by virtue of corporal contact or contiguity, but flows in upon us through channels hidden and

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divine. It is a blessed faith which enables us, when the man is gone, to rejoice as we never rejoiced before in his high and gracious manhood; and, when the countenance is changed, to walk more gladly and steadfastly than ever before in the pure light which illumined it, and made the hard lines of a plain and often sad face soft and flowing and almost comely. It is a blessed faith which so joins us to the wisdom and goodness, to the honor and gentleness, and all the fair and sweet humanities of our friend, that, when he is taken from us in a moment, we find that what made him justly dear is more ours than ever; not to be groped for amongst the dead, but already abroad in this world of the living; accomplishing still the will of God on earth, and amongst the children of men. It is a blessed faith which suffers us not to linger over our dead beyond the just time of a natural and healthy sorrow, but commits and commends us, as soon as may be, to the paths of our daily life in which he walked, to the works which he was not permitted to do, and to the greater works which he promised, which makes him more to us in the way of inspiration and guidance than he could have been whilst he was in the body. In mourning for the tabernacle which a mad and wicked hand hath invaded, do not forget to seize and appropriate the great life which hath been not so much unclothed as clothed upon. Disappoint any who may have secretly desired or planned this great crime, by showing forth, with the enthusiasm of a new discipleship, the very being, the very persistent purpose, which they would have put out of the world had it been possible. And what vengeance is to be compared with that divine vengeance which multiplies a thousand-fold the one voice that a cruel death has silenced, and makes of the truth which was buried in the ground a word of strength and joy for the whole world?

There is a crime unto death. It ought not to be lightly dealt with. Let no man ask that it may be forgiven; but, when the ministers of God who bear not the sword in vain have fulfilled their office, and the criminal has received the stern sentence, let us remember, were it only for the honor

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and the love which we bear to our dead, the generous and humane spirit that was so large a part of his noble manhood. I confess that I have not thought that they mourn for him wisely, who, renouncing his spirit before his poor outraged clay was cold, propose to be bitter and revengeful in fact, though not of course in name, as he was not. Friends, — *Christian* friends, — followers of him whose first disciples were as loving as they were just, let us not forget the many sad warnings of man's history, the cheats which his deceitful heart has put upon him; let us not forget that what is begun in righteousness and love is often ended, and not well, in unrighteousness and wrath. We shall have lost our noble leader indeed, if we lose his spirit, the wise and considerate mind, the excellent judgment, the tender, humane heart, that were in him; if, with all the wrongs, cruel wrongs, foul wrongs, that we have suffered as a nation, we forget that we are a Christian nation, and proceed to demand, and that too in the name of our gentle sufferer, measures of severity which he would never have sanctioned; so taking advantage of his dying, to thwart one of the high aims of his living. You know that I have spoken in but one voice from the beginning of this war, pleading for its rightfulness in the sight of the highest Christianity; and so you will not misunderstand my warning, lest, misled by passion, and not following, as we suppose, our man of peace, we inaugurate a reign of terror and blood. God grant that our martyr may be our deliverer; that he who was raised up in the most manifest providence of the Lord to be our counsellor and guide in our years of sore trial may still rule and bless the people from the hiding-place of spiritual power; and, if we have had occasion to distrust him who is now called to the highest seat, may our fears be changed into hopes, and the desire of the nation be accomplished! *

* The preacher desires that the paragraphs above may not be interpreted as recommending lenity to the authors of privy conspiracy and rebellion, and he is glad to add that the circumstances, well known to the country, which led so many to distrust our present national Chief Magistrate, have been explained by those who speak with authority to his entire satisfaction.

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ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE BURIAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

BY RUFUS ELLIS.

"Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe."

THANKFULLY do we give an hour to prayer and to a few commemorative and, let us hope, submissive and trustful words. Would that we also might bend over the nation's honored dead, and join the sad train of mourners in the chief city of our land, and hear that solemn passing bell, though its iron hammer would fall upon our very hearts! But, since this cannot be, we do well, throughout our borders, to pray together as with one heart and voice, and fill the air of a loyal country with acknowledgments of Him who gives, and of Him who takes; whilst in our sanctuaries and before our altars, and as in the presence of the great God, we record a new vow of consecration to that cause for which, as himself has told us,—and he was no mere word-monger,—he was willing even to die, and that by the hand of an assassin. It is a time when human lips frame themselves almost inevitably to the speech of praise; but this need not be the speech of falsehood. Perhaps we never utter truer words of those whom we honor and love, than in the time when our grief is sore upon us. The calm if not cold critic, weighing and gauging and analyzing, is more likely to be unjust than even the loyal friend pouring out the abundance of a sorrowing heart. Reverence and love are the best of all interpreters. With their help we can discern, in their strength and beauty, the spirits that inform these mortal bodies; and, not fastening our attention upon the infirmities of our poor dust, we gladly bear witness to the inward glory which is immortal. And I

* Delivered in First Church, Boston, on the 19th April, 1865.

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am persuaded that the words of sincere and heartfelt admiration and affection which may be spoken in this hour, when the dead lies out before the face of the whole nation, will scarcely need any abatement in the more quiet days that shall come.

1. *The Lord gave.* It is true of every good and perfect gift; but we cannot always see it as in these years, as on this day. It requires no singular discernment to recognize in him who has been struck down, a providential leader and guide of the people, and so to make good our frequent saying, that our world hath not been forsaken by the God who made it. I am not surprised that he bore, though a Christian, that old Hebrew name: it befitted one who, in so many ways, was signalled as a man for whom there was a purpose beyond our common and every-day purposes. I find no difficulty, I do not charge myself with cant, when I call him, in old Bible phrase, a man raised up, as the Lord is wont to raise up his servants, from the midst of the people, from following the herds, to accomplish the people's purpose, which is also the divine purpose, as hath been manifest ever since Christ came from Nazareth, and had compassion on the multitude, and was heard gladly by the common people. For the common people *the Lord gave* him to be the best embodiment of a genuine Christian democracy which these days or any days have yielded, to labor, to suffer, to die for his brethren. According to its highest interpretation, that is what this life, so cruelly assailed, means for us. He believed in the people because the spirit of the people was given so abundantly unto him, and in circumstances which were singularly favorable for its exercise. He was not learned, — the people are not learned; he was not a man of outward graces, — the people are not outwardly refined; his was not the imagination of the poet or the tongue of the rhetorician: but he had, more than all the people, the common sense which the people has; and his nature was singularly receptive at once of the divine and of the human. He had in large measures that religious faith without which no great work is ever done, — that faith which scholars and philosophers

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and poets, nay, priests, may lose; but which the people, unless they have been sadly abused by the superstitious and tyrannical, never lose. Unlike some, who live as if God were dead, he listened for the words that proceed from the mouth of God, the oracles that are never dumb. He was content to walk with that Invisible Guide, not going before as some would have had him do, nor yet lagging behind. He was *raised* up, I say; for he was no will-worshipper, and his wisdom did not come by any private interpretation; and, though compelled against his instincts to be a man of war, he had no thought of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence; knowing the people better than they knew themselves, he was willing to be blamed alternately by one or another faction of them, sure in the end to be commended by them all, as on this day. His truth was the people's truth; plain, practical, homely; such truth as all honest and good souls are led into, at least in gospel lands, where the Bible lies in the cottage window, and catches that other light of the sun as it shines in through the leaves of the creeping vine, and is read by the poor man's boy. His goodness and his gentleness made him great; and, when sometimes we impatiently asked for a greater, we presently found that this child of the people was better for us than any son of the wise or mighty. He took no thought for the morrow; he lived a day at a time; and lo! whilst the reasoners were reasoning and the schemers were scheming, the people were made free: we could hardly tell how. God gave us what we needed, not the unconsecrated power which would have ruined us, but the righteousness and love which are saving us. I did not mean to dwell upon this being and character. I meant only to say, *the Lord gave*, only to point you to the providential in this great life.

2. Shall we say also, *The Lord hath taken away?* Yes: there is deepest wisdom in the old words, "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God;" and, rightly interpreted, they do not diminish man's responsibility, while they do re-enforce his trust. The people needed another martyr. That poor fool and sinner accomplished the very purpose which he thought to defeat. He sent one who, perhaps, had

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battled long enough, — for joy and sorrow dwelt together in that heart as in every really great heart: you can read that in his rough, sad face, — he sent one who had fought a good fight, to the world of peace: but whether he acted alone, or, as there is too much cause to fear, with a host behind him, he brought into the light, as never before, the spirit which scorns and flouts the people, and, like Pharaoh in Egypt, is ever reaching forth a hand to slay the man-child who is born to inherit the earth. Let the people take courage. There is nothing that enriches the ground like the precious blood of a martyr. Deep damnation hath the murderer wrought for himself: for his own soul he has dug a deep grave. It had been better for that man if he had never been born. But we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth; and the cause of the people was never so hopeful as it is to-day, when they bend over the bier of the Strength of their Israel.

3. *Blessed, then, be the name of the Lord!* So we round the inspired sentence; praying that the breath of its divine life, the holy, heavenly Comforter, the Resurrection, may breathe through our souls, and that our land may be lifted up from its mourning, and take up the burden which he who has gone bore so faithfully and so well. Blessed be the name of the Lord! for memories the proudest, and hopes the most sacred, are more than ever ours; and the Saviour of the people still lives. "Fear not," saith the voice out of the heavens; "for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honorable, and I have loved thee; therefore will I give men for thee and people for thy life." In this promise let us trust, and the night of our weeping shall give place to a glorious day. Let us look backward, only that we may the more bravely and confidingly look forward; let us gaze in sorrow upon our dead only that, in the strength of Him who liveth for ever, we may be more devoted citizens

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of that country for which our dear and honored friend was willing to die; and, as we turn away for ever from the face which has been changed, let us gather about him who, in the providence of God, is now the head of our nation, with hearts full of loyalty, and lips framed to prayer.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

WHAT times are these in which we live! What tragedies are we compelled to witness! The President of a free people assassinated in his own capitol! A conspiracy to murder the chief rulers of the nation, and thus paralyze or destroy the Government! Our flag, that so lately waved joyfully in the breeze, now draped in mourning; our bells, that rang out pæans of victory, tolling for sorrow; our nation in tears, that but yesterday was jubilant and triumphing! In what age, in what country, do we live, that such catastrophes are realities? If the sun had been turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, the horror would scarcely have been more dreadful. Passion Week is henceforth to be doubly significant as commemorative of a nation's agony, and Good Friday will be shrouded in a deeper gloom from association with the slaughter of the most beloved of magistrates. It is a personal as well as a public loss. It is a stab at every loyal heart, as well as at the cause of order, civilization, and liberty. God speaks to us by such events; and it becomes us to listen to the teachings of his providence, as well as to his written word.

The first impression that is made upon us, after we have recovered from the shock which well-nigh overwhelmed us, is the feeling of mingled astonishment and shame at the baseness and enormity of the crime. We see of what wickedness man is capable. Human nature seems disgraced. The principal villain was not an ignorant, but a cultivated man. He had no personal provocation. The object of his dastardly

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and deadly aim was the representative and instrument of the people, who had given the least cause for the assault. If such a deed had been perpetrated under a despotism, during the dark ages, we might not have wondered. But that it should have occurred here, in this nineteenth century after Christ, in this enlightened land, under the most liberal form of government, at the hand of one intelligent, refined apparently, and even accomplished, proves the iniquity which man may commit, and the inadequacy of mere culture to prevent it. Education, indeed, only enables the criminal to be more artful and more successful. The arch-fiend himself has consummate power and intellect. It is the moral sentiments alone that control the will and the life. As man may rise in the scale till he reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, so he may sink till he approximates the devils. The character of Judas is now less difficult to understand. He was only a betrayer, not a murderer. Here, however, was a parricide as well as a traitor.

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
> But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."

It was an attempt at the life of the nation in the person of its Chief Magistrate. On the very day upon which our flag was replaced at Sumter as the symbol of the national authority, the head of the nation was struck down in Washington. It is a matter of humiliation as well as sorrow for us as a people. Those who hold their power by force against the will of their subjects now seem to say to us, "Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?" We never believed it possible that the spirit of assassination could exist among us, since we publicly declared, that rulers derive all their authority from the consent of the governed. We can hardly hear with patience of the deification of human nature; that men are all embryo saints; that sin is only stumbling, necessary to man's development, and deserving only of pity, but not of punishment. As this war has for ever silenced the advocates of peace, so let us hope that we shall hear no more of views which represent the criminal as merely

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unfortunate, and the assassin as only a less fully developed Christian.

If we turn now to contemplate our great loss, we cannot but admire and bless that signal Providence which selected one who was the son of a "poor white" in a slave State, and who grew up in a log-cabin in a Western wilderness, to be the ruler of this great nation in the most critical period of its history. Abraham Lincoln was pre-eminently the product of our institutions. Not graceful or refined, not always using the English language correctly, so that he did not receive a degree from Harvard College, he has proved to be the very man for the times; and he has won a place in the opinion of foreign critics and in the esteem of his countrymen, which is second only to that of Washington. He had the greatness of goodness; not a powerful or a brilliant intellect, but plain, practical good sense, a sincere purpose to do right, an eminently catholic spirit that was ready to listen to all sides, and a firm, unshaken belief in the expediency of justice. He believed in God, and in the victory of truth and righteousness. And when so many of our distinguished men have employed their talents to defend iniquity and to bolster up injustice, when so many of our presidents have encouraged corruption and intrigues, both at home and abroad, it was most auspicious that we had in the chair of state one whose honesty was unquestionable, and whose patriotism was above all doubt. Hence he proved such a skilful pilot, because he pursued so straight a course; no man who ever wielded such power having had so few enemies. Considering that his life was menaced before he was inaugurated, and that he was constantly in peril, it is wonderful that he was spared so long. But his work is done. He lived to restore the old flag to the spot where it had been stricken down, and to tread the streets of the conquered capital. He has now gone to join the great army of which he was the commander-in-chief, who have laid down their lives for the country, and with whom he will ever be associated as the chief martyr. Providence did not permit him to rebuild the temple of our liberties; but he was enabled to lay its foundations, to see its outlines and its glori-

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ous proportions, and to behold all nations and races worshipping in it. No greater treasure could be left to us than the legacy of his services and his example.

It is impossible that one man could have concocted, matured, and executed such a crime. There was a cause behind, and this act was only the "crest of the wave." To those who are familiar with the society of the South, this deed did not occasion surprise. Opinions and practices prevail there, which are in perfect harmony with this atrocity. Founded on a system of injustice which abrogates all natural rights and all personal relations, which denies liberty, marriage, knowledge even of the Bible, murder is rife there as the natural concomitant of ignorance, concubinage, and barbarism. Slavery corrupts the conscience, and relaxes the entire moral law. Deeds of violence are permitted and prompted by it; and it is within the remembrance of all of us, that Southern senators in the Congress of the United States have publicly threatened to hang Northern men, if only they could arrest them. The same fiendish spirit which massacred our wounded soldiers, which starved our prisoners, which endeavored to burn the women and children in the hotels of a great city, renders a deed like this neither impossible nor improbable. And when we know that it was declared by many at the South that Mr. Lincoln would never live to be inaugurated; when we know that a million of dollars was asked for in their public prints as the price for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of State, — we are compelled to find here the instigating cause of the murder. The assassin says in his letter: "My love is for the South alone. This country was formed for the white, not for the black, man. African slavery is one of the greatest blessings God ever bestowed upon a favored nation."

The author of this diabolical act was not a rebel, but a confederate with rebels; and his deed is the result of sympathy with treason. A Northern sympathizer with the enemy is far baser than a Southern foe. Not daring openly to take up arms against the Government, he opposes it by every means in his power. We all know in what quarters praise has been given

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to the insurgents, false charges have been preferred against the Government, hatred has been enkindled against the blacks, and the prediction made, that, if war broke out between the North and South, it would be carried on also in our own cities and towns. These declarations have tended to embarrass our cause, to weaken the Government, to sow dissensions at home, to strengthen our enemies abroad, to encourage the South, and to create that state of disaffection which has now ripened into malicious murder. They who by their words have helped to make that public sentiment which has now manifested itself in act are morally participants in the guilt of it. "He that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." Because treason involves such prodigious crimes, because this rebellion is so gigantic, we do not perhaps regard it with the abhorrence which it deserves. Villany often makes men bold and desperate. But robbery and murder are not excusable because they are committed by many rather than by few, by States rather than by individuals. One might perhaps find even in Satan some qualities to admire. The enemy of the country is far more to be loathed than a personal enemy. Jefferson Davis is a far greater criminal than Booth, because a nation was his victim, and he has sacrificed thousands of lives. The republic is in a life or death struggle. Public sentiment is our only safeguard. To praise the enemy is to assist them. On this account, men should be held to a strict responsibility for their expressions. These may incite others to overt acts of treason. The North is full of persons of doubtful loyalty. The subtle poison instilled by slavery is still lurking in all its parts. It is well known that many of the friends of Edward Everett regretted his patriotic course. The assassin of the President has friends in Boston, and doubtless a large number of accomplices throughout the country. There are many persons of wealth and influence who have no word of condemnation for the rebellion. Such persons are unworthy to live in a free country. Sympathy with treason is more dangerous than open rebellion. If allowed to pass unrebuked, no one is safe, and civil war may at any time break out in our streets. We

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must have a public opinion which shall not allow even the utterance of disloyal sentiments. Let those who hold them, whether they be foreigners or natives, be compelled to silence; or, if they speak, let them be shunned as the enemies of their country and of their race. If one can take of this recent tragedy with any feeling but that of abhorrence for the actors in it, and for the spirit that prompted it, let him be excluded from society, and avoided as one who is in league with the powers of wickedness.

In our treatment of the rebels, we must be careful not to give way to the spirit of revenge. There is a tone of haughtiness and contempt which is but little different from that used by the Southerners themselves. Sarcasm, malice, hate, are not justifiable even in a good cause. If we punish a boy, we should not taunt him. There should be righteous indignation, but not unrighteous and unchristian resentment and wrath. There should not be vengeance, but justice; a complete vindication of the right, and an utter extirpation of the wrong. There must be a distinction made between the leaders and the people. The latter are to live with us, and must be conciliated and civilized. The former, who knowingly and wilfully have plotted and achieved all this mischief, must receive no forbearance or indulgence. They have been guilty of the greatest offence known to the law. They have sought the ruin of the nation. It is not safe that they should be permitted to live among us, to destroy our peace and injure our prosperity. We owe it to posterity that treason shall be regarded and punished as the most heinous of crimes. These incendiaries have no claims upon us, no rights which we are bound to respect. They are vipers which must be crushed, else they will sting the hand that would nurse and feed them. Their spirit is inexorable and implacable. Their civil ruler declares, that the war shall be continued, that he will never abandon the work, that no peace shall be made, that again and again will he renew and maintain the contest. Their military leader, in his farewell to his defeated soldiers, expresses his increasing admiration of their constancy and devotion to the Confederacy, and says, "You will take with

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you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed." The Southern correspondent of the London Times writes, "If Richmond falls, and Lee and Johnston are driven from the field, it is but the first stage of the colossal revolution which will be completed. The closing scenes of this mightiest of revolutionary dramas will not be played out, save in the times of our children's children." No toleration must be extended to men who continue to avow such sentiments. The theory of State sovereignty must be for ever annihilated. The curse of slavery must be for ever extirpated. They who take the sword must abide the appeal to the sword. This even-handed justice must —

> "Commend the ingredients of their poisoned chalice
> To their own lips."

We must have hereafter a stronger government, which can deal with the elements of treason and rebellion. There must also be more respect paid to our rulers, and more confidence reposed in them. Party opposition has been carried altogether too far. Prejudice and political feeling have, in some persons, well-nigh extinguished patriotism. We find fault with every act which does not accord with our views or policy. We do not recognize Government as the expression of Right, and obedience as a sacred duty. We do not appreciate our great men until they are taken from us. All persons now unite to honor the President when dead, who would not praise him if he were living. What a sad commentary is this on our injustice and ingratitude to public men! Mr. Lincoln is a striking instance of the unreasonableness and unfairness of political opponents. He was blamed by both extremes. Let us see to it that his successor is better supported.

In this country where the people rule, every citizen has a duty to perform. The State requires his allegiance and his service. Especially should the intelligent and religious portion of the community feel under solemn obligation to give their influence in the nomination and election of wise and virtuous rulers, in the support of all measures of sound public policy, and in the maintenance and increase of all use-

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ful institutions. The republic cannot spare the voice or vote of any of her good citizens. And yet a few persons control our elections, nominate our officers, superintend our public interests, and watch over the public good! The withdrawal, one after another, of our prominent men, imposes an added responsibility on those who remain. When there are so many materials of discord in the State, every one should exert himself to maintain order, liberty, and progress. A few reckless individuals can cause incalculable injury to the community. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. The organs of public sentiment must be true. The tone of public debate must be candid. The spirit of public assemblies must be loyal and firm. The best tribute which we can pay to the memory of our great chief is increased fidelity to the principles which he represented. If his course commands our admiration, it should also incite us to imitation.

We have many reasons for hope and encouragement as to our country. We have cause for gratitude, that, with all the hostile elements among us, we have escaped the outbreak of civil war at the North. We have cause for thanksgiving, that our people have showed themselves so devoted and brave; bearing cheerfully the burdens and calamities of this conflict, and resolved that it shall be closed only by a righteous and lasting peace. We have cause for praise, that, notwithstanding our great loss, we have still so many able leaders left, and that our Government is so well able to cope with its open and its secret enemies. Our land is the dearer to us for our sacrifices. The blood of our martyrs sanctifies and enriches it. Their spirit passes into thousands of hearts. How costly is the progress of the race! It is only by the giving of life that we can have life. The first period of the war is nearly closed. The military portion of the work is almost done. There remains the more difficult part, that of civil reconstruction. We must have faith in our fundamental ideas. We must have faith in man and in human progress. Above all, we must have faith in God, in the triumph of his truth, in the establishment of his kingdom on the earth. New glory and prosperity are in store for us, if we are only true to the

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principles of that kingdom. In the wise words of our late President, let us hope that peace "will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their cases, and pay the cost. Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result." E. J. Y.

RANDOM READINGS.

OUR GREAT SORROW.

THOUGH its first expression has been most solemn and universal, it still lies heavy on every loyal heart. The thought that we must now go on without ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the good President, brings a gloom over the household as if one of its dearest inmates had been taken out of it. For he *was* an inmate in the families of the land, since he came home to the hearts of the people as no other man has ever done. God gave him to us in our hour of need; and we clung to him more closely as he grew upon us every day. We were just beginning to get some adequate appreciation of his moral greatness and goodness. A great military leader, in his place, if tainted with selfish ambition or a vindictive temper, would have changed the form of the government into a despotism. But how mildly and how tenderly did our beloved President wield the tremendous power committed to his hands! With all the abuse and obloquy heaped upon him, not a tinge of bitterness or vindictiveness ever colored the fountains of his heart, that ever flowed with the milk of kindness. His pleasantries, which many sneered at as unbecoming the dignity of his office, were surface irradiations, which showed the breadth and depth and richness of his nature.

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His statesmanship was of the very highest order, — so high that it raised him into the immediate sphere of the divine guidance; and the leading measures of his administration seemed more like divine suggestions and inspirations than State policy. We thought him dull and slow; but how wisely timed were his proclamations, as if a higher wisdom than we could discern was shining upon his path! His second inaugural will be regarded as the most remarkable state paper that was ever written, for its high religious tone and its majestic simplicity, as if the politician had been completely merged in the prophet-statesman. No man before had such a fearful burden laid upon him. And the reason why it did not crush him was the singleness of his aim and a reliance on God, like that of the old Hebrew faith, when Jehovah led visibly the armies of Israel. It is hard to think, that such a man, so good and so gentle as well as great, should be murdered by men whose crimes he was seeking to forgive, and over whose treason he was trying to throw the oblivion of a general amnesty. But he is not lost, and his stainless fame is our treasure. No other name will pass the lips of men with such tender benedictions as the name of Abraham Lincoln. In the lowly cabins of four million emancipated slaves, and their descendants for coming centuries, it will be pronounced with grateful tears. And our American institutions will commend themselves anew for having produced, as their spontaneous growth, a statesman who embodies so perfectly the precept of Christ to his disciples: "Behold, I send you forth in the midst of wolves: be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

There is a permissive Providence which turns the wrath of man to its own glory and praise. Mr. Lincoln is safe now beyond the malice of enemies and the strife of tongues, and the heart of a great people embalms his memory. It may be, that, in the new times that now open before us, there was needed a sterner hand than Mr. Lincoln's; that his mild and generous nature would have been abused by the plotters of treason. And, now that God's awful justice is to take hold of the ends of the republic and shake the robbers out of it, it may require the ministry of a more swift and avenging retribution than his. So, while we bow down in our bereavement and kiss the rod of the divine anger, let us remember that God's majestic purpose moves on, and that the crimes of wicked men may only hasten its execution.

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GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

We find in a Paris newspaper, the "Journal des Debats," a report made last month to the Emperor of France on the state of primary instruction in the kingdom. We gather from it some items which suggest the rapid progress in popular education now making in that country. In 1832 there were 59 pupils in public schools to every one thousand inhabitants; in 1847 there were 99; and in 1863 there were 116. In the year last named, there were 8,566 public schools newly opened, and a gain of 806,233 pupils. Still there were 818 communes where there were no schools; though these communes were small, and the children living in them, to a great extent, attended the schools of neighboring communes. In 1863 there were 3,133,540 children at public schools, between the ages of seven and thirteen; the whole number between those ages in the kingdom being 4,184,270. Catholic children leave school at the time of the first communion, generally between the ages of eleven and twelve. Protestant children leave at the time of their first communion, which is for the most part at the age of sixteen. It is to this prolonged study, as well as to the Protestant injunction to be familiar with the Bible, that the superior scholarship of Protestant children is attributed. The empire expends fifty-eight millions of francs on its public schools, and employs seventy-seven thousand teachers. Of the young men conscripted for the army in 1863, only seven and a half in a hundred could not read; though the proportion in former years was so much greater, that, in point of fact, about one third of the French soldiers know not how to read. The relation of public education to morals is revealed by the remark, that "what has been gained by the schools has been lost by the prisons." The number of persons under twenty-one accused of crime in 1853 was 1,172, and only 657 in 1863. This report was made the subject of discussion in several sessions of the Private Council at which the Emperor presided in person; and projects were considered for extending schools for girls, offering rewards for constant attendance, increase of wages of instructors, requiring higher qualifications for teachers, &c., &c.

"The Philosophy of St. Augustine" is the title of a book, by M. Nourrisson, just published in Paris. It was crowned by the

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Academy of Moral Sciences, and is looked for with much interest.

"A HISTORY of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art," by Thomas Wright, Esq., published in London, traces the love of the comic from the ancient Egyptians to the Greeks and Romans, through the Middle Ages and old English literature, down to the days of Punch, — a faithful and scholarly work, it is said, of five hundred pages, with numerous illustrations. He gives the drawing of a caricature found on the Palatine in Rome, placed there when Rome was pagan, and Christianity first attracted attention. It represents one Alexaminos worshipping a crucified figure that has the head of an ass, with an inscription underneath, rudely but clearly written, — *Alexaminos adores God.* We almost forgive the impious derision in reflecting upon this early, curious, and undesigned evidence of Christianity.

"FRASER'S Magazine" for March has a remarkable article by the Dean of St. Paul's, against "the expediency, wisdom and righteousness" of requiring, in the English Church, a subscription to the thirty-nine articles. He says he does not in conscience object to signing them himself; but he proceeds, in a singularly candid and tolerant spirit, to show why subscription should not be required of others. These articles, he says, were composed in a time of controversy, and cannot now be properly understood without more critical historical knowledge than most clergymen possess. They are inadequate to meet the exigencies of the present age, and have proved impotent to suppress the Romanizing, Evangelical, or Rationalizing tendencies in the church. The best protection the Church has is in her Liturgy and Prayers. Besides, as he says, the great doubt in what sense these articles are to be understood has exposed many to "a very immoral trial of conscience." We think that the creed here referred to is not the only one to which these objections apply.

THE progress of religious liberty in Naples has been signalized by a remarkable event. Five years ago, Protestant worship in an obscure hall was hardly tolerated. Quite recently, a Protestant Church, near the Chiaja, has been publicly consecrated with imposing ceremonies.

FROM the Paris "Revue Germanique et Française," we learn that M. Colani, of Strasbourg, is the author of a work just published on "Jesus Christ and the Messianic Beliefs of his Times." The

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name of Colani will be recognized by many as that of one of the most learned and earnest writers of the liberal school of French Protestantism. The Review above referred to names him as a pastor, theologian, hebraist, man of science and of faith, who labors to place Christianity in accord with the progress of science and philosophy. It adds that he believes that Christianity cannot much longer escape the attacks of a criticism which shakes all problems in history; but, far from being frightened at this tendency, he is convinced, that in the end, wherever truth is found, there the Evangile will be also. The Review then gives us this extract from Colani's book: "A bold hand has lately removed from the fresco of the Last Supper a layer of painting which has long been honored as making a part of the great work of Leonardo Da Vinci. But, lo! we are compelled to acknowledge, that hitherto we have admired only a suppositious addition to his work; and, thanks to this removal, the authentic figure of the true Christ of the Last Supper comes out in the incomparable majesty of its resignation. If the Evangile be the eternal truth, historical criticism will only render to it a like service: it can never extinguish it, or obscure it."

A WRITER in the French Review above named, gives a long list of many recent works called forth in defence of Rénan's "Life of Jesus," of which it says two hundred and sixty thousand copies have been sold, less, as the critic thinks, in consequence of any scientific or philosophic merit of that book, than for its power to transform into a living, real being one who has hitherto occupied only "the nebulous domain of theological abstraction." He thus claims the welcome accorded to Rénan's book as essentially a profoundly *religious* movement, deepening that sense of the divine, which, if we can never fathom, so also we can never wholly lay aside, and which sooner or later brings the word God to all our lips, — "last word alike for those who know and for those who are ignorant." Leaving the adaptedness of Rénan's book to French modes of thought to be settled by the critics, we will only add that we have been pleased with the calm, hopeful, and devout criticism, the closing lines of which we may give in the original: —

"Tu ne dors pas souvent dans mon sein, nom sublime,
Tu ne dors pas souvent sur mes lèvres de feu;
Mais chaque impression t'y trouve et t'y ranime,
Et le vie de mon âme est toujours toi, mon Dieu!"

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THE Empress Eugénie has addressed a letter, admirable for its simplicity and directness, to the princesses of Europe, asking their co-operation in repairing the Dome of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This Dome, built by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, and rebuilt by the Latin Christians in the twelfth century, was burned in 1808, and has since been in a state of dilapidation which endangers the safety of pilgrims, and is a scandal to all believers. The Empress proposes to raise a sum of money sufficient to rebuild the entire Church of the Sepulchre, on a new plan and a large scale. A writer in the "London Reader" praises this effort of the Empress, and calls it a spectacle of rare interest "that this exalted lady, the brilliant leader of a gay and splendid court, should be occupied with a subject for which of all others the world would be last disposed to give her credit." But, while grateful for the attempt to *repair*, he protests against the proposal to *reconstruct*. He calls the Dome "one of the noblest monuments in existence of the Byzantine architecture," and he thinks it should be religiously preserved. To supplant it by some edifice of modern design, without a single sacred association or a single claim on our reverence, would be, he says, "an act of the greatest vandalism, and sufficient to mark the latter half of the nineteenth century with eternal disgrace."

A GERMAN paper says that it was the opinion of the late Baron Bunsen, "that Zoroaster was the Hebrew Adam." Ernest de Bunsen, a son of the Baron, is shortly to publish a book supporting this view. M.

THEOLOGICAL PARTIALITY.

IN his "Note on the Corrected English Translation of the Epistles to the Corinthians," Stanley gives us two curious instances of this offence. In 1 Cor. ix. 27, "cast away" ought to be "reprobate:" the translators were anxious to avoid the conclusion that the apostle might fall away from grace. Traces of the controversy as to the receiving of the elements in the Lord's Supper in two kinds, or only in one, through the Romish practice of withholding the cup from the laity, are to be discerned in the incorrect translation, "eat *and* drink" for "eat *or* drink." In truth, all sects live in glass houses, and will find the throwing of stones an expensive and troublesome entertainment all round.

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STATEMENT OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

A STATEMENT prepared originally by the Channing Church, at Newton Corner, has been adopted by several other Unitarian churches in Massachusetts. It is not a creed to be imposed upon others; not made a condition of church-membership or Christian fellowship; but designed as a distinct avowal of belief by the churches which adopt it.

It involves the following heads: Belief in the Father Almighty, in Jesus Christ his Son, in the Holy Spirit, in human depravity, in the atonement, in regeneration and conversion, in forgiveness of sins, in a future retribution, in the efficacy of prayer, in the brotherhood of man, and in the transcendent worth and importance of religion. All these topics are touched and expounded with admirable clearness.

Under one head we should withhold assent. The second article describes Christ as "the brightness of the Father's glory" and the "express image of his person," the "incarnation of the Divine Word," the "ever-living Head of the Church," to whom "all power is given" and under whom "all things are placed," the Father excepted, and "God manifest in the flesh."

This grand utterance is soon followed by the following: —

"We believe that our Saviour was a being distinct from the Father, to whom he prayed; *that he possessed but one mind and will, one character and consciousness.*"

There are several forms of Unitarianism proper, and specially three.

There is Arianism, which makes Christ, though a creature, the Creator of the Universe; a kind of sub-deity. Few believe this. There is Socinianism, which makes him a man, born like any other man, and only an inspired prophet and teacher. There is the Antenicene Church doctrine, which asserts an indwelling of God in Christ, which was more than inspiration, called an hypostatic union. This doctrine is still preserved in all the forms of Unitarianism known as Sabellian; in another form, somewhat modified, by Swedenborg; in many Orthodox creeds, which reject the words "three persons" as Tritheistic; and, as we suppose, in the devout consciousness of multitudes of Unitarians who feel themselves united to Christ as the living Head of a living fold,

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and would stoutly reject the Socinian theory without attempting to formulate their inmost and tenderest convictions.

Now the last sentence quoted above is merely negative, is a human interpretation, and seems to us to *interpret away* the grand utterances preceding, making them mean little or nothing, and positing the church on bald Socinianism. Why undertake to say that Christ had only one mind, will, and consciousness? Why not say, that, in his highest, most authoritative speech and manifestation, his finite consciousness was in abeyance, and that Christianity comes to us out of the pure mind and consciousness of God himself? Why not allow, what the Church of all ages affirms with emphasis, that divine incarnation is more than inspiration, or direction *ab extra*, even a union of the divine *nature* with the nature of Christ, through whom, therefore, Christianity comes as the absolute religion, and the divine attributes in unclouded moral glory beam upon the world?

Vain are our definitions of the line where the Divine touches the human, the Infinite the finite. It can no more be done in regard to inspiration than incarnation. So when we move to adopt the above Statement of Faith in the church to which we belong, which we may very likely do, it is generally so excellent, we shall "move an amendment," even to "strike out" the sentence quoted above from page 5th, and leave the divinely inspired sentences which precede to their untamed significance. Even of us poor mortals the statement would be too bald, — "but one will and consciousness," — much more of him of whom it could be said, "The Father who DWELLETH in me doeth the works." S.

AN ORTHODOX CREED.

We have the creed of a large Orthodox church, in six articles. There is less private interpretation in it than in the Unitarian statement above referred to. We give three of the articles: —

"We believe there is only one true God, self-existent, eternal, perfect in wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness, revealed as subsisting in a manner mysterious to us as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

"We believe that God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its salvation; that his Son became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ; that he set forth an example of perfect obedience and purity, taught the

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way of life, and suffered on the cross for sinners; and that, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, he became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world; and opened a way whereby all who believe in him, with repentance of their sins, may be saved, without impeachment of divine justice and truth.

"We believe that Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, whence he sends forth the Holy Spirit, and where he ever liveth to make intercession for us; and that through him God offers full forgiveness and everlasting life to all who will heartily repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

THE WINTER IS PAST.

[Readers of the Magazine not acquainted with Latin and Greek metres, are advised to read H. T.'s poems, "De Republica bene speravi," and "The Winter is Past," *aloud* before condemning them as unmusical. — E.]

Soft, on this April morning,
Breathe, from the South, delicate odors,
Vaguely defined, giving the breezes
Spring-like, delicious zest.

Breezes from Southern forests,
Bringing us glad tidings of Summer's
Promised return; waking from slumber
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel
Tasselled the hedge; maple and alder
Welcomed with bloom the Spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly
Fling to the wind joyous assurance, —
"Summer is coming North."

None can express the longing,
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,
Swelling my heart ever, when April
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance,
Filling my soul, gives me assurance
"Death is but frost. Lo! the eternal
Spring-time of heaven shall come." H. T.

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HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

At the evening festival in New York, after the close of the business meetings of the Unitarian National Convention, Governor Andrew, in a masterly speech which carried his audience clear away, at the close of it paid a tribute to our fallen heroes. He ended with quoting these lines from Collins in a tone of the tenderest pathos; and they are specially appropriate now that we weep for the death of the greatest martyr who has fallen.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR.

Who would be President in case of the demise of President Johnson? is a question which spontaneously occurs. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that, if the assassins had succeeded in the complete execution of their plot, the Government would have been paralyzed, and left without a head. Congress has the power, by the Constitution, of providing successors to any extent, however frequently the chief executive officer may be disabled or removed. See article ii. sect. 1. Probably the assassins were not aware of this, and expected to bring the whole machinery of the Government to a stand. There is no possibility of doing it. The provision of the Constitution is as follows: —

"In case of the removal of the president from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the vice-president; and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability of the president and vice-president, declaring what officer shall then act as president; and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a president shall be elected." S.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Hymns and Sacred Pieces, with Miscellaneous Poems. By RAY PALMER. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1865. 12mo. pp. 195.

There is no form of literary production that can take precedence of the devotional hymn. This the ancients recognized, and we confess it by the place still accorded to the Greek hymnists among the chief of the Greek poets. If there was room for this estimate under the sensuous mythology of Athens, can there be less scope for it in the vast, sublime, tender, soul-filling objects of the Christian faith, reverence, and worship? A Christian hymn — worthy to be so called — is not merely a rhymed prayer, thanksgiving, or dogmatical statement. It must have as much of fancy as of devotion. It must stir the heart through the imagination. It must borrow its imagery from finite and material objects; and yet must so transfigure and glorify them by the relation into which they are brought with the unseen, the infinite, and the eternal, that there shall linger about them no trail of earthiness, or savor of mortality. Then, too, it must have unity of conception and purpose; and it is most adequate to its mission, when, in each successive stanza, it but deepens and intensifies the thought suggested by its opening words, insomuch that all our best hymns are not only familiarly known by, but epitomized in, their first lines. The hymn must have action too. It must represent, not the statics, but the dynamics, of the spiritual life; so that the devout men and women who sing it shall be conscious of the heavenward movement while they sing. And, withal, it must be rhythmical, not only negatively, but positively, with a spring to the feet and a ring to the lines, so that it shall never be subordinated to the tune to which it is set, but shall have sufficient lyric force to surge and swell beyond the limits of the written score, and to add a melody entirely its own to that on the pages of the music-book. It is difficult to estimate the world's indebtedness to the author of such a hymn,

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when we reflect for how many thousands and generations it may be a perennial source of strength or of consolation to young and old, to the living and the dying.

For one such hymn, by the admission of all, the Church is indebted to Dr. Palmer. "My Faith looks up to Thee," would be retained in a collection of hymns, however small. Before it was written, a high-toned, though too fastidious critic, in turning over the leaves of one of our portly hymn-books with undisguised contempt, said, "There are three hymns in the English language: I know not where to look for the fourth." We think that he would have recognized this of Dr. Palmer's as the fourth. Of the thirty-two hymns in the volume before us, there are several which approach this in merit, — two or three which we should pronounce equal to it, had they taken an equally strong hold on the general heart, while there is not one that has not all the characteristics of the true hymn which we have named above. The Sacred Pieces which follow are, without an exception, rich equally in poetic thought and religious sentiment, while the versification is pure and strong. Dr. Palmer has shown rare skill in the use of the sonnet, which may well be taken as the test of poetical ability. His sonnets compress, without cramping, enough of fancy, thought, and feeling within the normal fourteen lines, to make of each a complete poem, with its clearly defined purpose, and its distinct and vivid impression on the reader. Of the Miscellaneous Pieces that occupy the latter part of the volume, the longest is "The Spirit's Life," — a poem delivered at certain academic festivals, and, for a poem thus made to order, singularly poetical, though, notwithstanding its very great didactic merits, it interests us less than the least piece in the volume beside. The remaining poems seem to us very charming for the union which we trace in them all of prolific fancy, pure taste, and strong devotional feeling, — the last even more impressive and winning, when, as in some of these pieces, it has manifestly stolen in without the author's knowing it, than in the hymns, where it is professedly kept in the foreground.

We would add, as not the least among the merits of this volume, that we understand every word of it, — which is more than we can often say of newly printed poetry, though we suspect that the obscurity generally results from muddiness rather than from depth of thought. But Dr. Palmer is guiltless of the solecisms,

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archaisms, imported idioms, inversions of sentences, suppressions of auxiliary words, audacious experiments on his reader's apprehensive powers, which, in some cases, deform works of real genius, yet are much more frequently employed to hide the writer's meagreness of intellect and poverty of resource.

Annals of the American Pulpit. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is every way a remarkable book. That Dr. Sprague, an Orthodox divine, could give so fully the biography of Unitarian ministers, differing from him so essentially in theology, and yet do full justice to his subject, were hardly to be conceived. And yet he *has* done justice to it, and given us a series of biographies with a rare candor and impartiality, and a thorough appreciation of the moral excellence of Unitarian divines. We doubt whether any Unitarian would have done this work so well, or in a way that subserves so fully the great ends of biography and history. The letters which follow the biographical sketches, written generally by those who were personal friends or acquaintances of the subjects of the sketches, are a most pleasing feature of the work, and impart to it a living interest. There is no book which Unitarians will read more eagerly, touching their own history, and delineating the characters which they dwell upon most fondly among the sainted dead, than this noble contribution to religious literature. S.

The Thinking Bayonet. By JAMES K. HOSMER, Author of the "Color Guard." Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Company.

Mr. Hosmer, in the "Color Guard," has evinced qualities, both as a man and a writer, which will secure for his subsequent work an eager reception. His description of scenes and incidents in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Fort Hudson under General Banks, is unsurpassed both for vividness and tenderness; and, though the narrative is exceedingly unpretending, the amiable and manly spirit of the writer shines through it. The present volume is not a book on the war, though designed to illustrate the influence of the stern duties which it imposed in the development of character. The narrative is fictitious, with the strong coloring of reality; and shows a power both of natural description and moral painting which is the attribute of genius. Herbert Lee, the hero of the tale, is a noble character, finely drawn,

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whose tendencies to scepticism and perilous speculation are all checked and removed by the practical duties of the march and the battle-field. The book is very interesting, and excellent in its moral bearing and influence. S.

Religious Duty. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: William V. Spencer.

The new Theism of which Miss Cobbe is an expounder, differs from the old English Deism mainly in its acknowledgment of the immanence of God in the human soul, and its capacity of communion with him. Therefore it is more devout, and believes in the efficacy of prayer. Miss Cobbe, without any direct recognition of Christianity, writes here a very religious book. It is edifying, and excellent in spirit every way. Her two chapters on Faith and Prayer are very earnest; and the Christian spirit, without the Christian theory, pervades her book. But the book loses immensely in spiritual power, because the object of worship is not unveiled and yielded to the believer in the open sunlight and warmth of Christianity. The book will do good in two ways. It is positive, and not negative; and therefore, so far as it has any influence, it will be on the side of a pure religion and a lofty morality. And yet it is not so far positive as to satisfy the soul's deepest hunger, and it will be pretty sure to turn with fresh longings for the bread which came down from heaven in the Saviour of the world. S.

Essays. By R. W. EMERSON. First and Second Series.
Poems. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These two volumes Ticknor & Fields have added to their series of blue and gold. The admirers of Emerson will delight to find his best utterances embodied in this convenient and beautiful form. The "Poems" have an excellent likeness, which fronts the title-page. S.

Cape Cod. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"If you hav'nt been to Cape Cod, you might as well not have been anywhere," was once a remark of Daniel Webster. We have been there, and can testify to the graphic touches of Mr. Thoreau, and his wonderful power of description. He has also

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a broad humor that never fails him under any circumstances, and gives him a sort of sympathy with nature, even in her lowest moods. But much of his description is caricature, rather than the true picturing of men and things. The people of the Cape, its sands and barrens, he does not see in their best aspects, though his book is thoroughly entertaining. S.

Lectures on the New Dispensation of the New Jerusalem. By B. F. BARRETT. Sixth edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A new edition of a work first published twenty years ago. It is written in Mr. Barrett's popular style, and has had a wide circulation as an exposition of the Swedenborgian system of doctrines.

PAMPHLETS.

The Unions of the Liberal Faith. A Discourse by O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Society in New York. David G. Francis.

The Fountain of Christian Truth. A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Philadelphia. By W. H. FURNESS, D.D. Published by request. Sherman & Co.

"*God is One.*" A Sermon preached on Trinity Sunday, May 22, 1864, at Southampton, and on Aug. 7, 1864, at Newport, Isle of Wight, by Rev. E. KELL, M.A., F. S. A., with a lithograph of Dr. Priestley's birthplace. London: Whitfield, Green, & Son.

The American War, by the same Author. From the "London Inquirer," Dec. 17, 1864.

A noble plea for our cause by *one* English Unitarian who understands us, and rebukes the treachery of his brethren to the rights of man. We thank Mr. Kell for his timely and eloquent words. S.

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I cannot express the satisfaction and pleasure which the work has given me. There is no aspect in which it is not of a value not easily measured. First, and chiefly, it is a calm, unexaggerated narrative of an actual verification of the rapidly transforming power of the gospel, not upon a nation favorably situated for its reception, but on a nation which presented every possible obstacle, fixed religious belief alone excepted. It shows, in the absence of all other agencies for good, and in the face of numerous evil agencies, that there is in Christianity the omnipotence of its Author, and that it must prevail and triumph. Then, again, the book has interested me greatly as a student of the Bible and of church history. I seem to see in the narrative the processes of the primitive ages of our faith renewed, the evangelizing ministry analyzed, the character and history of the apostolic churches illustrated. Especially it gives the best commentary that could be written on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, and throws essential light on many incidental notices of the early churches in St. Paul's Epistles; and furnishes a ready and efficient answer to the cavils that are sometimes urged against the type of Christian faith and practice among the Corinthians, Ephesians, &c.

I cannot but sympathize with the joy the author must have felt in his progress throughout the Islands. If not royal, it was vice-royal; for who is a viceroy, if not he whose life-work it is to manage newly annexed provinces in the name and interest of the King of kings? There were several stages of the tour at which it seemed to me he must have felt as if it would be a blessed thing to have those congregations of ransomed savages, and those songs of Zion in a strange land, the last sounds and sights on earth. There were several places in which I know he was ready to say (and I could not help saying for him, though I trust he has not a few years of service still before him), "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. JUNE, 1865. No. 6.

THE SONS OF RECHAB.

A WORD TOUCHING THE DESTINY OF OUR NATION.

THE city of Jerusalem was in great commotion. An invasion of their country by the king of Babylon had begun. The country people were flying in consternation before the approaching army, hurrying with such portion of their goods, herds, and flocks as they could snatch in their hasty flight, to secure the protection of the walled city. The inhabitants of the city were alarmed to see multitudes crowded within their walls, which might on any day be enclosed by a besieging host. Terror and confusion reigned on every side. Some of the bewildered fugitives were running hither and thither, vainly seeking shelter for their families; others, giving up the search in despair, had sunk, wearied and exhausted, in the streets.

One man, however, walked the streets of Jerusalem calmly; calmly, but sadly. He was not unprepared for the calamity that overhung the city. He had foreseen and foretold it. He had shown his countrymen how it might be avoided, and had implored them to take the only way of safety. He had exhorted them to put their trust in Jehovah alone; to make no alliances with idolatrous neighbors; to take no part in their disputes: especially had he warned them against seeking the protection of Egypt, and thus invoking the jealous

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wrath of Babylon, and had assured them that, by so doing, they would be ground between those mighty kingdoms, as between the upper and nether millstone.

Jeremiah was a true patriot. He had shown his love of his countrymen by steadily opposing their darling wishes, and faithfully speaking to them unwelcome truths. There were false prophets enough in those days, to flatter both rulers and people, and to encourage them in any evil purpose. Jeremiah had incurred obloquy, persecution, and imprisonment, by fearlessly speaking to king and people the words that God had put into his mouth. Now he was witnessing the sad fulfilment of his own predictions. It is easy to imagine his thoughts, as he passed through the thronged streets, on his way to the temple. Alas for Judah! how has she forsaken the God of her fathers! How has she lost sight of the great purpose for which she was chosen! How unfaithful to her mission among the nations! and how is she punished for her unfaithfulness! What a high place might she have held among surrounding kingdoms! but to what wretchedness is she brought! Had she held fast to her allegiance to Jehovah; had each successive generation of her children been trained in the worship of the true God, and in obedience to his law, — she would have become the light of the world, a nation of priests and prophets, a standing rebuke to the dark idolatries of her neighbors; and then, trusting in God alone, she might have dwelt in peace and safety whilst war raged and surged around her borders. But she has been ever ready to turn aside after the gods of the Gentiles. She has renounced the protection of the God of her fathers, and trusted in the horses and chariots of Egypt. And now her punishment has overtaken her. She is about to be delivered a prey to the Chaldean. The God whom she forsook, has forsaken her. Instead of being a bright example to the nations of a God-fearing and God-serving people, she has become to them an awful warning of the consequences of disobedience and apostasy.

As the prophet revolved these sad thoughts, his eye fell upon a company among the fugitives, whose appearance and

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demeanor distinguished them from the rest of the crowd. Amidst all the confusion and dismay, they alone were quiet, and seemed to know what to do. They were dwellers in tents, and had brought their tents with them, and had pitched them in the open spaces in the neighborhood of the temple, and were living, in their simple way, as peacefully as in the pastures of the wilderness. They were a strong, hardy-looking people, clothed in the skins of their own flocks, evidently accustomed to an abundance of the simplest fare, — an innocent and honest race of rustics. These were the Rechabites, — descendants of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses. The family of Jethro joined the Israelites in their passage through the wilderness, and entered with them into the promised land; but, as they belonged to no one of the tribes, no portion of the land was assigned them, and perhaps they would not have cared to receive one, for they were not addicted to agriculture. They were Arabs, and continued to live the wandering pastoral life to which they had been accustomed. From the first occupation of the land till now, they had lived in tents, tending their flocks and herds, and moving from place to place as the inducements of good pasturage led them. It had been an original command of their ancestor, that they should always live a pastoral life, and be content with the simple subsistence it would afford them, and never be seduced by the example of their neighbors to more luxurious modes of living; that they should not build houses, or sow seed, or plant vineyards, or drink wine. This command had been faithfully handed down from father to son, and religiously observed in all their generations. And they had thriven in the way of life thus marked out for them. Their family had increased to a tribe; and they had always been blessed with an abundance of all that their simple and frugal habits required. Though they may not have conformed to all the Mosaic law, they were faithful worshippers of the God of the Hebrews. They had always shown themselves friendly to the Hebrew people, and had been hospitably treated by them in return.

Jeremiah was accustomed to teach the people by facts;

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events, sensible objects and symbols; and no sooner did he look upon the tents of this singular people, than he felt a divine impulse to use them as a means of instruction and reproof to his countrymen. He brought the head of the tribe, with his brethren and sons, and the whole house of Rechab, into one of the most public apartments of the temple; and set before them an abundance of wine, and invited them to drink of it. Their answer was just what the prophet had relied on to enforce his instruction. The sight of wine was no temptation to such men. They instantly replied, "We will not drink wine; for Jonadab, the son of Rechab our father, commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, ye nor your sons, for ever: neither shall ye build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live long in the land wherein ye are strangers. And we have obeyed the voice of our father, in all that he charged us, to drink no wine all our days, neither we, nor our wives, nor our sons, nor our daughters: neither have we houses, or vineyards, or fields; but we have dwelt in tents, and have done according to all that our father commanded us."

Then spoke Jeremiah, in the name of God, to the people of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, — "Will ye not hearken to my words, and receive instruction? saith Jehovah. The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, have been performed. His sons have drunk no wine to this day, but have obeyed the commandment of their father. I also have been continually speaking to you; but ye have not hearkened to me. I have sent to you my servants the prophets, saying, Return every one of you from his evil way, — amend your doings, — go not after other gods, — and you shall dwell in the land which I have given to you and to your fathers; but ye have not inclined your ear, nor hearkened to me. Therefore thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will bring upon Judah, and upon all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, all the evil I have pronounced against them; because I have spoken to them, and they have not hearkened; I have called to them, and they have not answered."

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So, then, this little community of Rechabites carried on the idea of their ancestor through all their generations for several centuries. That idea was all the time kept steadily in view, and transmitted from father to son, and fulfilled with unvarying fixedness of purpose. It moulded the habits of the tribe, and gave them a distinct character, and a permanent existence as a people. This is the way in which communities and nations are to be fitted to perform their duties in the world. Every nation has duties to perform, as well as an individual. Each is raised up for a particular purpose. Each occupies its own place in the history of the world. Each has a part assigned it in the great plan of Providence. How shall that end be best answered, — that place best filled, — that part most perfectly performed? It is evident that it cannot be done by a succession of self-seeking generations, each aiming to accumulate as much as possible in its own little day, unmindful of those who have gone before, and unconscious of obligations to those who are to come after. The realization of the national idea is to be spread over the whole existence, and to be developed by the whole history, of a people. For this end there is need of a continuity of purpose, an unity of spirit, a persistency of will, extending through successive generations, binding them all closely together, and making of the nation, through the whole duration of its national being, one great and long-lived person.

Various causes tend to produce this effect, without any intention or effort of the nation itself. Identity of race produces identity of character. A common climate, soil, and geographical position, lead to common pursuits and interests. The forms of a people's government, their political and social institutions, are moulded by their natural peculiarities, and, in turn, serve to fix and perpetuate the peculiarities in which they originated. Every nation thus acquires a marked character, which distinguishes it from all other nations, and by which it may be described, in a general way, as precisely as an individual can be characterized. Even the people of this country, though spread over such a variety of latitudes

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and soils, and composed of immigrants from all nations, has rapidly assumed a national character, by which it is more or less favorably known and described. The children, at least, of the foreigner who seeks a home among us, are insensibly modified by the new country into which they have come, the free government under which they find themselves, the boundless scope for industry and enterprise open before them. The influences of country are too strong for them. They inevitably become Americanized.

But this unconscious submission to the force of circumstances is not enough for the highest ends of a nation's life, nor for the attainment of the best national character. That highest character can be acquired only by a thoughtful, intelligent, conscientious people, — a people into whose character religious patriotism largely enters, — a people capable of keeping steadily in view, century after century, a noble aim, which each generation takes up where the preceding left it, and disregarding temporary and selfish interests, and conscious of its own relations both to the past and to the future, transmits it, somewhat more completely realized, to those who come after it. Such a people will not, however, allow itself to become a slave to the past. It will be wisely conservative. It will acknowledge the duty of improving, as well as perpetuating, its institutions. It will heed the instructions of experience. By reason of its very faithfulness to the national idea, it will hasten to remove whatever is found to hinder its most perfect fulfilment. Each generation will aim to do, not precisely what their fathers did, but what they would have done in the light of better knowledge. Thus only can a nation achieve the purpose for which God raised it up, and help on human progress, by successfully developing the type of manhood which God has impressed upon it by the education afforded by the circumstances in which he has placed it.

What, then, is our special duty as a nation? For what purpose has a place been given us among the families of the earth? From all that we have inherited from the past, what obligations result towards those who shall come after us?

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There has never been a nation whose place in the history of the world was more distinctly marked than ours. No Israelite in the days of Moses had any greater assurance of the divine purpose to be fulfilled by his people, than we may certainly gather, from all the circumstances of our origin, the whole course of our history, and the position in which we find ourselves to-day. Here, in this new world, an opportunity has been given us of ascertaining man's capacity of self-government, of exhibiting the stability and strength of a government founded directly upon the popular will, of embodying the Christian truth of human brotherhood in the institutions of a state. Our descent from the freest and most law-abiding people of Europe; the removal of our ancestors to a distance from the traditions and influences of the old world; the necessity under which they were placed of creating and conducting, to a great extent, their own governments; the discipline of the struggle for independence; the character and influence of the great men who framed our constitution; seventy-five years of prosperous self-government; the terrible cost at which the nation has re-asserted its determination, that the great experiment, so well begun, shall go on, — are all so many means and steps of the national education for realizing the idea of a great Christian commonwealth.

But this magnificent destiny will not be thrust upon us: it must be achieved by our own efforts. Providence has done much for us: we must do much for ourselves. And the consequences of our faithfulness or unfaithfulness will not be limited to ourselves. If, when our Government was assailed by treason and rebellion, we had shrunk from defending it at every cost, not only should we have brought ruin on our own heads, but the hopes of the friends of humanity and freedom throughout the world would have been extinguished, and an inheritance of anarchy and violence would have been entailed on a remote posterity. Just in proportion to the greatness of our vocation does it become necessary that we should be imbued with that disinterested patriotism, that allegiance to the national idea, which shall

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inspire each generation to live and act for the wise and faithful performance of its share of the national duty.

To this end we must be an educated people. So thought the fathers of New England. They meant to found a Christian commonwealth, in the government of which each member should partake; and they saw that it was essential to the perpetuity of such a state, that every member of it should understand the nature of the government, and how it should be administered. It was a noble and just idea. If it had been fully realized, if an universal diffusion of knowledge could have been effected through the whole country, we should have been spared the calamities we have been suffering. It may be hoped, that the day is not far distant when common school education will be commensurate with the length and breadth of this whole land. Our youth ought to be especially educated for their duties as American citizens. They should be made acquainted with our national history from the beginning, that they may understand the course of events by which the country has been led to the times in which they live. They should be familiar with the lives of the great and good men who have blessed the country, and whose memory is a most precious part of its inheritance. They should understand the geography, productions, resources, and industrial interests of every part of the land, that they may see of how great a country they are citizens, and not feel that they belong merely to some one state or section of it. They should be instructed in the general principles of political science, and in the particular construction and working of the state and national constitutions. Thus should they be prepared for all the duties, public and private, that devolve upon a member of this great republic. They would be able to judge intelligently and justly of public men and measures. They would be qualified to cast their vote wisely, and to fill, with benefit to the country, any office to which they may be called. Nor should the sons of the country alone be thus taught, but the daughters also. Thus only will they be fit to be the mothers of American citizens, to fulfil their function as the earliest educators of the community,

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and to exercise beneficially that influence which they cannot but exercise, whether for good or evil.

And, in order to carry on from age to age the great designs of Providence, we must be a religious people. It is a religious work, and can be rightly performed only in a religious spirit. If it can be said of any nation that godliness is more necessary to it than to any other, it may be said of us. From the fact, that with us sovereignty is vested in the whole people; that a decision of the popular will is final; that there is no human authority to reverse it, — there is danger of our coming to think, that whatever the people decree is necessarily right; that it can change moral distinctions, and put evil for good, and good for evil. All human sovereignty, popular or autocratic, is subject to divine sovereignty. No nation or government, though it may be powerful enough to defy the moral sentiment of the world, can escape its accountability to God. As they do not exist as nations and governments in the future world, they invariably suffer the retributions of the divine law in this. They are safe, stable, and strong, only so far as they obey those eternal laws of right, which are the will of God. If it forsake those laws, a popular government rushes to destruction more swiftly than any other.

Why does a nation ever grow old? Its physical life is perpetually renewed. Why should it not flourish in immortal youth? Why have so many nations, once great and powerful, vanished from the history and the map of the world? Does this doom of extinction necessarily await every nation that shall hereafter exist? It would seem that nations have died, because their national spirit has decayed. The idea that was the informing principle of their national character, and the lifeblood of their national being, was exhausted. But suppose that the central principle of a nation's life were one that could not be exhausted; that it were the eternal truth of Christ's gospel, capable of endless development, and of application to all possible exigencies of human society. Such a nation would try the experiment of national life under entirely new circumstances. Its ex-

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tinction could not be certainly predicted from the experience of the past. By the good providence of God, a great Christian principle is at the centre of our national life. If, by his spirit, he shall breathe into successive generations the disposition and purpose of fidelity to it, the heart of man cannot conceive the future glories of our country. C. P.

MOTHER'S LAST FLOWER.

Poised in a perfumed loveliness,
Midway the double hemisphere
Of heaven mirrored in the mere,
Behold the pure white water-cress!

Here, seeming, in its own survey,
To heaven's azure bosom pressed,
And by the purling rill caressed,
Its sweet soul breathes itself away.

In pain of separation near,
Musing on mysteries of death,
I caught the flower's mellifluous breath,
And saw it, as I sauntered here.

It seemed my heart with snowy hue
And redolence to re-assure;
For she was like a lily pure,
With such a soul of sweetness, too!

She loved the tender-breathing flowers,
As types of heaven lent to earth:
Full many owed her hand a birth
And culture in the garden bowers.

And when I brought the water-cress,
A last flower, where she lowly lies,
Light kindling in her languid eyes,
She smiled upon its loveliness. R. F. F.

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THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF OUR DAILY STUDIES.*

"Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

JACOB had left his home, and had gone a day's journey on foot, and quite alone. He was passing through a wilderness into a land of strangers. It was not to visit distant friends, and return again: he had sundered the ties of his birthplace, he had left his father and his mother, to seek his fortune far away. He must have been very lonely that night as he lay down to sleep under the open heavens; but the stars were over his head, — the same stars that we see now; and, wearied with his journey, doubtless he fell quickly asleep. He did so without saying his prayers, I think; for he had not been religiously inclined heretofore, nor very good and kind at home. He was a thoughtless young man, and with not a very tender conscience. He had not left home at peace with all there. Something evidently must have been wrong; for he had departed hurriedly, leaving his aged father at the point of death. The truth must be told. He had deceived his father and wronged his brother, and he was fleeing for his life; yet, for all this, he does not seem to have felt the reproaches of a guilty conscience, till he was startled by the revelation made to him in his dream, wherein he saw himself in the presence of his God, — the Almighty and the Holy One. In his dream it appeared to him, that the very spot he had chosen for his resting-place was the sacredest on earth; that it was at the foot of a stairway which connected earth with heaven; that on it the angels were coming down and going up. It was one of those life-like dreams that we rarely have, and, having had, can never forget. It startled him like a reality; and, awaking out of his sleep, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." And he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of

* An Address delivered before the Pupils of the Derby Academy, in Hingham. By Rev. DANIEL BOWEN.

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heaven." Why did he call the place dreadful? He had not awakened from a distempered dream, his imagination crowded with frightful spectres. A more beautiful vision you can scarcely conceive, — from the opened heavens, a broad stairway to the earth, with bright angels passing and repassing thereon, and filling all the plain with happy groups. "The house of God, — the gate of heaven!" he exclaims. Why, then, was it dreadful to him? To the purest, a lively sense of God inspires profoundest awe; but, when we have done wrong, awe turns to terror, and reverence to dread. We are afraid as Jacob was, — as Adam and Eve in the garden were, seeking to hide from the presence of the Lord, when they heard his voice among the trees at evening. When the better sense is awakened within us, we feel the alarming contrast between what we are, and what we ought to be.

"Surely the Lord is in this place," said he, "and I knew it not." He had not been to Sunday school, or he would have been told that the Lord is everywhere. But how is it that his mother, who was so fond of him, or that his father, who was so prudent and exemplary, had not taught him at least so much of religion? And consider whose son he was, who supposed he was spending a night where God was not. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, — Jacob was the third of the illustrious three, — the grand patriarchs of the Israelites. We must make much allowance for the childish ideas of Deity entertained in that remote time; and it is not impossible, that Jacob, the worldly-minded boy, had paid little attention to the teaching of his parents. It is thought that some young persons at the present time are not altogether clear of such an imputation; that there are others beside Jacob who do not earnestly consider the instructive words that are addressed to them. It may be that there are many who now hear me, who, if the great truth of God's presence flashed upon them, would be scarcely less astonished than Jacob was. Yes, I think that every one of us, if we were made to realize vividly God's nearness, would awake to the fact as from a dream, awe-struck, and ready to fall on our knees before him.

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Some might treat as mere imagination the vision Jacob saw in his sleep, and regard his new and lively sense of God as unfounded. But we must not thus do violence to the best part of our nature, and to an experience which we have all shared in some measure with the patriarch. We do not seem well to understand the relation of the earthly and the heavenly, — the relation of man to God, — of the body to the soul. We are prone to scepticism regarding that which we do not see with our eyes, and touch with our hands. We believe in the material, but have not a lively faith in the spiritual. Like Peter, we have been in the habit of regarding as common that which God has sanctified. We put God and the divine life at a distance, by our theories and vain traditions. We need to come upon higher ground; we need to have the mist cleared from our eyes, and to perceive that the divine is as near to us as the common; we need to awake, and find that where we had not looked for God, behold, he is, with all his holy angels; we need to learn that our daily lives are God-given, and ought to be inspired and sacred.

I suppose, children, you have entered upon your studies in the academy somewhat as Jacob set out into a strange country — that is, with scarcely a thought of God's being there. Some of you may not once have thought that your work has any thing to do with religion. You have been accustomed to think that the church is the place for sacred things; and that religion is something different, and quite separate from your lessons. Let me explain to you, then, how it is not so; and show you that God has not less to do with the school than the church, and that true learning is the noblest means of grace. You have in school different kinds of studies. There are, for instance, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Now, when you are studying arithmetic, it is not expected that you will be learning from it geography and grammar; and, when you are studying grammar, no one thinks it will make you good arithmeticians and geographers. The reason plainly is, that these studies have respectively their own end and aim. What I mean to say of religion is, that it is not like one of these, a special and peculiar branch;

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so that you might say, "I attend in school to arithmetic, grammar, and religion." If religion had not been, and were to be, introduced into your school, it could not with any propriety be made a separate pursuit, like that of the languages and mathematics. Religion is infinite. The studies of grammar and chemistry have their sphere. Religion has no sphere. It does not have to do with this, and not with that. It is all-embracing. You may wonder how, if religion includes every thing, there can be other things, — how, if the divine embraces all that belongs to life, there can be any place left for botany and geology. That need not puzzle you. It is easily explained. Life has two sides, — the common and the sacred. Yet these are not two lives, but one. The common life is our whole life in its relation to the earth, and the religious life is the whole life in its relation to heaven. We are not all the time aware of the divine hand that shapes our earthly life, and makes it what it is; but none the less does the whole life come in contact on one side with God. So, when we are asleep, we are not conscious of our natural lower life; yet it goes on none the less truly. All the time, our life is twofold. We touch the earth with our senses, and we touch heaven with the spirit. Thus you see that religion may embrace every thing, and, at the same time, there may be other things beside religion. We hear of sacred and profane history: profane is not a good word, or rather we do not now often use it in the sense attached to it here. It means common or secular history. Yet is not all history sacred, since directed by a divine Providence? The fact is, all history is sacred, or all secular, according to our point of view. It is not the history of one nation that is sacred, and of another that is profane or common. To the worldly-minded politician, the history of our own Revolution, or of our present war, is secular; while, to the religious mind, the same facts are sacred. Sacred history, then, is history considered in its religious significance, or on the side where it touches God; and common or secular history is the same thing considered with reference to human actions and policies. In like manner all your studies at school are, looked

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at from one side, secular; and, from another, all are sacred. Arithmetic teaches something more than how to compute with figures, — to add, subtract, multiply, and divide: it teaches the order, harmony, symmetry, and perfection of God. When we learn that two and two are four, we learn so much, not only of ourselves and the world, but so much of the mind of God. We learn a universal and eternal fact. We learn something that was true before the world was made, — something that will be true when it has perished. When you cipher correctly, you do it by rules that men have indeed written in human language; but which, to speak truth, God made in the beginning. Viewed on the worldly side, you study Colburn's or Greenleaf's Arithmetic; but, from a higher point of view, it is God's Arithmetic that you study. Do you not know that mathematics is the science by which God shaped into orderly proportions, and moves in harmonious orbits, the earth and the planets; that by mathematics he conducts the growth of all living forms; that by the rules of this science he disposes the leaves upon the stem, and arranges the petals upon the stalk? Celestial bodies rotate and revolve as it were in music, because they keep time; because there is a respect to number; because two and two are always four. Arithmetic is a divine revelation, without doubt. Not less so are the special sciences of nature.

In this season of spring, many of you are looking a little into botany. You pluck wild flowers, and analyze them; that is, you pull them carefully in pieces to see the several parts, and how they are put together, so that you can see the relation of one flower to another, and classify them. You learn a good many hard names, perhaps; but that is merely incidental, and ought by no means to take all your thought. Getting the learned names at your tongue's end, so that you can show off your knowledge, — that belongs to the secular side; but there is a sacred meaning in all you learn of the form and growth of plants. Who put together the flower that you pull in pieces? and, when you learn its construction, whose constructiveness do you explore? Do you not get a glimpse into the Infinite Mind?

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Another science that you may begin at a very early age, and pursue in winter as well as in summer, is the elevating one of astronomy. No sermons of good instructions can so inspire and fill with great thoughts, as God's sermon written in gold above our heads, and which the telescope is enabling us to read more and more understandingly. Does not the science seem much more divine than human? We only look at the work which God has done: we only trace with feeble vision the Almighty's ways. The awful depths of celestial spaces, the inconceivable circles which the planets run, and the grand whole of all that we can take in, — what words shall express the majesty suggested of the Infinite Being? Even in ancient times, with but a glimpse of our later science, the Psalmist could not help breaking forth: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

You see now what I meant in saying, that religion is not a special branch, — that it is not something different and separate from all other pursuits. You see that our common, every-day studies have a religious side; and the more you reflect, the more clearly you will see that all our human life has two sides. It is all human in one aspect, and in another aspect it has all a divine meaning. Just as the plants which have their roots in the earth, and their leaves and flowers in the air; just as they are, with one part buried, fixed in darkness, and the other waving in air and sunlight, — so we ourselves are in part of the earth with earthly tendencies, and in part of heaven with infinite aspirations. And just as the lower part of the plant exists not for the mere sake of groping in the earth, but for the sake of that more exalted part which lives in the freedom and joy of air and light; so the common part of our life finds its true end not in worldly action and passion, but in affording foundation and nutriment for the element that is immortal. Each side, in fact, is for the whole, as the body is for the mind, and the mind is for the body. From a physical point of view, the body is the whole man; while, from the mental or spiritual point of view, the spirit is the whole man. There is no part of the

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body that is not animated by the soul, and is not dignified, yea, glorified, by the spirit's presence: so there is no spot in the universe not vivified by God, who is the soul of the world; there is no point in the history of nations or individuals excluded from the hallowing touch of the Spirit of spirits, the Life of all lives. And never can we be where we may not say, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

You hear a great deal said, it is true, of the laws of nature. But do not imagine that nature is a goddess, and that the many forces of nature are individual powers. In that case, we should have back again substantially the old mythologies. A law is a rule, — a constant method. The laws of nature are the laws of God. All that nature seems to do, God really does. We speak of his way of doing as a law; and the various operations of the world seem like the products of machinery, only because of that perfect regularity which ought to make us all the sooner acknowledge a divine agency.

It is now the most charming season of the year; and, whether you are distinctly aware of it or not, you all enjoy life with a peculiar relish. But a little while ago, the earth was locked in the death-like embrace of winter. What a change has passed upon our world! Little blades of grass have sprung up thickly, side by side, sweetly clothing lawns and pastures. The tender leaves upon the trees have invited the singing birds to build their nests once more among their branches. All sounds and sights give a sense of joy in the out-gushing of new life, so that even the aged, breathing the delicately perfumed air, say to themselves, that it is good still to live. What a resurrection! what a miracle! If this does not prove that God is still at work, the same beneficent Father, what could demonstrate it? You know that nothing does itself. You know that the roots of grasses have, in themselves, neither wisdom nor will to push the tiny blades up into the air. I could as soon believe, that a stone might, at pleasure, hurl itself to a distance, as that a

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leaf might grow of itself. All movement, all life, is from a hidden, mysterious, spiritual source. He who in the beginning made all things, now preserves, refreshes, revives, by a touch not less real and marvellous than at first. He who made the first plant grow is here to make the trees blossom to-day. Creation is not something long ago done and finished: it is that very process of God manifesting himself in his works, which we now see going on around us. It is that process of forth-putting which we call growth. And, beholding this, so unspeakably magnificent, and in it beholding God, the everlasting Father, the morning stars still sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy.

The lower material forces whereon life is founded, are also wholly God's. If you throw a stone into the air, it presently comes back again, and with a force equal to that by which it was sent. A power from your spirit, guided by your will, impelled the stone upward; but whose power returns it? Do you say its weight brings it down? That is only another way of saying, that all bodies on the earth's surface have a constant tendency towards its centre. Now, the fact that all other bodies observe the same law of gravity that the stone does which you throw, is no reason for the stone's falling. The stone's weight is a force pushing upon the stone. The sun and all the planets feel the same power urging them towards one another. We call it the attraction of gravitation; but naming a fact is not explaining it. Now, what is this almost infinite power, which brings a leaf floating gently to the ground, and drives the earth and all the planets around the sun? It is the activity of God. Do not think that these things are so because God fore-ordained they should be so, or, as we say, because he long ago established the laws of nature. To determine that something shall be, does not make it so, unless we carry out our resolve. We must believe that the awful power which at this moment is carrying forward the operations of nature is the same as that which instituted them. Every day the laws of nature manifest wonders to which God alone is equal. Left without

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him a single instant, the world would fall into a ruin that a new creation alone could repair. Why, the very existence of matter, as a piece of rock or wood, is possible only as its particles are held together by some mysterious force. "It is the law of cohesion," your worldly philosophy says; but the religious side of that philosophy affirms, that it is God who holds and "upholds all things by the word of his power." Wood or rock is composed of atoms too minute for the microscope to discover. In the smallest particle you can see, there may be millions of atoms. Now, God holds all these together in their proper places, or else there would be no earth for us to stand upon, or food for us to eat, water to drink, or air to breathe. Indeed, we should have no bodies to care for: life would be impossible. The life of all living beings, yea, the substance of all matter, not only once came from God, but now comes from him; and without him nothing exists. You have here the reason of the religious side to life, and why the religious sentiment should pervade all our work and ways. There is nothing finite that has not a side bordering upon the infinite; for creation is the finite side of God. Nature on one side is divine, and the divine on one side is natural. So, in our human minds, there is a sense of God beside the sense of earth and self.

"Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky."

Pupils of the Derby Academy! It is with unusual confidence that I present to you, in this form, the claims of religion. To you it seems more probable than to the older, that our common world should be embraced and glorified in a sacred one. You are not yet completely enslaved by habit to dead matter and the senses. You are ready to believe in something beyond that which you positively know by sight and touch. You are now not far from that period of life to which Wordsworth refers: —

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"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light, —
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Already you are beginning to look back to an earlier age for your purest and sweetest joys. Shall I say, Go back in reality to the simplicity and innocence of infancy? That is impossible. You must go forward, not backward. But let me suggest to you how to find that which is not less the kingdom of heaven than that belonging to little children. First of all, open your eyes to the other world, — I mean, you know, to the divine side of this world, — so as to see the sacredness of your own lives, of your capabilities and opportunities, of present moments, and the present works of God, — the sacredness of your bodies and of your souls. Jacob in his dream saw heaven opened, and himself surrounded with celestial visitants. Would that you might have the same revelation in your waking hours! Tell me, do you not sometimes have real and earnest moments when you feel that you are more than a creature of the earth, — that there is a life within, more noble than your outward existence? You cannot think that those moments in which you seem lifted out of your lower selves hold but empty fancies. Those seasons are an awakening of the whole

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being, — the coming to one's self, regarding the truer and higher part of us. Therefore, though they come to you rarely and linger but for an instant, entertain them as angels' visits; do not let the thought of them die away; cherish them as Jacob cherished the remembrance of his dream at Bethel. It may be silence, often it is music, that makes the soul forget for the time its bondage to the flesh. A circumstance trivial in itself may transfigure the world before us; but it belongs especially to the beautiful thus to remind the spirit of its birth and destiny. To the lover of natural science, the wonders of astronomy or chemistry will often so powerfully suggest the presence of Deity as to make the bosom swell with emotion. The word that finds us may have been spoken by a kindly living voice, or have been handed down to us by sacred tradition. Wherever or however the reality of life is brought in upon you, and God is seen to be nearer than you had thought, let it be to you as a holy revelation, — as the inspiration of the spirit of truth. It is Goethe, I think, who says, "Be true to the dreams of your youth." You cannot make too much of your best moments. As a great ship is guided by a small rudder, so all the days of your life should be directed by the hallowed influence of elevated moments. Do you not know that your best thoughts and desires are the whisperings of God, — that they come straight from heaven? It is natural that your lives should be in large measure, taken up with the world on its common side. It is expected of children, that they will live somewhat as birds and flowers do; and, if there is not given to you a sense of something higher, of the spiritual and immortal, then live wholly the thoughtless life of unintelligent creatures. But if you have glimpses, as I know you have, of an infinite worthiness and beauty of spirit, let your conduct evince a corresponding earnestness; do not trifle with your sacred being; do not allow your earthly existence to be mere chaff, driven and scattered by the winds. Lose not your souls in frivolity. Your days should be joined each to each by one manly purpose, and then your life will have a meaning and a dignity. Be true

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to the dreams of your youth; and on that ladder which you see not less plainly than Jacob did, — on that ladder which joins earth to heaven, you shall ascend step by step, and the good angels shall be your companions, and the eternal blessedness your end.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Some of the old divines speak of Christ's kingdom as consisting of two portions, which they term the kingdom of grace, and the kingdom of glory. These they imagine to lie respectively on this side, and on the other side, of the stream of death. The church is the kingdom of heaven; but the cold death-current of Jordan divides it, — the church militant being the kingdom on this side, while the church triumphant constitutes the kingdom on the other side. Here the Christian incessantly toils and fights and prays; but, as soon as he crosses the river, his toils are exchanged for eternal rest, his fightings for ever cease, the humble petitions he has sent up to the throne give way for everlasting songs of praise. Although there is much truth in this conception, we are able to gather from the Gospels a more enlarged and adequate idea of our Saviour's meaning.

We are aided in our attempt to gain a true notion of Christ's kingdom by his language when arraigned before Pilate. There stands the Man of Sorrows at the bar of a Roman governor to answer the charge of sedition. Jesus had taught that he was the true Messiah. By proclaiming his Messiahship, he had stirred up the indignation of the Jews. By his lofty spiritual teachings, by his endeavors to correct their errors, by his denunciations of their vices, he had engendered from them a hatred which could be appeased only by his blood. How shall they so easily gain his condemnation for a capital offence, as by making the accusation to Pilate, that he had declared himself a king? He is sent to the Judgment Hall. Pilate demands, that he answer the charge brought against him. Jesus replies, that his kingdom

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is not of this world; yet intimates that he is establishing a kingdom on the earth. Pilate next inquires, "Art thou a king, then?" Jesus answers, "Yes, I am a king: to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth." Here Christ evidently regards himself as the king of truth. Now, if he is the king of truth, his kingdom must be the kingdom of truth; and its subjects, the believers in the truth he has revealed. And since Christ, to a far greater extent than any other, disclosed to the world fundamental, universal, and eternal truth, he rightfully called himself its king.

Truth is the true sovereign of the human mind, and the true ruler of mankind. It is irresistible; it is universal; it transcends the limits of time and space. Its empire extends wherever man is man. Its dominion may extend from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. Its reign may be universal and perpetual; for truth is as eternal as the human soul. The most veritable king who ever walked the earth was he who "came to bear witness to the truth;" for a throne with such a foundation must last while God exists.

Viewing the subject in this light, we see that the kingdom of heaven is the reign of truth declared by Christ.

We may notice one or two more scripture passages which seem to be most naturally interpreted in accordance with this view. Jesus had remarked how hard it was for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. The disciples, still holding their Jewish conceptions of this kingdom, were seized with amazement; and Peter exclaimed, "Lord, we have forsaken all, and followed thee: what, then, shall we have?"—"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Here Christ, in conformity to his idea of himself as the king of truth, may be understood as saying to his disciples, When my teachings shall have gained such a hold upon the world that they are made a standard for human conduct, then your actions, your sayings, shall not be without their effect upon men; when I

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shall judge the world by my truth, then you, the first believers in that truth, the first to spread it abroad, shall sit in judgment with me. This seems to be the only tenable interpretation of the language.

That Christ meant by his kingdom the establishment and reign of truth seems to be confirmed still further by the allusions which he makes to *coming in his kingdom*. He evidently represents it as one to be permanently established immediately after the overthrow of Judaism. He was to ascend his throne while some who heard him were living, yet not until his doctrines had been preached to all the then known world. But what kingdom arose upon the ruins of Judaism, except that of Christian truth? Was it not the destruction of Jerusalem that left Christianity the only God-sanctioned religious system, and exalted the Son of man to the throne of his glory? Did not this event first establish the Redeemer's reign on earth? Christ, then, calls the permanent establishment of religious truth, after the downfall of Judaism, his kingdom, the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven. The everlasting dominion of truth was to be his kingdom, a sceptre of righteousness was to be his sceptre.

But it will be asked, "Did not Christ use the phrases in more than one sense?" We answer, Yes; and yet we might almost as truthfully answer, No. We have now stated the chief sense in which he employs them. The others are closely connected with it. Sometimes he means an inward principle operating in the individual soul, as in the expression, "The kingdom of God is within you." Sometimes he refers to a spiritual power extending through the world, and bringing it into submission to the divine will, as where the kingdom of heaven is "likened to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." Sometimes he means a mere external organization, as where the kingdom of heaven is likened "to a net cast into the sea, taking in fishes both good and bad." It may be doubted, however, whether our Saviour ever makes the phrases we are considering refer exclusively to heaven in the common acceptation of that word. We say *exclusively* to

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heaven; for none will deny that he extends his kingdom into the future world, although he may never speak it *solely* in this sense. There are a few texts which seem at first view to refer to the future world alone; but they are so highly figurative, and were uttered under such circumstances, that it is very difficult to determine their meaning with accuracy. But, whatever interpretation we may give them, it does not affect the general statement, that Christ regards the reign of truth as the kingdom of God. The triumph of the truth is the kingdom of heaven, whether it be limited to the individual heart, or extend throughout the universe; whether it conforms to an ecclesiastical polity, or acts independently of any organization; whether it manifests itself in this world, or the world to come.

It is interesting to notice how, in these expressions, Jesus seems to distinguish many shades of meaning, yet to blend them all into one great idea. To his mind, if the germs of truth were visible in a single heart, there God had his throne. If this truth were diffusing itself throughout the world, it was his Father's kingdom establishing itself on earth. If it were promoted by means of an organization, it was God asserting his rightful sway through the agency of men bound together by love to him; and as the felicity of the righteous after death will be in the enjoyment of truth gained, and sin and error conquered, that state may be called pre-eminently the kingdom of heaven. With Christ, wherever righteousness is, there the kingdom of heaven extends. He speaks of his kingdom as existing in this world, as well as in the world above. He never represents these bodies as necessarily shutting out heaven from the soul. In his mind the reign of truth is the kingdom of God, and no external condition need exclude it from the heart. It is righteousness begun here, and to be continued for ever in a higher and better state of existence. P.

It is a thing so evident, that God ought alone to be the object of our love, that no miracle is needed to prove it. — *Pascal.*

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MATINS.

Melting softly into day,
Sweeps the night her stars away;
From the orient gray and calm
Float the breezes spiced with balm;
And, along the solemn hills,
Morn her golden chalice spills.

For this waking, fresh and bright,
From the mystery of night,
Shall I not my offering bring?
Gratefully thy praises sing?
Ay: the day is not begun
Till thy smiling bless its sun!

Over hill and valley slow
Warmer hues of light inflow,
Clothing with their filmy dress
Plainest things in loveliness,—
From the dew-drop's trembling pearl,
To the skies thy hands unfurl.

So, O God! within my soul
Rule, and reign, and charm the whole,
Till the darkest cloud I see
Mirror back some ray from thee;
Till the saddest tears I weep
Faith in living brightness steep.

As in Labor's thronging mart
Now a million pulses start,—
Sorrow, care, the vague unrest
Throbbing in earth's weary breast,—
Breathe thy presence through the day,
Leading in its untried way,
Till we hear the vesper chime
Ringing out the hours of Time.

C. M. P.

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CONVERSION.

[The following article on a most important stage in the Christian experience has been deferred longer than we intended. We do not remember to have seen the subject here treated presented anywhere more tersely and clearly, or more finely illustrated. We commend the article to teachers of Sunday-school classes, as clearing the subject of much needless mystery and misapprehension. — ED.]

MANY people seem to labor under the impression, that *conversion* is a mysterious process, altogether beyond the comprehension of human reason, and altogether beyond the reach of human interference. They imagine, that God, by his own miraculous power, takes a sinful man, and makes a Christian out of him, just as he would speak a new world into being in some far-off region of space, by a fiat of his omnipotence. The wonderful instances of conversion, which are often given in books and papers, and the more wonderful experiences which are sometimes related in our hearing by imaginative and uneducated persons like "Awful Gardner," while they may be real in themselves, yet are fitted, in some respects, to say the least, to exert a questionable influence upon the popular mind and heart. They divert men from the simple, child-like duty which lies right in their path, and lead them to look for some startling display of divine power; to wait for some miraculous interposition of providence in their behalf. Now, I may be wrong in my opinion; but it seems to me, that there is no more mystery — no more miracle — in a man's conversion than there is in any well-defined voluntary act of his life. The consequences may be more vital and far-reaching; but the process is no more complicated than that of a thousand acts in our every-day life upon which we do not bestow a thought. A circle is a very simple curve. Almost any schoolboy would undertake to describe one on the blackboard without the slightest hesitation. But yet, if we examine the matter closely, we find that, in striking a circle rapidly by the crayon, there must be at least four different muscles set in motion by a single volition; two acting together in different directions at the same time, and all accel-

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erating and retarding their motion by peculiar laws. The schoolboy does not stop to consider the physiological or psychological difficulties in the case; but he sees in his mind's eye the curve which he would form, and a single impulse of the will sends the pencil along the waving outline. It is *his* will, working in him and through him, which carries out the action. Just so are we to work out our salvation, remembering that it is God who worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. The overwhelming thought in every case of voluntary action, whether it be the describing of a circle on a blackboard, or a turning from sin to holiness, is this, — that the guidance of God's power is intrusted, is made subject, to our will. It may seem strange to us that God should do this; but the fact that he has done it we demonstrate to ourselves in every step we take. God commands us to repent and be converted. Now, we can repent and turn to him, or else he has commanded us to do an impossibility. We can forsake sin, and do the works of Christian men and women, or else God's requirements are too difficult to be understood and obeyed.

We are away from God and duty: we are straying farther and farther. Shall we wander on until our feet are on the dark mountains, or shall we return? A turning-back is conversion, as its name implies. Of course there must be a change of purpose, a stern resolve, — the highest exercise of the will, — or else there will be no turning-back, no conversion. One implies the other. A truant child, some summer afternoon, leaves its home, and strolls over the fields and along the river. He loosens a boat which he finds from its fastenings, and floats in it down the stream. He does not realize, as he looks at the flowers on the margin and listens to the songs of the birds in the meadows, where he is, or whither he is tending. But at length he comes to himself. No matter what brings him to himself. It may be the coming-on of night; it may be the cry of wild beasts among the trees, which begin to overhang the banks of the river; it may be the sound of a cataract growing more and more distinct and terrible in his ear; it may be the thought of home. It is of

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no consequence whether it be one or all of these. There is just one thing for him to do, and he does it. *He turns his boat*, and, with the prow up the stream, he plies the oar like a man, and is saved. The duty of the child in the case supposed is the duty of every one who is conscious that the distance is widening between him and a Father's home. The great difference between the unconverted and the converted man is here, — the one is rowing up stream; the other is floating down. The Christian may make poor progress in his course; his boat, like Virgil's, may oftentimes drift down with the current; but, if he be a true Christian, his hand will always be on the oar, and the prow always turned towards the fountain-head.

The new convert should not expect "his experience," as it is called, will be like that of everybody else, or anybody else. No two faces are alike in any audience; no two trees are alike in the woods, — no two blades of grass in the field. So no two human minds are so constituted as to be affected in the same way by the same truths. It matters not if you cannot tell just when you became a Christian. I do not suppose one Christian in twenty could do it. If we sow a handful of wheat in our garden, we could not tell, though we watched it ever so narrowly, the exact moment when it germinated. But, when we see the waving grain in the autumn, we know it *did* germinate; and that is all we care for.

The young disciple should not expect too much light at once. It will grow brighter with every Christian duty he performs. The Christian life is a sort of mountain-path; and the higher one climbs, the clearer the atmosphere, and the sooner he will see the morning sun. To the adventurous traveller who has ascended to the summit of Mount Blanc, the sun rises earlier and sets later, and *the night therefore is shorter*, than to the peasant who lives in the valley at its base. So is it in the Christian life. Clearness of vision, and firmness of foot, and beauty of prospect, come only to those who have struggled up to the heights, — to the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Conversion may be the work of a moment;

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but a saint is not made in an hour. Character — Christian character — is not an act, but a process; not a sudden creation, but a development. It grows and bears fruit like a tree; and, like a tree, it requires patient care and unwearied cultivation.

ASCENSION.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious day
When thy children freed from sin,
Glad their Saviour to obey,
To his rest shall enter in.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

True to him, with him they rise;
Here like him they bear their cross;
Still, their treasure's in the skies,
Safe from earthly harm and loss.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

Faithful to each duty here,
Strong in hope and love and prayer,
What have they to doubt or fear?
For their Lord they do and dare.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

What though trials dark and long
Follow to the open grave?
Christ hath risen, he is strong, —
Strong to love, and strong to save.
Christ hath risen, — the night is gone:
Hail the bright ascension-morn!

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"NOT ASHAMED OF OUR FAITH."

A SERMON FOR OUR RELIGIOUS TIMES.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." — ROM. i. 16.

I GLADLY accept from St. Paul this measure and defence of the gospel. A religion which is at once a divine power and a saving power is not a religion to be ashamed of. It takes the highest place amongst acknowledged realities. It stands before princes. It does not ask to be tolerated, or to be patronized. Great shall be the company of those that publish it. It shall be known by its fruits. Whispered in the ear at first, it shall presently be proclaimed from the house-tops. The world will not be able to do without it. Science, learning, genius, shall own their Lord, and shall worship and bow down.

It was the fortune of Paul, beyond any of the early teachers of the Church, to stand between Jew and Greek, and to be intrusted with a testimony for the one and for the other: for the Jew, against the charge of heresy and impiety; for the Greek, against the contemptuous sentence which classed the Christian apostle with the herd of superstitious propagandists that infested all the principal cities of the Roman world in that age of moral decay and corruption. He was charged, on the one hand, with infidelity to the faith of the fathers; and he seems to have felt the charge very keenly, and to have done all which prudence suggested, and sincerity did not forbid, to disarm prejudice and prepare the way for his unwelcome truth, — as when he preached first as a Jew to Jews in the synagogue, — until, pressed in the spirit, he testified that Jesus is the Christ. He was charged, on the other hand, with foolishness, as he very frankly tells us, and, as in his discourse on Mars' Hill, he endeavored to find some

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point of contact with the Grecian mind, which was almost sure to despise him. Now, he had many ways of discoursing. Sometimes he narrated what he calls his Gospel, — the glad message of the resurrection, the earliest word. You will find it in the 14th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, — the oldest of all the Gospels. Sometimes he described his own wonderful experience; but he loved best to insist upon what the new faith could do. His gospel, he said, was not in word, but in power. It was an argument, the force of which all might be made to feel. That is the end of controversies and of apologies.

It will often happen in the progress of the Christian Church from age to age, that those who would be reckoned Christians will find themselves in a position not unlike that of the apostle. To some good persons they will seem to be heretics; by others they will be accounted bigots, enthusiasts, unwise. Their gospel, some will say, is another gospel, and one of which they ought to be ashamed, if they are not; whilst, to others, most of what is brought forward upon the subject by orthodox and heterodox alike will be greeted only with a bland smile, as beneath the notice of positive science. In such circumstances there can be no better word than this of Paul. There are other words, but I turn to this more than to any other. I am concerned beyond any thing else to be able to say to you, not boastfully, but as a faithful witness, that the gospel, as I am compelled to interpret it in dissent and non-conformity, is none the less to me the power of God unto salvation.

Better than any marshalling of texts, than any appeal to Church history, than any doctrinal discussions, valuable as these may be in their way, will be the question, Is our Gospel saving us? It is no light matter to me to find myself in dissent from the great multitude of Christians. The lack of outward and visible fellowship puts me all the more earnestly upon asking whether I belong to the inward and visible communion, and share in the grace of God which is by Christ Jesus. What ought religion to do for me? and is my religion such a religion? Only because in a humble and yet

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hopeful way, not as having attained, but as one who sees a plain path and an open door, and a face of divine encouragement bending over me, am I content to be unchurched of Christendom. Is our gospel a divine power unto salvation? I have no words in which to tell you how searching I would make this question, or with what increasing significance it comes home to me as my days and my ministry go on. I have no words to express my ever-deepening sense of what our religion ought to be to you and me, of what we ought to mean by salvation. I can only inquire upon my knees, as one who confesses the mysteries of God and of the human soul. I can put the question, not as from a curious intellect, but only from my inmost heart, as one who feels the deepest and most abiding necessities of our wonderful nature. I can put the question, not as one about to leave the world, but only as standing in the very midst of the world, with all its joys waiting to be chastened and consecrated, with all its sorrows demanding a loving ministry. Here is a broad, plain question, — a question almost as plain as these, whether we have food to eat, clothes to wear, — Is the whole influence of Christianity upon me and mine, and all who have a right to look to me for help, a saving influence? Are we living near to God? Do we continue in prayer? Is there working in our hearts and lives a divine power, to be recognized at least in its doings, which is superior to spiritual and moral doubt, the infidelities of the soul; superior to passion and the fear of man, able to overcome the world? Is there a Spirit with us, according to the promise of Christ, which does not leave us comfortless, but guides us day by day into the truth, — so that we are not tossed about by the winds of doctrine, but are under a divine authority in matters of faith and practice? Is there a heart in us to love God and to keep his commandments, and to serve his children? Is there a heart in me out of whose abundance I can speak and act? Is there an everlasting life in me, which prophesies immortality, and makes the world to come no realm of ghosts and shadows, but a blessed home? Have we a religion which is worth more to

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us than any or all of our possessions, and which we should cheaply retain at the cost of our earthly lives.

This is what the Gospel ought to be. This is what millions of human souls have found it to be, justifying the great words in which the Saviour describes it, and the huge cost at which he gave it to the world. Just so far as one who is in dissent can answer these questions satisfactorily, will he be satisfied that the saving power of God does not work through Christian theology, so much as through Christianity itself; and that there is for every living member of the Church a common faith, which all the creeds and all the catechisms vainly try to express; and which is only revealed, as they need it and use it, to those who, because they are doing the will, are learning the doctrine. The hiding-place of Christian power is Christ himself. He represents and is Christianity. Men differ as to Trinity and Unity, and the power of God passes none the less into their hearts through the person of Christ. One who is not a Trinitarian may yet rejoice to testify, that God in Christ hath reconciled us unto himself, and that Christ in us is the hope of glory.

The Protestant has shown, by centuries of holy living, that the power of Christianity does not reside in what is peculiar to Romanism; and it is for all who are unable to subscribe the catechisms and articles of Protestant Orthodoxy to show, by their steady and practical faith in divine things, that the power of Christianity does not reside in a technical Orthodoxy. I rest in the persuasion, that, if any thing has dropped out of the doctrine, the effect of the loss will appear in the life. I believe that I have found some lost doctrine in this way. Unable, with some, to look for natural science in the Scriptures, finding more or less which gives me pause in the liturgies and the creeds of Christendom, I am not, spite of my scruples, ashamed of my gospel of Christ. I find those in the old Church connections, some of them personal friends, who interpret the Word of God much, if not altogether, as I do, and only retain their good standing, it would seem, because no one cares to challenge them. I think that there is some ground for the declaration of Rev. Dr. Bel-

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lows, — you will find it in a sermon which was placed in your pews a few Sundays since, — that it would not surprise him in the least to see, in five years, a thousand American ministers, of all denominations, re-united in a new organization, animated with the very essence of our own ideas and opinions, but clothed in a more emotional, a less purely intellectual, a more external and attractive ritual and worship than we inherited. I am not so hopeful, by half, as he in the matter; but there is truth in what he says. As it seems to me, we can render no encouragement to those who scruple about the old statements of doctrine, and yet, for reasons which they deem sufficient, retain their old connections, like that which will be afforded by the example of a Church as exemplary in its piety and abounding in its good works as liberal in its doctrine. I long and pray for a Christianity so deep and high and large, so comprehensive and so earnest, so tender and so rich, so abundant in the knowledge and love of Christ, that the world shall be content to call us only Christians, or even to say, See how their freedom from the burdens of a metaphysical theology has made it all the more possible for them to grow in goodness. In one sentence of Dr. Bellows's sermon, I entirely agree with him. He says, "We really want neither Trinitarianism nor Unitarianism, but only true Christianity. The Trinitarian and the Unitarian divide the real Saviour between them: the Trinitarian goes off with Christ the God, and the Unitarian with Jesus the man; and both lose Jesus Christ, who is God in man." I say I agree with him, and yet these doctrinal statements have no interest whatever for me, compared with any word, old or new, coming from whatsoever quarter, which will make my consecration to God more complete, my measure of the Christian spirit more abundant, my heart richer for all Christian utterance and for all Christian work.

My creed satisfies me, I am willing to confess, better than the use I have put it to. I am not inclined to boast of my liberal ideas; rather am I ashamed because of my small measure of Christianity. Sometimes our friends are moved, as they think, by the spirit of prophecy, and predict for us

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changes of opinion, position, and the like. If it were only as easy to predict, and to insure a more uncompromising and zealous Christianity. And why should it not be?

And now I have only time to say before I close, that in commending the gospel to those who have it not, or who seem to me to have it not, it would be by no means the least of my reliances to set it forth as the only power of God unto salvation. The world must have a religion, because the world has a heart, — bread from heaven, truth, love, light, a personal God, a spirit to help human infirmity, a revelation of another life, a heart to do God's work, and to bear God's will in these places of care. It cannot live long without the supernatural: it must not only believe that God is, but also that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him. It has enjoyed, since Christ's coming, a positive faith in divine things, immeasurably beyond any thing which was vouchsafed before, — that is the fact, explain it as you will; and we shall find that this faith shall live and grow, in the multitude of cases, and as a rule to which there will be few exceptions, only when and where the Spirit that Christ sends into the world leads the mind into truth, and lifts the heart into prayer. The world may forget for a time, — it is forgetting now, but it will only be for a time, — that he who gathereth not with Christ, scattereth.

You know how tolerant Christ was. He was so, because he was so strong; because he knew that we had such great need of him. "He that is not against us is on our part," he said, and "Forbid him not; for there is no man, which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me." Wait a little, he seems to say, with that divine patience, — wait, and uncompelled, undenounced, they shall come to me, the only Light that never grows dim, the only Name whereby men can be saved, the only fountain of living waters.

We are told, that the Unitarian movement logically, and therefore inevitably, issues in the simplest humanitarian Christianity, without so much as a miracle to cast about it a halo of mystery. Let time decide that, along with so much else; but, however this may be, there is also a counter-movement.

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There are those who long, as the heart panteth for the water-brooks, for more of the life of God. They love the sweet words and the gracious works of Jesus. They worship his *divine character*. They sit at the feet of the man of God. They follow him in his blessed charities. They make a nice distinction, perhaps, between Jesus and the Christ; but they rejoice to be called Christians. They keep his commandments, because they love the Master in sincerity. And now let me, too, play the prophet: let me say, that the old word of benediction shall be fulfilled, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." As they look, their faith shall grow by what it feeds upon. As they follow him, they shall be amazed like the disciples of old. The divine shall shine through the human, as on the Mount of Transfiguration; the light of the glory of God in the face of their man Jesus. They shall hear him forgiving sins, — their own sins, perhaps, — and shall ask, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? They shall hear his sweet "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," — peace from the bosom of God. And his name shall again be Wonderful; the miracles which could not be grounds of faith shall become objects of faith, and unto the increase of faith; and once more, as in the blessed days of trusting childhood, they shall see the broken tomb, and Mary kneeling at the feet of the risen Christ, and the cloud that half veils, half reveals, the vanishing Lord; and, from that day onward, he shall be not only the man Jesus, but Christ their life; and it shall be the dearest hope of their hearts, that, when he shall appear, they may appear with him in glory.

A MAN must bring a serious mind to this work. He must come before God with sincere earnestness, deep humility, and hearty sorrow for his sins, and with a deliberate and firm resolution not to enter any more into the old, broad way of vanity. And though the whole world should account him a fool, and he should lose both honor and goods — nay, and the temporal life also — for the sake of his new choice, yet he must resolve firmly to abide by it. — *Behmen.*

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXIX.

WARUM BETRÜBST DU DICH, MEIN HERZ?

[By Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker poet, about the middle of the sixteenth century.]

Why dost thou vex thyself, my heart?
Why discontented with thy part
Of this world's transient good?
Thy trust be in thy God alone;
For earth and heaven are all his own.

He will not take his presence back;
He knows full well what thou dost lack,
And where thy burdens press:
Thy Father and thy God, he still
Stands by thee in extremest ill.

The foolish boast their golden dust;
In God I meekly put my trust,
With slender means content:
There rests with me the joyous thought,—
Who bide in him can lack in nought.

O God! thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast shown thyself alway;
That is my stay and staff.
Give me but wealth within the breast,
And scatter as thou wilt the rest.

From what must waste I well can part;
With the Everlasting in my heart,
The world's vain lusts flit by;
They offer but a short success,
And lead no step to blessedness.

O Lord, my God! all praise to thee,
That, through thy Son, thou call'st e'en me,
Thy saving health to share.
My spirit fast to thee engage,
And make thyself my heritage!

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XXX.

VON GOTT WILL ICH NICHT LASSEN.

[Written by Ludwig Hembold, during the Plague at Erfurth, in 1563.]

From God I will not sever,
Since he doth ne'er forsake;
But keep the faith for ever
That sacred promise spake.
He reaches me his hand;
He grants his aid and warning
At night as in the morning,—
This well I understand.

When human love and favor
Grow cold, or turn aside,
His kindness will not waver,
While we in him confide.
He helps in all our straits,
Redeems from prison-places,
Sets free from all disgraces,
And snatches from death-gates.

To him will I commit me,
When I am sorely pressed;
E'en then he will permit me
A refuge and a rest.
Confided to him still
Be body, soul, and living,
And life that is his giving;
Do with them what he will!

Praise Him with souls and voices
Who filleth to the brim:
How every hour rejoices
That gives its heart to him!
So use we well the time:
Then shall our joy be telling,
Here in this earthly dwelling,
And more in the upper clime.

N. L. F.

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VI. — SOUL AND BODY.

I NEVER had the greatest respect for the man who always has at hand some favorite theory, which, like a portable foot-rule, he can slip out of his pocket, and tell you the exact measure of the world at any time. I am apt to fancy that the world is somewhat larger than he imagines, and has more in it to minister to humility and awe.

Yet the rage of explanation is very common, in spite of ridiculous weaknesses to which it has led. The force of system is the veritable hydrostatic press, where a slender column of theory balances tons of absurdity. If, to one bent upon elucidating every thing by the sole principle of benevolence, you object that the wolf eats the lambs, — "Ah, yes!" he replies, "without doubt he eats them, and herein shines the goodness of Providence; for the lambs are eaten when they are young and fat; they thus escape sickness and old age. If they were reasonable creatures, and foresaw the future, they would, in dying, bless their carnivorous benefactors." How much more sensible is it to confess, that there are some things which we do not understand!

It is not at all my meaning, that this confession should worry us, or give us the least wish to be beating our brains against dark corners which have been harder than all human heads ever since the world began. Around such questions as the origin of evil, the freedom of the will, the fore-knowledge of God, there seems to have been a strange fascination, akin to that longing sometimes felt on the tops of monuments and towers, to throw one's self headlong below; though I suspect that, in both cases, he who yields to it finds he has not proved much beyond his own daring and folly.

The truth is, these grand mysteries lie along our mental horizon like mountains. It is good for us to have them there. They show us our littleness; they fill us with emotions of

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sublimity; they give us exalted conceptions of Him to whom they "are very little things;" and I hardly know who furnishes the most evidence of not having a truly sane mind, — he who tries to prove there is no mountain there, or he who sets to work with his pickaxe and spade to shoyel it away.

It was in the interchange of some of these thoughts, that Arthur and I, one afternoon, had a walk in the woods behind his house. The leaves had assumed those thousand-colored tints which mark the decline of the year; the golden rod, cardinal flower, and aster displayed their bright colors along our path, while the distant field and hill-sides were wreathed with that airy gauze which sometimes gives to our autumnal scenery almost the softness of an Italian landscape. Perhaps it was the influences of the season, perhaps the remembrance of the late bereavement, that gave a direction to our talk.

Arthur. — Among those mysteries to which we have just alluded is the mystery, that we are brought into such a connection with matter that the soul is temporarily imprisoned in this body of earth. Here too, you know, some men must have a theory, and so they talk about our suffering here for the sins of some pre-existent state; though even that seems to me less improbable than the notion of others, that it was originally intended we should live here for ever. How flesh and blood could stand an eternal wear and tear is not quite apparent; to say nothing of the fact, that the solid matter of the globe itself might in time fail to furnish sufficient substance for so many bodies of undying beings. But I dare say the advocates of these opinions find ways of getting over these slight difficulties; at any rate, will try to do it, rather than stand silent before this mystery, saying, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Neighbor. — That lurch of opinion which assumed that mind is an attribute of matter is, I believe, fast passing away.

Arthur. — And little merit was there, as it seems to me, in abandoning it. Who can praise very highly the discrimination that fails to see the difference between the indivisible, self-acting, reasoning, loving, aspiring, limitless soul, and the divisible, inert, unconscious, gravitating, and bounded matter?

Neighbor. — It is for this reason we must regret that our lan-

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guage is so much founded on a materialistic basis; for we say our eyes see, our ears hear, our fingers touch, when we know that they can do nothing of this kind. How much better would it have been, had our language expressed the exact truth, that it is the soul which sees, hears, touches, through the bodily organs.

Arthur. — Ah, well! if the making of language was to be done now, there are many things that would be changed; and, after all, a reflecting mind is no more deceived by what you refer to, than by the phrase, "the sun rises and sets." But language itself gives us a hint, you know, that the soul is restrained and fettered by the body. We all feel what an imperfect communication between two souls is this reverberation of air. We are conscious of having burning thoughts and emotions which seem cold and spiritless as expressed in the best word that can be found; and how often can we find no right word at all! What is the poet's struggle but the effort of the soul to give an adequate outward sign of the conception of truth and beauty which is so resplendent within? Why is adoration, in its highest form, so speechless, if not because no words can utter the soul's emotions of gratitude and love?

And then, on the other hand, scarcely less suggestive is the fact of the soul's occasional independence of the need of speech. Two lovers read each other's heart merely by a look. Two minds of a kindred genius require hardly a word to suggest a whole volume of meaning. If we suppose their two bodies suddenly destroyed, and their souls, surviving, to be immediately together, these might have more perfect communication with each other without any mediation of tongue or eye.

In both cases then, in our stammering modes of utterance, and when we know each other without utterance at all, what a conception we seem forced to have of something distinct from the prison-house of the body, and boundlessly greater than that!

Did you ever look into the eye, so human, of an elephant, and imagine a human soul imprisoned in that unwieldly mass? The distinction between soul and body came home pretty strong then. What is there, except our familiarity with the human body, that should make this seem less a prison of the soul?

Neighbor. — It may be said, you know, that the human body is a better organization; yet there is no reason to suspect, that it is any thing else than a more delicate arrangement of the same corruptible elements of bones and flesh and blood.

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Arthur. — And, then, how is the general position we are now looking at fortified, by considering that there are in the soul ideas which lie back of all phenomena of the body, and which none of these seem to suggest! Such is our idea of the Infinite, which no familiarity with finite things appears to create; our idea of the Perfect, which no accumulation of imperfects can form; our idea of Right, which no induction originates; our idea of Causality, which no succession of events inspires. It is, I think, by no devious process that we feel that these things place the soul in relations above time and sense, and intimate a nature and destiny differing from those of the body.

Neighbor. — They seem like that harmony which existed before your musical instrument was made, and will never die, even after that instrument be broken. And, as we grow older, I suspect this thought more and more comes to us. In youth, animal life almost overlays the spiritual, of which we become more conscious as bodily forces abate.

> "The soul's frail mansion, battered and decayed,
> Lets in the light through chinks which time hath made."

Arthur. — "A bridge," says an author I was reading to-day, "shows the space between me and the world of matter; but, of the two banks joined by this bridge, that where I am is the most real: the other may possibly be a mirage, but verity must be here." And, if we look to the metaphysicians, I suppose they will tell us that it is harder to prove the existence of matter, than that of spirit. How much do we suffer ourselves to be deluded, if we deem matter so solid, and spirit so unsubstantial; and only once in a while wake up to see, not that we *have* souls, but that we *are* souls, and beside these there is nothing else that is not a transitory shadow!

Neighbor. — Do you remember the confession of the heroic apostle, "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell"? I suppose that all heroism sometimes lifts one up to a like uncertainty.

Arthur. — Yes: men for a moment seem to overcome the limitations of the body, and to forget it. So does the poet in the hour of his ecstacy; so does the loving friend, who lives with the absent and far distant one, and, for a moment, can hardly persuade himself that he is not there; so does the astronomer, as his thought

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flies from one planetary world to another; so does the martyr, who, at the stake, is insensible to all pain; so does the Christian, who, in his rapt devotion, feels as if he was even now bowing before the shining throne, with the Lamb, and the elders, and the golden harps, and the vials full of odors. When we think of these things, it does not seem to be the highest exercise of reason to call in question the distinction between soul and body.

Neighbor. — And, once possessed of that distinction, immortality is not so hard to believe.

Arthur. — The mystery of mysteries is, as before said, that we are in this body of flesh at all. Our separation from it seems not only possible, but probable. Why should the prisoner perish because his prison-walls are taken away?

At this point, Arthur seemed inclined to glance at some of the intimations of immortality; but I felt obliged to remind him of the approach of the evening air, and of his cough, which has already awakened our anxiety. He told me, that the next day a party of neighbors and friends proposed to pass the afternoon at the glen, a place I have before described; and, if I would accompany him, we might have a side chance to carry on a little further the conversation here interrupted.

READER, who lovest God, if thou wilt use this book aright, and art in good earnest, thou shalt certainly find the benefit thereof; but I desire thou mayest be warned (if thou art not in earnest) not to meddle with the dear names of God, in which and by which the Most High Holiness is named, stirred, and most powerfully desired, lest they kindle the anger of God in thy soul; for we must not abuse the holy names of God. This little book is only for those that would fain repent, and are in a desire to begin. Both sorts will find what manner of words are therein, and whence they are born. Be ye herewith commended to the eternal goodness and mercy of God. — *Behmen.*

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PERFECTION.

In the Sermon on the Mount, our Saviour laid down for us no less a standard than perfection. That sermon, which has been the fruitful source of so many discourses, and indeed contains in itself all the righteous sermons since delivered and to be delivered, fell upon the Jewish ears with a stunning force of paradox. Its principles quite reversed their precepts, poured contempt on all their pride, and pointed out sources of happiness hitherto unknown, or known only to be despised. To this day, that precept to which we have now especially adverted has remained a paradox, running counter to general Christian profession and alleged experience. Christians generally admit sin to be insuperable in the present state of being; and in their temple-worship they continually proclaim to God their own unworthiness and vileness. With some, this strain of homage is, no doubt, the voice of a deep consciousness. With others, it sometimes seems to indicate an idea, that God, like an Eastern despot, likes to have his worshippers grovel in the dust before him; degrading the subject to exalt the Sovereign. It is sometimes a painful spectacle, as if a thoughtless insult to Him who has created and redeemed us. Does it not somewhat reflect upon the Sovereign himself, to inform him that even his works of grace are so alloyed? Does the praying Christian forget that he is God's own workmanship, both initially and much more by the transformation of the spirit? Such homage, when the sincere breathing of a bruised spirit, is fit to move the tears of the speaker and hearer. When, on the other hand, it appears to be dictated by a magnifying of God through the belittlement and slander of man, his workmanship, it is painfully counter to good taste; and, when it smacks of cant, it is repulsive to the spectator, and cannot be acceptable to God. Does the worshipper really believe his own exhibition of himself? If even his fellow-man should take him at his word, would he not be bitterly affronted?

The Saviour's precept, however paradoxical, is so explicit, clear, and demonstrable as to be almost self-evident.

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So far as the past record goes, does not the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse from all sin? If so, it renders the past lily-pure, — pure as he is pure. And, if not, then the atonement is at fault. And, if it fails partially, it is a total failure; for a sinner only partially redeemed cannot be admitted into heaven, where nothing can enter which defileth in the least degree.

So, too, of the future. If the grace of God in Christ is insufficient to enable us to live without sin, then the grace is incomplete, and our redemption is at fault. Nay, more: if we cannot live without sinning, then a sin which is compulsory we are not to blame for, and it is no sin. It is evident, therefore, that we can live without sin, if we take refuge in the Ark of Safety, and lay hold on all that help which Christ has provided for us.

It is evident, also, that we reproach Christ if we say he requires of us more than we can accomplish. He has presented the standard of perfection: would it be righteous and benevolent for him to thus exact of us, if compliance were out of our power? Nay, if this were so, then perfection itself is satisfied at a lower rate; for a man who does as well as he can, does all that can be justly demanded of him, and is, in fact, perfect.

The only way to escape this reasoning is to qualify the Scripture by some imaginarily and arbitrarily supposed tacit reservation. We think such a course of Bible exposition is liable to the anathema pronounced against the adding to, or taking from, the Word of God.

But what is perfection?

It has degrees. A shell on the sea-shore is as perfect as a solar system or a galaxy; but it is not as large. If we are perfect as God, our perfection is finite, and his infinite.

It is progressive. Gabriel is a greater being now than he was in the days of Abraham. There is no standstill in perfection. The perfect Christian is on the advance, — a pilgrim ascending that ladder which Jacob saw reaching from heaven to earth, and he is every day nearer to God. A Christian who had got his growth would be so far from perfect, that he

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would be a dead thing without any Christian vitality; for, with the Christian, to live is to attain, to advance. This "one thing I do," says Paul: "forgetting the things that are behind, I press on to those which are before."

Perfection, again, is God's work, and not man's. In all human achievement, the divine agency is still so vastly out of proportion, that the contributive work of man seems slight indeed. This is in the natural world. The husbandman ploughs the ground; but who made the ground? Who made the oxen? Who made the wood and iron shaped into the plough? Who made the ploughman himself? Who ministers to him the strength he must put forth in the work? All this is so great, that the effort of man seems small indeed. Yet that effort is man's own, given by God to the free human will, and made the condition of the result. This smaller quantity is lost sight of by the fatalists, who make puppets of themselves in error of intellect or the mistaken hope of pleasing God. An opposite class impute all to this human element, losing sight of the preponderating divine agency. It is to correct these that we are told in the word of God, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." It was this self-glorification that unmanned Nebuchadnezzar, and degraded him to the rank of the irrational brute till seven times passed over his head.

The perfect man glories in God, not in himself; for he knows that his righteousness is Christ's, imputed, and thereby imparted, to him, that, in his goodness, it is God that works in him both to will and to do of his good pleasure. He does not say, "Behold this mighty Babylon that *I* have built!" but, rather, "Behold this work of grace that God hath wrought!" Still he does not ignore his own contributive agency, but, consciously alive to his God-imparted strength, his freedom and power of will, he puts forth his strength, and co-operates with God.

The perfect man, in the next place, does not know his own perfection. He thinks so much of God, that he thinks little of himself. A few persons I have known intimately in

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whom I could find no fault, but everybody thought more of them than they did of themselves. They did not count that they had already attained. Humility is itself the crown-jewel of perfection, and humility is not self-conscious. Paul was perfect, but he did not stop to count upon it: he "pressed on to the things which are before." Those perfectionists who announce, "I am perfect," furnish evidence of their own frailty, and discredit their profession.

The perfect man is so vigilant against the heart, which he knows to be deceitful above all things, that he dare not trust its testimony in behalf of his perfection. He fears it is overweening; he dreads callousness of conscience; he thinks his self-satisfaction arises from losing sight of the higher heights which ever open up in grandeur and glory in the blue serene above him. The perfect man is a watcher; and his constant prayer is to the Searcher of hearts, to show him if there be any wicked way in him, and lead him in the life everlasting.

Again: the perfect man is not delivered from propensity to sin. Christ was without sin; but he was not without propensity to sin; for he was tempted in all points like as we are. Paul was a perfect man in his degree: yet the thorn in the flesh gave him anguish, and he exclaimed, "Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

No man is so perfect as to be safe from temptation. It lurks for him at the next corner, and endangers his spiritual life. It presents evil thoughts and evil lures to him. It is nearest when seeming farthest off. When the soul has but now been soaring in devotion, there is danger, as it sinks from its flight, that Satan will enter into it. The man who counts himself perfectly safe, and relaxes his guard or throws away his weapons and armor, is sure to fall into sin.

In considering the doctrine of perfection, it is necessary carefully to discriminate between sinful propensity and sinful practice. To merely be tempted to do wrong, to have evil thoughts offer themselves, or evil lures solicit, is not sin. If we could not resist such temptation, then duress would be a good plea, and irresistible sin would be no sin. This would

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be proportionably true if these temptations could be only partially resisted; for, to the extent of impossible resistance, the forced wrong would not be sin, since only free agents can commit sin.

This is the evil of preaching up the impossibility of perfect sinlessness. Bad men hear good men accounting themselves vile; and, taking them at their word, they suppose them no better, regard holiness as impracticable, and content themselves to grovel in moral degradation.

To say that we cannot be perfect is a libel upon God, and a license more or less to commit sin. It discourages us to expect to live without sinning, or to believe we can so live; and in this respect, as a man thinketh, so is he: he cannot accomplish what he believes beyond his power, and useless to endeavor. Consequently, where this hopelessness of virtue is preached up, the moral standard is not high, and the Christianity is gross with alloy. We fear there are many who, at the judgment, will find their faith tried by their works, and will incur condemnation because they unnerved their strength with sluggish ease in a debased moral standard of possible excellence.

This doctrine of perfection is inculcated by the beloved disciple, and gives the key to the First Epistle of John. In the eighth verse of the first chapter, he says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Here, we take it, he refers to sinful propensity, and not to sinful indulgence. Or perhaps it refers to the past record, and is another rendering of the tenth verse intended to be expository of it, — "If we say that *we have not sinned*, we make him a liar, and the truth is not in us." We take it both statements are true of the perfect man, and that he is a wretched fanatic, who does not recognize that he was once a sinner, and still is liable to sinful propensities. That it does not imply that a Christian indulges sin is very obvious from the third chapter. In the fifth verse it is written, "And we know that he was manifested to take away our sins." The sixth verse says, "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

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Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God."

John thus clearly states, that, while the man who says historically that he has not sinned, or denies that he has propensities, liabilities, or temptations to sin, either intentionally falsifies, or is blinded to holiness; yet, on the other hand, the man who professes conversion, and still sins, is a deceiver, or himself deceived. The divine lineage into which he has thus been born through faith in Christ transmutes his tastes and affections, so that he must love godliness and loathe sin, do righteousness and detest iniquity. Sin now contravenes his nature, jars upon his spirit, and tortures his sensibilities. Some commentators limit such sin to known sin. But, where there are means of recognizing sin, ignorance is itself sin. Others restrict the sin, intended in the passages cited, to habitual sin. They say a regenerate man may occasionally fall into sin; but it will be so at war with his new nature that he cannot go on in sin. Others again refer the passage to a completed sanctification, which they regard as begun, but not perfected here.

We shall not insist that those who have faults or foibles, or who even fall into grievous sin, may not be Christians. This would be constituting ourselves their judge, while "to their own master they must stand or fall." What we do claim is, that it is possible wholly to avoid sinning, not sinful propensity, but sinful indulgence and practice. The atonement for sin is ample. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin." It is not an imperfect remedy. The grace of Christ, the Holy Spirit, Israel's Keeper who neither slumbers nor sleeps, — these are not inadequate agencies, but completely effectual, if a man will fully avail himself of them, to wholly guard and protect from sinning. This proposition is so clear, that to doubt it seems an imputation upon God and a sacrilege. To doubt it is to enervate Chris-

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tian energy, unman Christian effort, put to sleep Christian vigilance. To recognize it is to raise up the man to the full stature of his God-given strength, and place him shoulder to shoulder with those Christian heroes to whom the Scripture seems applicable, "I said, Ye are gods."

We have thus sought to vindicate the possibility of Christian perfection, to insist upon it as a clearly attainable duty to which we would bid every child of God apply himself. We have even claimed, that there are, in observation and experience, specimens of men seemingly perfect; and we have pointed out some of the characteristics by which such may be distinguished. We add yet one more badge of perfection, — instancy in prayer. The perfect man breathes ever — without ceasing, in season and out of season, in the closet, at the home and conference and temple-altar — that vital air without which holiness cannot exist. He prays in a heart's desire bearing ever upward, indicting his thoughts, touching his lips, as occasion offers, with fervid utterance, nerving his hand to charities, illumining his look and gesture and deed with a heavenly halo of love, shining into all hearts as an unmistakable Christian light which cannot be hid in a darkened world, sanctifying his whole mind and body and spirit, and rendering his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

The perfect man knows what prayer is, as he knows what breath is; and he will not cease from one till he discontinues the other.

Finally, there is another most pleasing mark by which the perfect man is distinguished, — his end: "Behold the perfect man, and mark the upright! for the end of that man is peace." — "His last days are his best days."

The end is the crowning perfection of the beautiful and good. *Finis coronat opus.* Perfection does not wane out of existence. Its close breaks into a sunset of glory, bursts into stars like the culminated rocket, shoots forth the brightest beam in parting, like the consuming candle. Its end is thus fair and full of peace, because it is not its end, but, in truth, a grander beginning. In its setting, it soars to another existence, and "flames in the forehead of the morning skies."

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"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."*

It is that which makes the natural type so affectingly beautiful in its setting. Otherwise we could have no heart to mark the perfect man in his end. We could gaze at no sunset, we could watch no withering flower, no pining bloom, no waning existence. It would be the blackness of despair for ever. But now that death is a door opening up a new, joyous, expansive existence, which, though our eyes fail to penetrate, yet our hearts' awakened sentiment discerns; therefore doth a glory play about the parting hour of the perfect man, and lend to his brow and eye a halo of peace and preternatural beauty.

We are aware that the train of reasoning we have pursued is ordinarily opposed by holding up to view the perfect law of God, demanding, as it does, divine love to the extent of mind, soul, and strength; and the Christian is challenged to point to a day or hour when he is sure he has come up to this requirement.

If he has not done it, however, that does not invalidate our position, which is merely that it is in his power to do it. And the correctness of this position is manifestly implied by the very statement of the divine law; for, otherwise, that must require us to love God *beyond* our mind and soul and strength, whereas the requirement is only commensurate with our ability. As to the challenge, no Christian ought to take up the gauntlet; for that would render him judge in his own cause, instead of his loving Master and Saviour. Doubtless many a trembling saint, who dares not exonerate himself of culpability, is acquitted by the approving smile of his tender and considerate Judge. The Christian himself ought to be diffident of his attainment, and ever anxious after perfection, that, having done all, he may stand. He should watch now, for he is among perils and foes. He should not take his rest now, but work ere the night cometh, and labor to enter into that rest which *remaineth* to the people of God.

R. F. F.

* William Ellery Channing, the poet.

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RANDOM READINGS.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY.

PERHAPS it is not wise to question the genuineness of the sympathy proffered to us by the English nobility in our great national bereavement. But when those *thirteen thousand prisoners* at Andersonville were being murdered, or starved to death, and as many more at Richmond, Salisbury, and Danville; when the loyal people of East Tennessee were shot down on their own hearth-stones, or before their doors, in presence of their wives and children; when the colored prisoners of Fort Pillow after surrender were butchered with English guns and bayonets; when loyal men throughout Dixie were hunted into caves by bloodhounds, or hung upon the limbs of trees; and when all this was within the nation which Mr. Gladstone said was "created" by Jefferson Davis, it strikes us that English sympathy would have come with as much propriety and grace, and very likely would have prevented the great wickedness which only consummated these barbarities. Jefferson Davis was eulogized by the English minister with plaudits, and "Hear, hear!" Mr. Lincoln was scorned, and jeered at. The portraits of each were exhibited; one as the finished gentleman, the other as an outlandish boor. If Mr. Lincoln's assassination had been a great success, and Southern independence had been achieved thereby, we should have had small condolence from the English nobility, who, for three years, had been the patrons of pirates, of the murderers of helpless prisoners, and the robbers of graves. It alters the case when the "nation" which Jefferson Davis "created" has crumbled in pieces, and the finished gentleman is running from the gallows disguised in petticoats; when the nation preserved by Abraham Lincoln comes strong and whole out of the storm of battle; when four millions of slaves drop their fetters at his word, and emerge into the glorious prerogatives of manhood; when the true and the good everywhere rise up to call him blessed, and a great people is weeping tears of love and sorrow over his

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bier. We hope none of us will be again deceived, or suppose that the English aristocracy, whether in our prosperity or adversity, regard us with any thing but aversion and hate. But, for the sake of the English *people*, on whose mighty heart we have leaned for sympathy all through our great agony, let us strive after peace, and maintain it. And when *their* struggle comes on apace, when their day of emancipation and enfranchisement into all the prerogatives of English freemen is drawing nigh, may the heart of the republic beat with them, — the republic whose cause they have cheered on in its hour of peril as the cause of universal liberty and the sacred rights of mankind! S.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Lines of railway are being established in Asia Minor. It sounds oddly to read of them as connecting places once reached by the bleeding feet of the apostles. Think of Paul and John as going from Ephesus to Smyrna in the first-class express-train! They could do that if they lived in these days. There has lately been opened to public travel a railway about fifty miles long between these two cities. Anglican enterprise is at the bottom of this undertaking. Spacious station-houses have been erected, and a hope is cherished of developing a large traffic; but at present a single daily train renders sufficient accommodation.

In zeal for missionary labor, no class of Christians equals the Roman Catholic; and few persons who have visited the College of the *Propaganda*, in Rome, where almost every language spoken on the face of the earth is taught to those in training for missionary life, will forget the impression there derived of the earnest and almost ubiquitous efforts of that Church. It says, that in Judea alone it employs no less than 2,056 Italian priests, of whom 490 are Jesuits, 442 Capuchins, and 215 are Franciscans.

If one should undertake to describe all the strange and, in some senses, cruel customs that are still observed in the old cities of Europe, the inheritance of former ages, we might obtain a very lively idea of our good fortune in this country in escaping the past. A French paper says, that, in Berlin, apothecaries are still forbidden to prepare medical prescriptions for sick Jews. It adds, that

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the privileges of that noble corporation would be forfeited by non-compliance with this prohibition. Berlin has ten thousand Hebrew inhabitants, some of whom are persons of great distinction. Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn and Neander, who were of Jewish extract, were from that city; and what names of eminent men grace its annals! — Hegel, Humboldt, Schleiermacher, Ranke, Ritter, Fichte, Schelling, and a list too long to quote, and quite too long not to leave us in wonder that the abolition of the above-named inherited restriction has not years ago been effected.

In "Notes of Travel in 1862–3," by Francis Galton, just published in London, there is an interesting account of a large female school in Beyrout. It has, he says, no less than four hundred pupils, married women and girls. They are studying the English, French, and Arabic languages; and, what seems to be of still greater consequence, they are taught useful lessons relating to a practical and energetic management of the affairs of domestic life according to European ideas on this subject. The writer says, that "nowhere has the experiment of female education in the East been tried with more thorough success." He says that a sight of the pupils in this school was of deep interest. Their countenances betokened all the races of the East, — Greek, Moslem, and Christian; and, as they sat side by side with those of a hostile creed, the lesson of a kindly and respectful tolerance was not the least important which they learned.

No city in Europe excels Rome as a nest of superstitious signs, sayings, oracles, and fears. These always flourish where there is little rational belief; and, besides, many old pagan observances survive there to this day. Among these, some mystic sibylline words have strange power. A writer in Rome, whose letter in the "Independence Belge" we have just read, affords an illustration. "Just now," he says, "the minds of many are exercised by the belief that the sybilline expression, *crux crucis*, applies to the present times. *Cross of the cross*, — what do those mystic words mean? Some whisper, with fear, that the papacy and the Catholic Church are about to be crucified by the hands of Victor Emanuel and his soldiers; though, as they hope, these institutions will then rise again with renovated power. Others exultingly interpret the phrase as implying, that the present hope has proved a cross of the cross, — a bad ruler, who has brought every thing to disgrace and ruin. Here is an ambiguity worthy sibylline fame.

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We find, in "L' Opinione" of Turin, in the last month, an interesting article, based on information received directly from Rome, touching the prospect of the pope's remaining in that city after the withdrawal of the French troops. It seems, that all sorts of discussions on this subject abounded. It is evident, that there is already a clear foresight of the sure triumph of the patient and waiting policy of the Italian Government, and a wide-spread conviction that the papal power is destined to occupy a still lower place in the coming history of the world. What will become of it? Shall it seek some other seat? To what place can it go? Venice, Austria, Bavaria, France, Spain, the Balearic Isles, Malta, Regusa, have all been named; but it is already known that large places do not want to receive such an element of disturbance as the papal court would constitute, and small ones would feel themselves suffocated by its reception. It is supposed, that the reactionary Catholic party in France would give a cordial welcome to the pope as an instrument of excitement in that country against the liberalizing tendencies of the present Government, and in the hope of an accession of power to the waning influence of Catholicism. In the midst of all this discussion, the "Unita Catholica," the organ of the Roman court, expresses the opinion, that, after all, the pope will remain where he is, and shape the future in the best way he can.

The indifference to sanitary regulations evinced by many municipal corporations seems oftentimes no better than deliberate and wholesale murder. When it is known, for a certainty, that hundreds of deaths may be avoided, and yet the requisite conditions are not complied with, the hands of civic functionaries are red with blood. The little sensibility which officials in many places show on this subject is one of the most amazing spectacles of the times. Illustrations of diminished mortality by sanitary reforms are not wanting, and the city of Paris presents one quite worth considering. Within the last fifteen years, the French capital has been greatly changed. Old and overcrowded blocks of dwellings have been demolished, and pure air has been admitted into many close neighborhoods by opening broad streets and public squares. Better tenements have been provided for the poor, who now enjoy, in many instances for the first time, the comforts of pure water and good drainage. What are the consequences? We see them stated in the "Journal de la Société de Statistique" as follows:

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"From 1845 to 1849 there was one death to every 32 inhabitants; from 1850 to 1854 there was one death to every 34 inhabitants; from 1855 to 1859 there was one death to every 35 inhabitants; from 1860 to 1863 there was one death to every 40 inhabitants. In 1845 there were 31 deaths in every 1,000 inhabitants; while in 1864 there were but 25 deaths in that number of inhabitants making an annual saving, by sanitary means, of six lives in every 1,000, or of 1,200 in the entire population of Paris. That city has a death-rate but a little higher than the average of the whole of France, and considerably less than other French cities less careful of sanitary provisions, — such as Marseilles, Rouen, and Lille. Happily, what was announced as the Russian plague proves to be no "pest" in the proper sense of that word, but only a more fatal form than usual of typhus fever, induced, especially among the poor, by a season of unusual severity. We have neighborhoods in our American cities, new as they are, filled, through filth, with the seeds of disease; and, if our cities are not ravaged by a plague, their ordinary mortality is increased by a guilty municipal neglect.

THE last number of the London "Eclectic Review" (in the interest of the Evangelical Churches of England) has an article upon "The History of Rationalism," the title of a recent book by W. E. H. Lecky. It says, that, in all our condemnation of rationalism, we ought not to forget how much we owe to it. If it has impaired our faith in the miraculous, it has annihilated our belief in magic and witchcraft. If it has narrowed the domain of theology, it has purged away from it the old doctrine of Hell, which, for so long a time, was its central and awful fact, and has brought religion up into a kingdom of purer motive and power. If it has caused prerogatives to wane, and made the toe of the peasant tread on the heel of the courtier, it has carried a practical utilitarianism into politics, which are no longer a mystery and a sham, but a blessing to the nation. The origin of rationalism is traced to the inquisitive, utilitarian, and mechanical spirit of Europe, which has become diffused through all classes; so that, the reviewer says, "Sit down with almost any man, by your fireside, and throw out upon his soul the grappling-irons of close speech; and the ninety-nine chances against one are, that, when you expect to find a Christian, you have caught a rationalist." As to the cure, he says, "Our receipt is assuredly neither in putting a padlock on the human mind nor

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in terrifying it by old expedients of the horrors of a world to come. Our only faith, next to the faith in the word of eternal truth, is in the education of the whole man, — conscience, mind, will, and heart. The impenetrable mystery which lies at the root of every thing should compel the reason to put its finger upon its lip, and reverently to kneel and adore." We think that all this is quite remarkable. The extent to which the spirit of rationalism has invaded the circle from which the writer speaks is very significant; and the spirit of this review we welcome with equal surprise and pleasure. M.

NOTES IN THE HOSPITALS.

In my official visits to the camps and hospitals, I sometimes meet with incidents which may be of interest to the readers of your Magazine. Indeed, as I see its familiar face on the shelves of their libraries, I feel bound to tell you how much good you are in this way doing to thousands of our suffering soldiers. I am confident that it meets the wants of that large number, who, in the course of this war, have broken away from the gloomy walls of Calvinism, but will not rush into the mire of neology. They like still the good old path of an authoritative faith, and accept cordially your motto, "The Church heareth none but Christ."

I found at Readville a library of seven hundred and fifty volumes, but a dearth of good reading of a religious character. I hope they may soon be supplied with your Magazine, as well as other of our publications suited to their needs and tastes. I saw there no tracts of any kind, and but a meagre collection of valuable books. They are eager for such matter; and, if the hospital is continued, I hope some of our liberal friends will soon supply this want. They lack many of those aids furnished our soldiers so generously at most other hospitals, such as National and State maps, war maps, and a supply of stationery. Few imagine how much delight it affords these toil-worn men to write, now and then, a word of their condition to the dear home-circle. While we send them books, secular as well as religious, let us not forget to enclose in each package a small donation of paper and pens. Remember, too, that the library of the hospital at Readville is all the soldiers

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in camp have to furnish them with reading. What you send to the one will, therefore, bless the other.

At Portsmouth Grove, R.I., I found very much to interest me. It has one of the finest hospitals for its size in the country. The library, contained in a large and neat room, has some 2,300 volumes; and, for the most part, they are well-selected and profitable books. I except, however, a mass of worthless pamphlets, "which," said the chaplain, as he pointed to them, "are never touched." They who offer such contributions to our soldiers forget their intelligence, and, I may say of many of them, their liberal culture. In the chapel, — a specially commodious and beautiful building, — I heard a class recite a good lesson in arithmetic; and the chaplain informed me there were several classes in the higher branches. He had himself several scholars in Latin, and two in the Greek language. They are thirsting for good biographies, and works of history. The writings of Prescott were named to me as specially desirable. They have a few newspapers, and spoke of the peculiar acceptableness of daily journals. For editors, "a word to the wise" may be "sufficient."

I met there a Spaniard, sixty-eight years old, who, at eight, entered the army in Great Britain. But he appeared thoroughly loyal, as well as pious, and was anxious to be restored to health, and do his share toward "putting down this wicked rebellion."

Another interesting case was that of a soldier from New Hampshire, who had been two years in the hospital. I spoke to him of the clear hand of Providence throughout this war, uniting the North, and bearing forward irresistibly the noble cause of emancipation. "Speaking of Providence," said he, "I never thought much of that until the battle of Chancellorsville. That was a terrible scene: on Sunday, I fell on the field, and lay there among the heaps of Federal and rebel soldiers, just conscious of being alive, until Tuesday. I was taken for dead by the rebels, and they would give me an occasional kick: meantime they threw shovels of dirt over the bodies around me, and I thought my turn must come soon. When I was taken up and carried off, and saved from being buried alive, I thought there must be a Providence in it all."

Other cases I might relate; but more of these hereafter. As I walked through the cemetery, arranged with great order and beauty, and read the simple inscriptions on each head-board, re-

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cording the ages of so many under twenty years old, and one even of sixteen, I realized more than ever the precious gift we had laid on the altar of our country. Thanks for the assurance that the blood of these noble martyrs was not shed in vain. I devoutly trust their angel-eyes may behold from on high the redemption of the land, its universal freedom, and the perpetuity of our blessed government. A. B. M.

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMES THE WORLD.

Victory over self is victory over the world. It is not the outward enemy, but the traitor within, that storms or undermines the citadel of spiritual life. Alas that the gates are so often unbarred for the hosts of evil to enter! Alas that the soul should so easily surrender, and suffer itself to be laid waste! As in the conflicts of nations the conquering army re-enforces its own strength by the munitions of war taken from the vanquished foe, so does the victorious soul gather new force from every struggle with temptation.

Yet the victory is gained, not by self-confidence and spiritual pride, but by humility and self-abnegation. The humble soul alone is truly strong, and safe from fall. What outward power can abase him, who, while he reverences the nature God has given him, still is lowly in his own eyes, "esteeming others better than himself"? What circumstance or condition of life can be adverse to him whose will is merged in the will of God? Oh the strength that grows from self-renunciation! Oh the peace that flows in upon the will subdued, when the man, though "lord of himself" through entire mastery over his affections and passions, feels that all his "strength is in God," and in the might of Him who overcame the world! To him the tide of life flows "like a broad river's peaceful might," through sunshine and through storm bearing steadily on its appointed course. His abundant peace is not stoicism. Like that of his divine Master, his heart is the home of all sweet affections. He is still a being of smiles and tears; tenderly alive to the joys of human sympathy, both in giving and receiving the blessed charities of life. At leisure from internal strife, he has a word of courage for the tempted, comfort for the sorrowing, reproof for the hardened sinner, hope for the penitent.

Such lives are led by God's best children here below. Lord, evermore grant us the peace that springs from victory over selfish aims, and the absorption of our wills into thine! †

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LITERARY NOTICES.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This work is in the form of twelve lectures, originally written for the Lowell Institute, and read before it in January and February, 1863. The causes of the Revolution, its phases, finances, diplomacy, campaigns, armies, foreign element, martyrs, literature, are described in the author's popular style; giving general views, sketches of character and sometimes of events not found in the common histories. The lectures evince originality of research, and minuteness of investigation; and are a valuable contribution to the historical literature pertaining to our revolutionary times. S.

A View at the Foundations, or First Causes of Character, as operative before birth, from hereditary and spiritual sources; being a treatise on the organic structure and quality of the human soul, as determined by pre-natal conditions in the parentage and ancestry, and how far we can detect and control them. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: William V. Spencer.

It will be seen by this title, which describes fully and accurately the contents of the book, that it treats of topics supremely important to the happiness and well-being of man. The writer treads upon ground which requires great skill and delicacy in handling his topics. Vague and general statements would be worthless: minute details put into a work for popular reading, if unskilfully given, may do harm rather than good. We do not see that Mr. Fernald has given any thing that ought to be withheld. A high moral and benevolent purpose is evident throughout. He lays open the source of vast suffering, of hereditary disease and death, entailed by parents upon offspring. The sanctities of marriage, the awful responsibilities of parentage, the wickedness of its profanation and perversion, the miseries that follow in consequence through the long line of hereditary evil, are described and variously illustrated; and the spiritual and natural laws which apply enforced with fact and precept, calculated deeply to impress the reader, and show how fearfully, as well as wonderfully, man is made. S.

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Know the Truth. A Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation, including some Strictures upon the Theories of Rev. Henry L. Mansel and Mr. Herbert Spencer. By JESSE H. JONES. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

It was our intention, as this book came late to hand, to turn it aside until the time should come for the next number; indeed, the present writer, having long since forsworn metaphysics, meditated transferring the volume for the perusal of other eyes. Moreover, one could not help saying to himself, "Mansel I know, and Spencer I know; but who is Jones, and what claims has he to be heard upon such topics?" Yet, again, we found to our dismay, on the very first page, that hateful expression, "in our midst;" and that is generally enough for us, though so accomplished a rhetorician as Ward Beecher makes frequent use of it. Nevertheless we were somehow drawn on, and, after our fashion, went through the book at a sitting, much to our edification; and are glad to confess that "Jones," though wholly unknown to us (what wonder!) save through these pages, is an exceedingly clever and earnest man. He seems to us to have done good service in the conflict with a scepticism which is none the less real and mischievous because unconscious. We do not see how his demonstration or affirmation of "The Reason" can be spoken against; and he has supplied, in his not large book, most admirable material for every theist who would give an account of the faith that is in him. It is a treatise which the theological student and the clergyman will read with great interest and profit; and, for ourselves, we are thankful that we kept on. The book is a fresh illustration of the great truth, that he who builds on the moral nature builds securely; and that, by doing the will, we come to know of the doctrine. E.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1865, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID WELLS, A.M., M.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1865.

We always look for this volume with the greatest interest. As one watches eagerly and hopefully for the new light which is to break out from the Bible, so do we wait in confidence and glad expectation for the reading, by men of science, of the divine thoughts as they are embodied in the material world, and come to us in answer to our faithful seeking. The discoveries of the natural philosopher prove to be admirable illustrations of truths already

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revealed to our minds and hearts. See, for example, the excellent article on the 113th page and following, in which "The Transitions of Matter" are discussed. We hope soon to transfer at least a portion of this to our "Random Readings." The volume is full of interesting facts. E.

Life in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven our Home," and "Meet for Heaven." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There are views in this book which are just and reasonable so far as they go, and in advance of the wan and spectral views which once prevailed. But they are too vague, and merely imaginative: there is too much straining after magniloquent phrases, often a confused parade of Scripture imagery in the absence of actual knowledge, leaving the mind pained and cheated with words, rather than satisfied. These approaches towards truth, and guesses at the immortal realities, will doubtless, however, be useful to many who can embrace nothing more. S.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A., Q.C. In two volumes, with illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

We receive these beautiful volumes just as we go to press, and have only time to commend the elegant style in which they appear. Middleton's "Life of Cicero" was first published a century ago, and has grave faults both of matter and style. These volumes depict more fully the domestic and social life of Cicero, and promise to bring us into acquaintance with the man rather than the politician. If the plan is well executed, as we have a right to expect it would be from the reputation and the studies of the author, it will be a rich feast to the classical reader, and to the English reader as well, especially if he is fresh from the pages of Merivale. More of the work when we have read it. S.

The Hillyards and the Burtons: a Story of two Families. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a story of English life and manners, of English high life and English low life. The stories of the two families run parallel to each other, abound in varied incident, and in vivid delineation of scenes and characters. The interest is well sustained, and it is one of Mr. Kingsley's most successful novels. S.

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MESSRS. WALKER, FULLER, & Co., have for sale two very attractive volumes for the young (and they who are no longer young will find them very instructive), with the following titles: —

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PAMPHLETS.

What ought to be done with the Freedmen, and with the Rebels? A Sermon preached in the Berkley-street Church, Boston, on Sunday, April 23, 1865. By HENRY M. DEXTER. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. — The arguments of this sermon are carefully based upon historical data, which render it exceedingly valuable. It should be universally read for its excellent suggestions and its irresistible logic.

The Humble Conqueror. A Discourse commemorative of the Life and Services of Abraham Lincoln, preached to the Cambridgeport parish, April 23, 1865, by HENRY C. BADGER.

Death of President Lincoln. A Sermon delivered at the Church in Archdale Street, Charleston, S.C., Sunday, April 23, 1865, by Rev. CHARLES LOWE of Massachusetts. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

ERRATA IN LAST NUMBER.

Page 303, line 5, for *take* read *talk.*
Page 320, line 16, for *Unions* read *Unisons.*

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VOLUME XXXIV.

EDITED BY

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BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1865.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. — SCENES AND THOUGHTS.

TOURISTS and sight-seekers are already, singly, or in friendly parties, furnishing crowds of visitors to the most interesting localities of the war, which, Heaven be praised! we can say is closed. Having taken an early start on such an errand, with a desire to notice the actual look of things and the state of feeling which marked the cessation of hostilities, the writer will set down, in an unstudied way, some of his observations and impressions.

The great central scenes, where so much of strife and passion have been displayed, must of themselves be richly suggestive and deeply impressive to a thoughtful mind. For four years we have been reading of places under old and familiar names, or by names strange and new, which are henceforward to be the most marked localities for all the departments of a national literature. Thus it is that spots of the earth, commonplace towns and cities, furrowed soil, mounds, swamps, forests, become to us more than books; and with a companion, himself an actor in the scenes and woes which have given them a record, they convert the mind and heart of an observer into volumes better than those which history furnishes. As if the fame and interest of the soil of this new continent might leap into rivalry in the space of four years with regions of the earth which began to write

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their history in landmarks four thousand years ago, we can already tell over a longer list of famous fields than either of the other three continents will supply. The lines of attack and defence around Richmond and Petersburg alone, cover an extent of from fifty to sixty miles, stretching over fields tilled and untilled, swamps and forests, streams, hills, and valleys, in parallel lines of works. These are not sodded and firm, like the grassy intrenchments of an old fort; they are only in a few places stiffened with timber. They show for as they are, simply the loose soil, clay, or sand, thrown up by spade, breast-high, and burrowed into by holes, such as we should associate with the vermin of the woods, rather than with even the refuges and hiding-places of men. The parallel lines, those nearest Petersburg especially, were for eight months occupied by hostile armies, each man of whom was on the watch for some advantage over his dangerous neighbors. The advanced guards could easily exchange greetings or revilings across the interval between them, and a visible limb or even a finger exposed for a moment was a mark for a sharpshooter.

The ascent of James river, after passing City Point, will furnish a very sufficient rebuke to those among us who remember their fretting impatience, that the patriotic army, with all its help from gunboats, should have been so doggedly kept from its advance to Richmond by water. The first view from the river of that long-beleagured city would present a grandly beautiful spectacle, were it not that the eye, instantly falling from a gaze on its lofty spires and embowering hills, rests upon the wide area of awful desolation, caused by the conflagration which attended its surrender. The odium of that dastardly act of incendiarism is bandied between a portion of the retiring army, and the convicts released from the penitentiary.

And then there are those revolting and misery-stamped prisons and prison-pens, so hideously associated with the agonies which have been endured in them that it is doubtful whether it will be wise to allow the buildings to stand undemolished, or the configuration of the ground to remain

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unchanged, simply because it is inhuman even to perpetuate inhumanity by visible objects. Every square inch of wall, ceiling, and post in those dreary lofts, has a memorial of heart-ache and misery, drawn out for months on food that made starvation a preference, and on memories and longings of home and friends that transfigured a former life with loveliness, however rude or coarse or hard. There human beings were crowded as thick as bricks in a side-walk, and neither heart nor ear would bear the recital of what was visible or hidden there. What materials for the tragic and the harrowing have been gathered there! And yet, will it not be wisest for us, if we can, to hush all the details into silence, remembering only the sum?

The steamboats and hotels, and all the way-places where curiosity will lead a visitor, will cast him into company with some of every class, — men and women, citizens and soldiers, blacks and whites, — who will represent to him those on both sides who have been directly engaged in the war. There is a perfectly amicable understanding, that, at least in all public places, any one may open conversation with any other, and may put any question which his curiosity prompts. There is some very frank speech under these circumstances, though courtesy and mutual forbearance will generally restrain it within tolerable bounds. It is remarkable that no resort has been had by private disputants to blows, or to the use of weapons after one of these chance, way-side discussions. The porticoes of the hotels by day show groups of loungers mingling their uniforms of gray and blue; and the forms of the wearers are strewn over the floors by night, in the crowded sleeping apartments or halls, in such a promiscuous way, that any one roused suddenly by the nightmare troubles of some uneasy sleeper might well imagine himself as one of the wounded on a battle-field.

As the result of all such observations and interviews as a transient visitor and a careful inquirer may enjoy, the writer frankly reports his own experience when he avers that the fullest and most grateful impression made on his own mind was that of the completeness and thoroughness of the national

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triumph. There is nothing doubtful about that. It is clean and entire, full and sure. The fact was admitted, emphasized indeed, by those over whom it was attained. The most frank avowals came freely from many individuals, that their plans and hopes were all thwarted; that their gigantic efforts had failed; and that their prodigal outlay had been spent for nothing but to prove the futility, if not the error, of their enterprise. Nor do all the facts alleged to show that a rankling spirit of hate, intensified by failure, is burning in the hearts of any number of the discomfited leaders, civil or military, avail to withstand or even to qualify the force of the statement just made. They know very well, that the people from whom they had willingly, or by a forced conscription, filled their ranks, could not again be brought into subserviency to their own schemes. They have lost their power of beguilement against their country. All the terrible evils and anxieties, actual and prospective, civil, financial, and social, which hang over the late rebellious States; their apprehensions from their own population, white or black; their present deprivations; their internal commotions and local discords,— are all of a sort, and directly tend to compel them to look to the national authority for their protection. Their unity of purpose among themselves, if such ever existed, is utterly destroyed. Destitution, marauding, internecine strifes, and absolute anarchy, stare them in the face. They have reason to be thankful that their final discomfiture was not in the winter. Had it been in the autumn, rather than the springtime, that the rebel armies had been disbanded, it is easy to conceive how the sufferings of the South would have been aggravated. As it is, their only prospect of relief and security lies in the gradual restoration of the power of the Government over the regions, and in the councils, which have been cursed by the agencies of the slave despotism. And the prime condition of the success of all measures for their relief is in an absolute restraint and prohibition of all attempts, or, at least, of all successful attempts, of their deceiving leaders to get back into the exercise of an influence, the former use of which has brought such woe upon our whole country.

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The writer found the testimony of the common soldiers who had served in the rebel armies to be uniformly to the effect, that they had had enough of war, and welcomed peace. For the first two years of the contest, they had had on the whole a good time. They had whipped the Yankees over and over again. They had a firm belief that they should succeed as soon as the North discovered that they were in earnest. They did not imagine that the North was in earnest. They listened implicitly to the representations of their leaders, and believed their promises. They had good food and clothing sent them by English friends, and were kept constantly in good heart by their women. They knew that those who had wealth and influence in England wished them to succeed, were secretly giving them all the support which they dared to furnish, and were from month to month just ready to recognize them, because they wished to see this Republic overthrown. They therefore kept up a good heart, till the reverses of the last two years, the hard cruelty with which they were treated by their officers, and their sharp sufferings from cold and hunger, wore them out. If the writer was not deceived by merely happening to fall in with those who were all of one mind, — officers and men and people, — in the service of or in sympathy with the rebellion, strange as the assertion may sound, they seemed to share with us degrees of satisfaction at the result. They are at least trying, and with apparent success, to convince themselves that it is for the best. The Government and its patriotic supporters have, throughout the war, acted on the belief that the agents of the rebellion were composed of two parties, — the knaves and their dupes; the ambitious and unscrupulous plotters of the mischief, and those whom they deceived to serve their purposes. The leaders are discomfited and disabled. The common masses whom they beguiled have had their eyes opened, in part through a discovery of the deception which had been put upon them, and in part by being made aware of the strength of the nation's purpose and resolve. Men in rebel uniform, who but a few weeks before would without a word have laid the writer dead at their feet, or have sub-

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jected him to the horrors of their prisons, were affable and communicative, and seemed to try in the spirit of kindly hosts or friends to make his visit agreeable, and to afford him information, and all facilities for seeing and understanding points of interest and incidents in the strife in which they had borne a full part. They made no disguise of what had been their expectations: they made no secret of their bloody deeds. A Confederate soldier, pointing out to us the position of the combatants as we stood over the mine at Petersburg, very quietly observed, "There are five hundred niggers in that pit, and I killed four of them." They had hated their foes, either with an intelligent or an ignorant hatred. They had fought with a will. They had been amazed that they were not likely to succeed. They had been astounded at their failure. But they had failed. They understood that; failed thoroughly, past all possibility of rallying or trying again; failed in council and on the field, in men and means, and at last in inclination and heart. They gave it up, without backward lookings or murmurs. Another cause, not their own, had triumphed. All that some predicted, and many feared, of a scattered and desultory warfare, of local camps in wild mountains, of chieftains with their followers, who would not come under the terms of the great generals, is happily not yet realized. The conquered have not will or heart even for that, nor for any thing like it. The triumph of the nation's cause is complete.

There are many very touching reminders of this fact for the eye and mind of an observer. The bonds and paper money of the conspirators float about as waste paper. Its value is only that of a curiosity, — a thing already antiquated, to be wondered over. Large numbers of the women of Richmond who once bore rule in the fashionable circles of society, those who loved us least and spoke so revilingly of us, all of them in the weeds of mourning for their own dead, come twice a week to the places where the merciful nation distributes its doles of charity to the amount of thousands of dollars, — and they receive bread and meat from the hands of our black soldiers. One day's easy travel will take you from the house

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where the fallen President of the broken Confederacy wrote so boastfully his proclamations and State papers, to the Fortress where, as a prisoner, he was for three days in irons, living on felon's fare. And the capital city, its bristling fortifications all free to any wandering foot or curious gaze, is half of it a desolation; sadly, most sadly, testifying, that its last woe, like all its previous miseries, was inflicted by its own people.

This completeness of our triumph, undeniable in itself, is suggestive of many thoughts, some of them anxious ones. Whatever it may mean or prove; whatever it may include; whether it shall work as an advantage or a snare; whether the full power which it gives us shall be safe for us, and can be wisely used, or might have better come to us under some limitation or qualification,—as a matter of fact we must accept it as it has fallen to us. The nation has it all its own way. Those whose scheme for a Confederacy initiated and organized under the Southern view of State Sovereignty has been baffled, admit that, however honestly they may have held that Southern theory, and however stoutly they have battled for it, it must now succumb to the Northern or national view; that our Union is more than a partnership of States for the purpose of stamping coin, and carrying mails, and building lighthouses, and a few more convenient arrangements; and that there is a centralized power in the land. The issue between these sectional views has been tried in the field, and it has been decided. Mr. Jefferson Davis would have us believe, that when, at least on two occasions, — his becoming a cadet in the national institution at West Point, and his qualification as a senator in the national Congress, — he solemnly swore the oath of allegiance to the Government, it was under the restriction of a prior allegiance to Mississippi. Suppose, then, he had frankly uttered what he avers was in his mind, thus, "I do solemnly swear full and faithful allegiance to the United States, subject, however, to a prior allegiance due to Mississippi." Would he have been accredited on either occasion? But what all the arguing and debating of a century would not have decided as between the Northern and the Southern

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ideas of a national citizenship, the war has once for all disposed of. There is not now a square foot of the nation's soil where the nation's flag may not be raised. There is not an organization, military, civil, or individual, united against the Government. The rebel prisons are open and empty, or occupied only by their own worst offenders. The English piratical craft — no other nation furnished such agencies of "neutrality" — are swept from the high seas and from British colonial ports. The rebel armies are disbanded, and all their soldiers are under parole. The enormous rebel debt is discredited; and it is hardly likely that our amiable cousins across the water who invested in it will have the effrontery to carry out the suggestion of petitioning our Government to remunerate their losses. The rebel secrets of State are in a fair way to be all opened. The rebel leaders and generals, who are not fugitives, are under parole or in prison. And all this triumph of our nationality has been secured by the use of our own national resources, in spite of the not even covert exercise of a strong feeling of malignity against us abroad among those from whom we expected another spirit towards us. Mr. Laird, "ram-builder to the Confederacy," in his place in the House of Commons, uttered the unblushing falsehood, that his help had been solicited for our Government; whereas it appeared, on inquiry, that an agent of his had approached our Government with his own proffers, which had been rejected. Earl Russell wrote to Lord Lyons, that the Union was dead and buried, and that he need have no scruples about informing Mr. Seward that such was the opinion of the British Cabinet. Their wishes, it seems, were not to be gratified by Providence. The triumph of the national cause is complete.

And then as freely and as emphatically is the admission yielded by the vanquished insurgents, that the prime cause of the rebellion, the stake for which the fearful venture was hazarded, goes with the decision of the conflict. The institution of chattel slavery is struck down for ever in all the constituent parts of this Republic. There are good reasons for believing, that, if the question of its restoration were sub-

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mitted, after full and free discussion among the white population of the South, without interference from the Government, or any other than a moral intervention from the North, to the deliberate judgment of the citizens, such judgment, while possibly re-establishing slavery by a modified code and as a temporary arrangement, would withstand its recovery of its old sway. If, however, there is any doubt as to how this question would be decided to-day, it is certain that each coming day will, by its inevitable developments, tend to assure a decision substantially repudiating slavery. We utter this opinion deliberately; fully aware, as we are, that vexations and anxieties, which the late Slave States have yet to suffer from the tremendous revolution which has broken up the foundations of society among them, may naturally dispose very many to insist that the re-enslavement of the blacks is the essential condition of security for them.

As a matter of argument, it might be maintained, that the mighty and perplexing task of restoration and reconstruction, which is the problem to be now wrought out by the Government, would have been in a measure relieved if our national triumph had not been so complete. Possibly it would in some respects have been easier to deal with the people of the South, or with those who would have assumed to act for them, with somewhat more of facility, had they retained some degree or measure of power. Their passions or prejudices, their pride or sensibility, might have been soothed, while to a degree indulged, if our relation to them were rather that of a party to an arbitration, than that of a superior exercising simple authority. Had they retained some remnant of the power to resist, or even only to intimidate, it might be urged that they would be sure of more consideration and concession from the Government. This, however, is at best only one of those matters of ingenious debate, which, if entertained at all, may be indulged for the sake of the exercise which they furnish for the brain and the logical faculty, while they help to no direct practical result. The debate would substitute an imaginary for a real issue.

One thing is certain in this view of the case; namely, that

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nothing but the absolute and complete discomfiture of the master-spirits of the rebellion in council and in the field would have secured a positive decision of the main issue of the war, which was not slavery, but the relation of the States to the nation. What terms President Lincoln would have granted, in the Hampton-Roads Conference, had *any* terms which he could offer been acceptable to those master-spirits, is not known; and the question is one of no consequence now. But the fact that the rebel commissioners were instructed to demand and to accept nothing less than a complete recognition of the independence of the fictitious Confederacy, made the patriotic alternative to be its complete overthrow.

And the completeness of our success certainly looks better, and is more promising to us, — if only we know how to use it wisely, — than would any half-way, qualified, or embarrassed triumph. If only we know how to use this full success wisely! That single memento, whether it be the inspiration of a high motive, or the warning of a distrust of our purposes, or our discretion, cannot but press itself with profound seriousness upon us to qualify any merely light-hearted exultation amongst us.

Power unresisted, admitted by the vanquished as in our hands, suggests at once its liabilities and dangerous uses, as well as its wise and magnanimous exercise. There is something even solemnly impressive in the submissive, but watchful and excited, spirit in which those whom we have so thoroughly discomfited by arms and policy yield the whole to us, and, looking with listening attent to the Government and loyal people, ask only this one question, "What are you going to do with us?" It is for us to answer. Yet, of course, the answer which we give, and the course conformed to it, may greatly change the attitude towards us of those who ask the question. If power is at present out of their hands to resent or to resist any course or method of ours which may try their pride, or inflame their passion, or trifle with their just rights, we may put power into their hands, and give them full occasion and nerve to use it against us. Their patient looking to us may be changed for a sullen, unrelenting, im-

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placable animosity. A new sectional hostility or cause of alienation which can take the place of the old one, and have something better to feed it than interest in the opposition to a territorial institution bad in itself, is above all things to be deprecated by us.

It is in this view that the completeness of our national triumph is almost oppressively burdened with responsibilities. Had there been some qualification of our success, some half-way stage of accomplishment, leaving to the rebel party a conditional ability to prolong or to renew hostilities, we should then, by constraint of circumstances, have felt the need of pursuing the wisest and the most conciliatory course towards them. That course the promptings of nobleness, of self-respect and Christian principle, dictate that we should now freely pursue, if only we can learn from our common stock of discretion and grace what it ought to be.

Holding, as we do, that the master-spirits of the rebellion in the South were utterly unscrupulous, and moved by base motives in opening the war which has entailed such enormous woes and suffering upon our beloved country, we may insist that it is not a vengeful hate, but a love of justice, which demands that they shall smart for it. And this demand may, by a scale of equity, require that penalties adjusted to the measure of culpability should be visited upon the several grades of abettors and accomplices in the iniquity. And has it not been so adjudged already? There is much that is morally impressive in observing how the retributive penalties, losses, and anxieties of the rebellion are allotted and distributed among its main instigators and agents according to their share in originating or aiding it. This portioning out of visible retribution by the measure of guilt or responsibility is, to human eyes, more exactly just than is often the case in this world. The master-spirits of the rebellion are all in exile as fugitives, or in prison as culprits. Over even those of them who have assumed the highest tone of self-assertion for purity and dignity of motive rests an appreciable, though still an indefinable, measure of that black obloquy of infamy involved in the assassination of the be-

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loved and revered, the almost sainted President of the nation, their own most lenient judge and most merciful earthly arbiter. The various States and cities engaged in the rebellion seem to have suffered devastation and miseries just according to a scale of their own shares in it. Explosions and conflagrations have wrought havoc in them greater even than the weapons of the nation's armies. The masses of the deluded victims of the rebellion turn from their former leaders to their conquerors for pity and help. The central Government offers them their only refuge from anarchy. And then the stern practical problem, — the immense perplexity which comes up with the question as to the future *status* of the millions of freed slaves, — how sternly does that bear with its retributive complications, not only upon the section that was cursed by slavery, but upon the interests of the whole country, which, by a subtle demoralizing process, had become its real patron! Shall these freedmen henceforward be full citizens? Their former masters, with a deprecatory dismay, in which we cannot but in some degree share, point to some of the blackest and most revolting of those Africans, — more ugly and repulsive than the brutes which they most resemble, debased, and so utterly sunken by long degradation as to be almost beyond the present reach of intelligent effort; and they ask, "Are these creatures to vote and to govern and to be voted for, on a par with us? Are they to be our equals?" Ah! ah! It is indeed a fearful Nemesis, a long and a very black shadow cast by an ancient sin. It is retribution. It comes in the shape in which Thomas Jefferson foresaw it and predicted it. How came those hideous and brutalized Africans to be here, if this be the continent for white men only? And being here, by any providential appointment or allowance, how came they, human as evidently they are, to be in a condition of debasement and dependence resembling that of cattle or swine? How has it come about, that a generation of four millions of laborers, representing several generations before them, toilers for others, and the producers of all the comforts and wealth on which they and their masters have lived, — how has it come about, that these laborers are now without funded

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capital, accumulated property, houses, land, or even the hoes and spades for tilling land? Does emancipation go even half way towards righting their wrongs? Have they acquired no vested rights into which law should introduce them, and which a consistent process of rectitude should assure to them? Have they not even squatters' privileges? The refuse of foreign countries may be emptied on our shores in our great cities, and the politicians will very soon manufacture voters out of even the poorest contents of the drag-nets of emigration. What is to be the *status* of the freedmen? The President of the United States cannot in any way, directly or indirectly, interfere with the operation of our organic law, which secures to those who, for the time being, are the legal voters in a State, the right to regulate the exercise and the terms of the suffrage. Attempts to evade, to modify, or to resist this constitutional provision, will involve our politics in dire confusion. For this and other reasons, which are obvious to one who is fully alive to the circumstances of our time, the question as to the main issue on this subject must be open to the freest public discussion; moral pleadings must be engaged upon it; and all the candor, forbearance, and tolerance which the champions of different opinions upon it can practise, must be exercised equally on both sides. The argument of fullest import and force, unanswerable too by any satisfactory plea which at present appears available against it, which insists upon extending the fullest rights of suffrage to the freedmen, and indeed to all colored men in the lately insurgent States, plants itself upon these strong and matter-of-fact reasons, — that there is an opportunity offered now, such as if slighted will never occur again, but will probably be henceforward for ever precluded, of doing full human justice to the negro; that, if the former Slave States are reconstructed, and their federal relations are fully restored on a basis which denies to the negro his rights of citizenship, the wrong thus initiated will have a sure tendency to perpetuate itself, and every year that passes will make that wrong more productive of miseries and outrages to be borne by the blacks, and of tyrannical passions in the dominant

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whites; and finally, that, without that new controlling and rectifying element which the full citizenship of the negro will introduce into the social and political relations of the Southern States, the same sort of men — overbearing, insolent, haughty demagogues, who have bred for us our recent calamities — will re-assume their old sway at home and in Washington.

Cannot the wisdom of the nation devise some method of compromise or of temporizing which will work out a way of right on this terribly perplexing practical issue by gradual and preparatory processes? Such limitations of the right of full suffrage as it might be found wise and necessary, or even only expedient, to set up, might be justified entirely by a regard for the best good of the negroes themselves. The black soldiers of the Union armies have a full right to the suffrage this year. Who could blame them, if, on its denial to them, they should resume their muskets, and insist upon its exercise? A limitation or condition by age, as, for instance, the enjoyment of the franchise by all negroes henceforward on reaching twenty-one years, or any similar provision, might show a purpose to respect their rights as human beings, and as freemen, while it had lawful and due regard to the common welfare of the communities in which they live.

Of course, there are those around us now who are ready to tell us how the war might have been avoided. They take its cost simply in money, the debt which now binds this nation. One half of the sum now composing the aggregate amount of the Government bonds would have paid the full market price for all the slaves, saving all the other costs and losses to the North, and enriching the Southerners, while it spared them the desolation which has been visited upon them. One half only of what we have yet to pay in money would, as easy theorists tell us, have averted this war, and crowned its highest philanthropic result. And then all the immense sacrifice of human life would have been saved to both sides, and also all the incalculable waste of war-material, of crops, stores, roads, bridges, warehouses, dwellings, forests, factories, ships, the patient and costly gatherings of long years of

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blessed industry, of heaped-up capital, and great associated enterprises. Why, then, did we not make the money purchase? The wisdom that comes to man too late, when it does come, is the very sting and barb of his folly. Yet let us not deceive ourselves by vain regrets. Money to any amount offered and paid at any time would not have accomplished what the war has effected. Our fearful national struggle, by its workings, its incidents, processes, and results, has shown that slavery represented among us something more than a money value, and had a malign corrupting influence beyond any, even the worst, which is traceable to the most sordid and debasing pecuniary interests. It represented an agency and power of evil, the shadow of a curse over the land, a spirit of diabolical mischief in the fields, the homes, the hearts of white men. While its dominion was unbroken in its incidental effects, its spell could not be dissolved by the click of gold or silver.

Another burdened and crowding thought on the conflict from which we have now come out in peace, raises the familiar question about the relation of individuals to a cause, — the individuals, for instance, who have suffered for us, the half million of men, mostly in the flower and vigor of life, who, buried in crowded pits in promiscuous heaps, or in lonely resting-places, or invalided by cruel torturing imprisonments, or maimed of limb, stand to express the cost in the blood and fibre of humanity, of heart-aches, woes, and plaints of agony, of our present national redemption. The theory of our morbid and heartless if not godless essayists about individuals, in their relation to a cause, is, that *they* are nothing, and that *it* is all; or that they are every thing as parts of that, but nothing in themselves. We know how this theory is wrought out and illustrated, and that it culminates with its stark and dismal logic, in merging all hope of personal immortality in an assurance that we simply make an individual deposit of ourselves towards the perpetuity and progress of the race for successive generations, just as the mould around the roots of an oak-tree would be found to be composed of the decayed leaves which had fallen from it through all its autumns of cast-

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ing them. There is something cold and cruel in this theory; and no man ought to pretend to sincerity in advancing it, unless he is ready to give himself up at any moment to the most profitable scientific or economical use which his neighbors can make of him, even if it were only to turn his bones into quicklime. Every individual is entitled to his own full share of life and good under Providence, and to his share of fruition from each cause, especially a cause to which he devotes himself. He has a claim to live, and to share in the blessings of a cause for which he makes sacrifices, just as long as that cause itself perpetuates and imparts any form of good. And unless each of the patriotic victims of our war found, and still finds, his full share of good in it, then it was to him an unrewarding, wasted sacrifice.

True, it would seem during the war as if a man had been nothing, as if thousands of men had been nothing. Whatever has befallen them, we seem to have so judged, provided a cause has been gained. What means this? In a sense we all accede to what is thus stated. But what are the conditions of the fact, the grounds of its bold assertion, the reasons for its general acceptance?

In that sightly old mansion which stands on the highest ground across the river opposite to our national capital, and in the ancient woods which environ it, the revered Washington was an honored guest; and there those who represented his name and family, because he was himself childless, have had their home. From that spot, as his proud dwelling-place, the leader of the rebel armies went forth to his unblessed hold of power, — to his credit let it be said, with misgivings and a divided heart. On the best portion of his estate, in fair sodded graves, tenderly decked and watched over, sleep now, in the quiet of their close fellowship, more than six thousand of our patriot dead, the victims from our neighboring hospitals, added to daily. They all represent a cause. What part of it is a part of each of them for ever? What part have they still with the spirit of Washington, as by day or night it haunts those loved shades?

Meanwhile, how manifest to all of us with eyes and minds

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and hearts, is the solemn, aye, the quickening and the cheering fact, that, the weapons of war having done their work, we are now committed with every stern necessity and every fair hope to the plannings of our noblest wisdom, and the guidance of our purest vital religion! Glorious it will be for the living to watch how the pilotage of discreet policy and true statesmanship will conduct our nation through the opening seas on which the wild storm is laid. Those seas are deep; all the safer they may be for that. We should not need wisdom, if it were not in our reach, answering when we call upon it. We shall be saved. Nor need we stiffen our threats and resolutions against a single culprit in our power, and demand for him the gibbet. If the rigid forms of justice decree that penalty, then it will be in judgment, not in vengeance. And of this we may be sure, — retribution having already fallen so dire and deep, — that the more free and winning and comprehensive we can make the reconstruction of our whole country, the more sure and complete will be our peace.

Our martyred President, the man of the mild eye and the kind heart, left behind him a testamentary promise of as much of leniency even towards the worst culprits as the safety of the nation would allow. There is no mistaking the evidence, that nothing like a spirit of vengefulness or cruelty dictates even the most stern demands which find utterance among us, that justice exact its penalty of those who are responsible for the calamities visited upon us. Immediately after the surrender of the rebel armies, the tone of our newspapers, almost without exception, was conciliatory and forbearing; very rarely denunciatory towards the chief military or civil leaders of the rebellion. We have noticed lately, that some of our journals have been provoked into more of harshness toward them by the officious proffer of advice from England as to how we ought to treat the chief criminals. It is amazing that so many of our English cousins should manage to keep along with the developments and surprises of our struggle by a series of comments, mistaken statements, and impertinences, of a sort to display their own ignorance and im-

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pudence. Would that it might be given to the people of England in general, allowing for individual exceptions, to understand that we regard them as having lost their right to the power of moral protest or rebuke for what any nation on earth might do, or might purpose doing, that is questionable or wrong! We say this deliberately. There never has been a history of England written by an American, and therefore our knowledge of her course and deeds is through her own writers. And what a record it is in her relations with other nations! What mean and dastardly act, what atrocity or outrage, is there that she has not perpetrated in some quarter of the globe? And what are the present foundations of her policy alike in Church and State? When she reads us moral lectures, how does she think they sound to us? Remembering that, after trespassing into and subjugating another territory on the other side of the globe, she blew some of her own prisoners of war from the muzzles of her cannon, she now writes over her importunate entreaties to us, that we show great leniency to those ruthless leaders of rebellion whom it has suited her ends for four years to represent as moral heroes of virtue, magnanimity, and statemanship. Remembering how their Cabinet suppressed the assurances of our Government in the "Trent" affair, and allowed the war-spirit to inflame their people, and at once poured their soldiers into Canada to be ready to fight us in the time of our weakness, the English are now whining over our possibly too hasty, though very deliberate demands, and yet to be resolute and unyielding, for remuneration for her piracies upon our commerce. We must frankly say, and with all the kindness and respect possible, when such a thing must be said, that if England wishes to share a measure of respect among us for time to come, and above all that there may be peace between us, she must abate her advice of every kind, and try to believe that our Government, and the majority of our people, are actuated by principles loftier than those by which she has generally practised.

As for the wounds which are still open for us and our now reclaimed and partially conciliated enemies, our prayer is, that

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they may be gently treated and rapidly healed. For ourselves we would not inflict a single throb of pain, or visit a single exaction of cost or disability upon any of the agents of the late rebellion. They have suffered enough. The prevention of any further harm or mischief to be wrought by them, should, in our view, be the measure of restraint upon them. We are to live with them as fellow-citizens, to share together the blessings of a new prosperity, and to work together to secure it. Let us have salt in ourselves, and be at peace with each other. G. E. E.

PRAYER AND THE DEAD.

They passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train;
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Not back to earth, a second time
The mortal path to tread;
They walk in their appointed clime,
The dead, but not the dead.

Their spirits up to God we gave,
With eyes as wet as dim;
Confiding in his care to save,
For all do live to him.

Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond Time's lone and dreaded brink,
Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts, that once our union made,
Death does not disallow;
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

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Our Father! give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest:
Oh! Pity, if they went astray;
And Pardon for the best.

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace;
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below,
Be boundless joy and peace;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That never more shall cease.

O Lord of souls! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let Faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth. N. L. F.

THE VALUE OF LIFE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

The doctrine of Christ, that the care of a heavenly Father is over each one of our souls, and that our lives are all precious in his sight, which certainly is one of the most cheering and beautiful in the whole range of the Bible, is one also which is brought often into the most startling contrast with the facts of our actual experience. It would seem at first glance as if there were nothing of which God is so entirely reckless as the lives, not of one kind only, but of all his creatures. The mere dead matter of the universe, though it passes frequently from one condition into another, is in itself absolutely indestructible to any force which can be used against it; and there are many of its forms — the precious stones, the petrified animals and plants, the manufactures of gold and silver, the layers of rock, the mountains, and the outline of the continents — which bid defiance, age after age,

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to all the power of the elements. But life, all life, and especially human life, is the very emblem of brevity and instability. "It is like the grass which groweth up: in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth." — "It is even as a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The thread with which it is held together is of the slenderest kind. The prick of a pin into the heart, the want of a breath of fresh air, a drop of poison under the skin, a single rap on the head, are enough to bring down its most vigorous forms into the dust. There is no special care which seems to surround the life of man above that of the brute; no immediate outreaching of a Father's hand to save the human being who is made in the image of God, more than the two sparrows that are sold for a farthing. On every side we are struck with the exceeding prodigality with which it is taken away. The earth opens its mighty jaws, and entire cities are swallowed up at one gulp. The pestilence goes forth, and whole nations are wrapped in mourning. War unsheathes its sword, and ten and twenty and fifty thousand of the strong and brave are cut down upon a single field. Yet even these agencies, with all their terribleness, are not the worst. Voltaire was shocked out of his faith in a divine Providence by the great earthquake of Lisbon, which destroyed sixty thousand persons at once; but there are unseen influences at work every month — the sudden fall of the thermometer ten degrees, electric waves sweeping over the earth, the sudden formation of ozone in the atmosphere — as independent of all human care or neglect as the earthquake or tornado, which silently put to death, over a wide section of country, a list of victims, which, taken together, is absolutely appalling. There is not one person in a hundred that lives to complete the full period of our human life. The mother's agonized prayer for the sparing of the innocent, golden-haired child, is all in vain. No distinction is made in favor of the virtue and knowledge and love which are consecrated on the altar of God. And the evangelist with the word of life; the philosopher whose lips are trembling with

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the utterance of a mighty truth; the magistrate, the centre of a nation's hopes, the standard-bearer of all that is high and noble and good, are swept off with as little hesitation as the vilest sinner of the penitentiary; yea, or the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

The Bible says, a loving Father, who cares for each one of our souls, and does not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; Nature a blind, unpitying fate, that crushes under its chariot-wheels the lives of our race, with as little care or consciousness as man does the dust of the earth. How shall we reconcile the difference?

The first point of agreement is found in the fact, that the loss of the individual is only an incidental result of those laws and forces which are made in the end to promote the welfare of the race. It is well known, that the larger part of all death comes from our ignorance or neglect or disobedience of some divine law. The careless mechanic treads beyond the line of his equilibrium, and is thrust down by the force of gravity dead to the earth. The child breathes impure air, or eats unwholesome food, or is exposed to the elements, and, in strict accordance with the laws of our physical system, is deprived of its life. The molten matter of the earth contracts in cooling, and its crust falls down with a violence which lays a city or a whole country in ruins. Collections of filth and stagnant water are left in the neighborhood of dwellings, violating the great command of cleanliness, and through these avenues the death-angel knocks at the door of every house. A nation nourishes in its bosom a foul institution, till it grows into flagrant opposition to every sentiment of justice and humanity; and then its children are slain by the hundred thousand in its defence. In these, and all such cases, the trouble is not so much with the laws and forces themselves, which God has established, as with our incidental relation to them. Nature does not go out of its way to kill any one, does not do it by accident or chance, or by any slip of its forces: it simply goes on regularly in its own appointed work, crushing out every thing which lies in

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its course. And there is not one of its powers, even when it is scattering ruin and death abroad, that is not engaged at the same time in carrying out God's plans for life on the great scale of the universe.

But, even admitting this principle of the general good, it may still be asked, Why does the Deity (if he is indeed a kind Father) allow this incidental result? why not interfere and save his children, by his own hand, from the effect of their ignorance and neglect? Could not the mechanic be caught midway in his fall to the earth; the laws of health suspended in the body of the child; the blighting touch of the pestilence warded away by the breath of heaven; the earth rent open in some other place than under the foundations of the city; the disobedience of the moral law saved from bringing forth its fruit of death, — and still the general forces of Nature move on the same as now? If the human parent can rush out, when he beholds his child creeping on the railway, and snatch it from the approaching engine, cannot God do the same when his child is seen to be in the way of Nature's progress? If the overseer of the factory can hasten to shut down the gate, when he finds that one of the workmen has had his clothing caught in the machinery, cannot the Overseer of the universe do the same, when he beholds that one of his workmen is in danger of being crushed?

Doubtless it is possible, so far as the mere power is concerned, for God to do it. But, in the end, would it be a blessing? The infliction of a violent death is a means of discipline to the race, just the same as wounds and sickness and sorrow are to the individual. Men would grow careless, would violate the divine commands with less and less reluctance, if they found they were inevitably to be saved from their consequences. Our vigilance, our discretion, our habits of self-dependence, our motives for searching into the hidden laws and phenomena of nature, would be lost through the want of an imperative necessity laid upon us for their exercise. Moral distinctions would be blurred, conscience deprived of its greatest prompter. We should become as mere

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children, accustomed to rely on the wisdom and strength of a parent's arm to supply the defects of our own negligence. And the life of the individual would be secured only at the expense of the growth of the race. It is better on the whole, — better not merely for its own sake, but for the good of the world, — that the law be infallibly kept. Mankind is only a larger man; the carnage of the earthquake, the pestilence and the sword, only the wounds and scratches and burns of its childhood, — things which no wise parent, however much he loves his boy, greatly regrets, — that will make him grow up a stronger man. And the whole thing, after all, is only another example of that divine law of sacrifice which runs through all nature, — it is expedient that one man should die, rather than that a whole nation should perish.

Another point of agreement is found in the ultimate use of those moral principles in behalf of life for which so many, even of those who comply the most strictly with God's law, are led to die. It must be confessed, that, with all the concern which the Bible expresses for the individual life, there are some things, — truths, ideas, principles, — for the preservation of which he is concerned a thousand times more. It is wonderful to look over the pages of history, and behold the sacrifices of the good and brave and true, which have been made on the altar of moral principle. We talk sometimes about the reckless disregard of life that was displayed by one of our generals in leading his army from the Potomac down to Richmond, — the three days' slaughter of the Wilderness, the disastrous affair of Cold Harbor, the battle of White House, the terrible repulse at Petersburg, and the bloody sacrifices that were made in creeping along mile by mile to the Weldon Railroad. But this is all a mere trifle in comparison with what the great Captain of our salvation has used for the extending abroad of his kingdom in the world. There is no measuring what rivers of blood have been shed in reaching the advanced positions we now occupy in civil liberty, organized society, human rights and religious truth. It is not only separate States, but generations and ages, that have been marshalled for the fray. Again and again he has led their

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shattered and bleeding ranks against the bristling walls of tyranny, conservatism, ignorance, prejudice, dogmatism. The assassin's dagger, the martyr's stake, the loathsome prison, and the battle's fury, have swept away the great and wise and good, hardly to have their blood grow cold before new ones were ordered into their place. The young and fresh and strong — the fathers, the sons, the husbands — have been ploughed down by the hundred thousand only for the survivors to hear the command, "Close up the ranks, and forward." Cities have been burned, countries ravaged, the name of home almost extinguished; but still the cry was "Onward." There never was any system of conscription invented by man so irresistible as that with which God recruits the great army of progress. His drafting is of the spirit; his marshals, love, devotion, enthusiasm, religion, those that seek out all a country's noble souls. And when the strength of one generation is consumed, and the cause from very exhaustion is obliged to rest, it is only that another generation may grow up, and, with new leaders, new resources, new power of sacrifice, press forward in the same old fight. It is human life that is the price of moral principle; and, when there is one single iota of it to be obtained, all history is full of the proof that there is no higgling about the price.

And yet, when we look forward to the end, we find it is not for himself alone, not for any mere abstraction of morality, good order, and progress, that this sacrifice is made, but always in some way for the advancement of our human life. It is the good order of society, the progress of humanity, the moral principle of souls, that is kept in view. The buried thousands of the battle-field are the seed-grain of a new and glorious harvest. Our whole existence is made the deeper, richer, better worth the living, by the blood of the brave and good. And as it is the exceeding value of wheat which leads the farmer to scatter it so profusely on the ground, so likewise, in the divine economy, the paradox is true, that the very greatness of the destruction of life on the field of principle is but a new testimony to the value of life in the sight of God.

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These two causes — sacrifice to law, and sacrifice to principle — embrace, in one way or another, the whole vast range of death; and they certainly are not inconsistent with the doctrine of a Father's concern for the general well-being of our race. Still it may be said they do not cover the case of the individual soul, that they only show God is anxious for the safety of man, not men, — of life, not lives; and the question yet remains as to how we can reconcile the facts of nature with his concern for the individual welfare, for the lives of James and John and Mary and Martha, and of those thousands and tens of thousands of dying men and women that will have no share in this bettered life of the race. This leads us to say, the true test of God's care for our lives is the use to which they are put, and not the means which are employed for their preservation. We do wrong to the whole spirit of the Christian, if not of the Hebrew faith, to suppose their real value in the sight of God is to be measured by the number of years they are continued on the earth. They are not given as an end in themselves, as so much time in which to eat and drink and sleep and be happy, but as a great help in the execution of God's plans, — are given not to be preserved, but to be used. The worthless existence is not the one which is sacrificed, in its very prime, to misfortune or disease or the sword, but that which is frittered away in idleness and pleasure, and the gratification of self, even though it should be prolonged to a hundred years. We must go, not to the battle-field, the hospital, and the starving crowds of Salisbury and Andersonville, to find the greatest waste of life; but to the parlors of wealth and fashion, to the groups of young men in the saloons of intemperance and lust, to the excited throngs of Wall Street, to the thousands and tens of thousands who have had the thought only of how they should escape from the calls of their country for men. And the hardest problem after all is to show how the living of Jefferson Davis, not the dying of President Lincoln, is consistent with our heavenly Father's unsleeping care. It is everywhere the lesson of Nature, that a thing is great in importance, just in proportion

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to the greatness of the ends it is able to accomplish. We are of more value, in the sight of God, than many sparrows; not because we can eat and sleep and enjoy more than they, but because we can do more. It is the power of action which distinguishes living from being, — the worth of a soul from the worth of a stone. And as, in a great military conflict, the regiments for which the general has the highest esteem are not left to straggle in the rear, or placed far off on the flank, where they can look on the fight in peace and safety, but are sent to the very front of battle, the post where the cannon roar the loudest, and the foe charge the fiercest, and the iron volleys of death sweep through their ranks in the largest furrows; so in that great battle of the Lord, ages long, where all the forces of the universe are marshalled in strife, the highest possible proof of our heavenly Father's regard for us as individuals consists in the fact, that we are not left in safety as idle lookers-on of the fight, but are sent forward under his own eye to the very van of carnage and death, to the place where our lives are able to tell the most grandly, through all time, for the triumph of his own great cause.

Then it should be remembered, as bearing on this subject, that death, by accident and disease and the sword, is not an absolute infliction, — the striking-out of the whole, even of our mortal being, — but only an anticipation of what must come inevitably with the progress of years. It is not a question between our having life, and not having it at all, but only of how long we shall have it. There is no sacrifice, not even the grandest, in which the Deity takes more than a part. And surely, if death is a wise arrangement at all, it is not a hard demand on faith to believe its premature coming is one of the ways in which God would secure the soul from greater harm, or, in the case of sacrifice, would give us the glorious consciousness through all eternity, that it was spent in a noble cause.

Take the three hundred thousand men that have perished in our own civil war, — they are not, even in the lowest sense, that dead loss, either to the country or to themselves,

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which they are sometimes represented as being. Many of them before this would have died in the quiet of their own houses. The larger part of them in twenty years from now, and, in less than a hundred years, every one of them, would naturally have passed away. And who shall say there is any other way in which Providence could have cared for them more tenderly, — any other form in which they could have gained so much good, either for themselves, their country, or the cause of humanity? Some of them would have spent their lives in the heaping-up of wealth; some idled them away in the enjoyment of selfish ease; some, alas! have gone down the dark valley of sin and shame and woe; and even with those who might have lived the most nobly and usefully, it would have been, perhaps, on a lower plane of action. But now they are made a part of the world's history for ever. The nation will bow down in homage at their graves; liberty grow up with new vigor from the touch of their blood; the ages to come drink the inspiration of diviner effort from the grandeur of their deeds.

Take the case of our noble President: the sudden termination of his life, with all its horrors, is not the blotting-out even of his mortal existence, but only its going-down to the grave a few short years the sooner. There is no assassin's blow that could take away the part of it which is already past, — no secret conspiracy, wherever planned, that could overwhelm in the night of death, its love, its honesty, its truth, its genial warmth, and its long list of noble deeds. And, behind the murderous weapon, is it not possible even now to catch a glimpse of the Father's loving care, securing his life from all that he himself might have done to mar it, and making that one short moment of agony rich in results to the world beyond all the labor of the longest years? Wonderful is the meaning of those inspired words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The electric fluid which is scattered through the broad heavens has no such power in cleansing away its corruptions as that which is concentrated in one quick lightning-flash; and so,

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many times, the truest way in which God is able to show his care of a human life is not to spread its influence over twenty and thirty and forty years, but to pour it out all at once in some dark hour of corruption before the eyes of a startled world.

But beyond all else in explaining how the ravages of death are consistent with that divine esteem of our lives which is taught in the Bible, is the great fact of the soul's immortality. If this world were the whole of our being, we might indeed, with all our philosophy, stand aghast at the wholesale destruction which is taking place, if not on the battle-field, where it goes to accomplish great ends, yet in the earthquake, the pestilence, the famine, where it is the result simply of a natural law. Our residence on earth, however, is only the very beginning of existence; the advantage which dead matter appears to have over us in its continuance from age to age, such only to the outward sense. The human life so brief, so frail, which a drop of poison or the prick of a pin would seem to destroy, is in reality provided with powers which not all the clash of the elements can ever annihilate, — powers which are to outlive the continents, the granite of the earth's foundations; yea, and the world itself. The dissolution of the body, which is regarded by us as such a terrible experience, is looked upon by his all-embracing eye, as only a single incident in our career; not more, perhaps, than our emigration here on earth from one country into another. The Providence which seems to be so reckless of the bodily life, is devoted beyond all question with the most scrupulous care to the life of the soul. The Bible, the Church, the long line of the Prophets, the sending of his Son Jesus Christ, the suspension of those penalties against sin which are carried out with such iron determination in the disobedience of natural law, the willingness of his spirit to commune with us as individuals, — surely there is enough in all these things to convince even the most sceptical mind, that there is something about our human lives which is indeed precious in his sight. Yea, is it not possible that even the worst ravages of death are a part of the

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means with which he is providing in the world to come for our individual souls? We have all learned that sickness, pain, misfortune, sorrow, — those things which precede death, — are not the evidence of his disregard, but rather the means of spiritual discipline, the chastening of our souls because he loves them; and why not the same with death itself? It is not the end, but a part of our probation. The wholesale destruction of life by the earthquake, the famine, the pestilence, which seems at first to militate so fearfully against his loving care, is really the opening all the wider of the gates of the eternal world. The poor, the weak, the ignorant, the superstitious, — those who are cut down in the greatest numbers by these means, — is it presuming too much on his love to trust, are admitted to opportunities of improvement such as they never could have had on earth? And the noble, the good, the brave, the true, — those who are stricken down at the post of duty midway in their work, — is it repugnant to the idea of a special care, that they are called away so early to the immediate presence of God, and to the blessed rewards of the eternal world?

The problem, therefore, which seemed at first glance to be so discouraging, is found, in the larger view, to be capable of the sublimest solution. Behind all the harsh tread and the stern, unpitying face of Nature, — the gaping earth, the starving city, the blood-dyed field, the assassin's dagger and the tyrant's sword, — there lies the warm kindness of a Father's heart, the shelter and the loving bounty of a Saviour's hand. Our human lives, in the highest and noblest of all senses, are precious in the sight of God. His care is indeed over us each one as individual men and women. And no matter how dark and terrible is the road we have to travel, no matter though it lead us down into the very valley of death, we can always press forward in the blessed assurance, that to lose our life in this world is only to find it again the more rich and beautiful in the world to come. J. C. K.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS MAN AND PRESIDENT:

A Sermon preached in the West Church, on Fast Day, June 4.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

"Their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them." — JER. XXX. 21.

ONE is tempted to say, Who shall doubt some reality in prophecy, after the verification of these words in our own case? It was from the first, five years ago, by our aristocratic slaveholders, part of the reproach against the chosen President of the United States, that he was but a common man, of vulgar origin, indecently called to preside over a great nation, including such high-born and chivalric gentlemen as themselves; and no President of theirs should he be! But we hold it, on the contrary, the civil and religious glory of our land and age, that a child of the people became so worthily their chief. Jeremiah we may suppose to have been as good a judge of intrinsic propriety as any American planter, or even any British peer; and he counts it a sign of millennial splendor, when the head of a community shall be furnished from its middle rank. Why so account it but because the toiling and thriving mass of the people comprises more worth than either extreme of wealth or poverty in the social order: and there never was before, a mass so intelligent as our own. No matter how humble the vocation a man has been trained in. The pious phrase of ages has sanctified the taking of David from the field to the throne. But what essential grace more was there in feeding sheep than in the so-much despised splitting of rails?

Misproud overseers of the poor bondmen have talked of the lower classes, in their elegant epithet of scorn, as "mud-sills." But are the foundations of a building of less consequence than its summit? Nay, in how many a showy edifice we may notice that the underpinning is granite, and

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the spire of perishable wood! The strength of the supporting part is most important, and any defect in it fatal. So the general humanity society rests on, is more solid and enduring than the steeple of pride or streamer of fashion at the top. I protest, this country is indebted to the people — mainly to the middle rank, under God — for its salvation. Had our cause been trusted to any distinguished class of merchants, scholars, politicians, or priests, how much less safe were it than with the common folk! "Oh, he is but a common man!" we say. But this same common man has been our stay; and we may all rejoice henceforth to be common men. From what but the commonalty our army rose like an exhalation, and as silently sinks away, — more sublime in its disappearance than its rise!

Our new President at his inauguration, though having the stimulus too much in his head of what he took to sustain him for the occasion, yet with his unloosed tongue uttered more truth about human equality than the Confederate tyrants in all the sober moments of their lives. The resolutions of sympathy in great foreign courts, and letters of condolence from crowned heads, prompted by his predecessor's death, may awaken, even in oppressors' minds, now they are fallen from their cruel dynasty of the lash, some suspicion that what is styled humble birth is not incompatible with height of character and station; and that the meanest of creatures are those most elevated on the broken commandments of God, and the ruined rights and liberties of their fellow-men. But exaltation how precarious, to prepare for overthrow how signal! With the collapse of the Confederacy as a broken shell, what a crushing of foreign hopes by haughty lords, like ill-based towers built high upon it! How a strong west-wind, all across the Atlantic, has smitten the vanes and weathercocks of British opinion, making them suddenly veer! Democracy celebrates her triumph. We must try to forgive the opposition of oligarchs and kings. Let us not fight them for it! It proceeds more from fear than hate. The success of our Republic brings a strain upon all that is overbearing in the world, like the comet Milton wrote of

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"with fear of change perplexing monarchs." Universal suffrage takes a new lease and leap.

But the associations of the day present an example and incarnation of the principle of equal rights; and our text would seem to have been written for the martyr of the United States. Abraham Lincoln, more than any other ruler, illustrates in his person its verity. Let me try to show you how.

First, in him are exemplified the apparently opposite traits of lowliness and dignity. What plainer or homelier man than he was, did this Western soil ever grow? Yet what speech or bearing, from Washington down, had more nobility? What finished courtier, cultivated scholar, or accomplished statesman, has equalled the impression, on the wise and the ignorant in many instances, he made,—in his few words, transcending the long and set oration at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery; in his inaugural on his resumption of the presidential office for a second term; in his emancipation proclamation; his correspondence with friends, and offers of amnesty to foes! Will the cotemporary head of any nation on earth have a greater place in history? Will Queen Victoria fill the eye of posterity as largely, or will Louis Napoleon as happily? In a hackneyed pun on the word, majesty without its externals has been called a jest: and the late Mr. Thackeray, sketching with pencil as well as pen, represents the great French King, Louis, in three figures; first, with the royal costume all on him; secondly, undressed of the gorgeous habiliments, a dull, over-fed, imbecile, naked old man; and, thirdly, the clothes standing alone in the corner as a stiff brocade, grand and imposing as ever to the servile gaze of a superstitious imagination: and it is hard to tell on which of the three shapes the eye reposes with most content or least pain. But our late leader was no dressed-up symbol and wooden figure-head of authority, dependent on his paraphernalia for our respect. He was a real man. With a hand how firm to hold as quick to seize the rudder, he navigated the ship of state alike through stormy and misty ways, till within sight of the harbor

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the pilot retired. A better helmsman has there been in any vessel on the sea of time?

Unpretending, but strong, he was a true king, according to the derivation noted by Mr. Carlyle of the word; namely, one that can. *He could and did.* By his election he was no taller than nature had made him. He stood not an inch higher in the presidential chair than in his own parlor. He ascended no platform or raised seat, to take the reins of power into his hand. Genuine lofty rank do we despise? No: good birth or breeding is not to be disparaged. What is said of a superior stock and strain of blood is undoubtedly true. Only its track is a little mysterious! It will not keep in the banks men, however cunningly, make for it. It can be confined to no peculiar channel. Kings and queens, breeding in and in, run down to idiocy. It may break out in a carpenter's shop, as it once notably did, as in a palace. He that grasps a sceptre may have it only in name, as Jesus told the Jews they falsely called Abraham their father. This high blood got very muddy at the South. In the veins of Abraham Lincoln it ran pure.

Another combination of his qualities was of humor and truth. Much fault has been found with him for his story-telling, as beneath the height of his position. But the critics overlook the fact, that humor is, in every position, the most kindly and effectual way of conveying truth. It is a great infelicity in the family, private business, or public affairs, when one is incapable, as some are, of using or receiving it. A tender heart is always moved, not to smite us with the truth as a hammer, but to insinuate or suggest serious matter with a parable and a smile. It has been well said, a sagacious wit fathoms the policy of a question hotly discussed on diverse sides with this divining-rod of every party's real purpose; for it puts debaters off their guard, and sends them from self-will and diplomatic calculation to their heart. But, better still, when the murky clouds that have thunder in them gather and mutter overhead, it turns to an electric conductor, and lets the elemental wrath harmless to the ground. Not to be able to take a joke is pro-

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verbial proof of a sour or arrogant disposition. Mr. Lincoln's banter was never shallow or silly, but full of pith and meat. If it was ever coarse, it was also pure. It was the clean dirt that will rub off. Nay, it was a ripe apothegm or epigram, and always had a kernel of nutriment. It touched the heart of the subject as keenly as any grave argument. Doubtless, too, it was a relief to an overburdened, anxious soul; for he told the consequential congressman, who undertook to reprove him for it, "If I did not get this vent, I should die." Did ever supreme magistrate to a subordinate make apter reply? How pathetic as grand, the moisture of humor turning to the moisture of tears! Though natural in him, and not intended for policy, it made him popular, and brought him nearer to his constituency. Ordinarily they like such familiarity, the kindness of rough play and home thrusts. The archery of telling words at every target of folly outdoes all arrows and artillery beside. 'Tis a finer firing at a more deserving mark than with your rifles or pieces of ordnance yonder on the plain.

Another mingling of attributes in Mr. Lincoln was of the radical and the conservative mood. So bold, some, even of our most excellent and humane citizens, thought him an unwarranted violator of the Constitution; so wary, some mistook his wisdom for fear, and styled him, as they would not venture to brand him now, a "turtle," for being so slow. But he, the good patriarch, wanted both to get his flock on, and to keep them together. Did you ever see a flock of sheep got forward on a country road? Then you know what he did! He was physician of the sorely diseased body-politic, and practised the heroic and expectant modes of treatment alike. His wide vision comprehended every side; his judicial brain weighed, as a mightier balance than any in the market, all parties; his deep heart, like the benignant and divine One we are all surveyed and embraced by, had in it room for sinners as well as saints, — not alone for the loyal, but for the treacherous that were against his moral sense; his skilful hand moulded and guided the materials, discordant beyond all precedent, he had to deal with; his

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firm foot never retraced a step of its way to the country's rescue. Her foes knew well who was foiling their plans, when they suborned his murder; and he bled for us in the discharge of his functions, because to establish the commonwealth, and blast the hopes of traitors, he succeeded so well. That he at first satisfied neither the *immediatists*, who think a great political boon can be had in a moment, nor the procrastinators who waive every method of having the boon at all, only the more demonstrates his wisdom and perfect poise.

But the highest harmony in him was of the humane and devout temper. No man better understood in his own experience, that the second commandment, of love to man, is like unto the first, of love to God; that philanthropy divorced from worship becomes acrid and malignant, denies its own nature, and commits suicide; and piety unwedded to philanthropy is barren, and runs to seed, degenerates into a gymnastic exercise of the solitary soul, which consumes its vitality, instead of rising to a productive industry for the general good. Our lamented one was a pattern of united benevolence and prayer. Because he bent in humility before God, no man could provoke him to revenge. His incapacity for resentment, — oh, that was his diadem! It was brighter than any other on a royal head. The man you cannot provoke, and who has no feelings he will let you hurt, is the paragon. But what tenderness for others' feelings he had! His pardon to the deserter, whose wife with her crying child sought an interview with him, and the domestic's hurrying after her to say, "Madam, the baby did it," is but one illustration of a temper of loving-kindness, which perhaps sometimes threatened, at the expense of justice and the safety of the community, to go to excess. But the beautiful trait in him did and will do infinite good. How friendly he was to rebels, while withstanding rebellion! What proposals of reconciliation, with long terms for reflection on them, he held out! How ready to leave White House, cabinet, and capitol, to run to any conference which promised a composition of the strife! How patiently he would talk

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with or write to editors, committees, and representatives of meetings, on all means or chances of pacification or reconstruction! We felt almost inclined to say to him, Sit still in your place! do not answer foolish epistles; do not keep open doors, to be tired to death with curious callers and office-seekers; do not visit Hampton Roads or Richmond, to enter the Confederate President's mansion, or sit in his chair, but dispense justice from your own! Houses are said to be haunted with the spirits of former occupants; and we do not know how much mischief was in that of Mr. Davis, — what pests he left behind. Yet this abundant affectionateness, not only of accessibleness, but of his own easy approach to all, showed a President from the common folk. It seems strange, that even diabolic insurrection should hold out against such goodness, or murder be so mad as to take off the best friend of its own authors, but that his goodness was killing their badness, and destroying their ill-conceived enterprise. Truly this kindliness to his fellow-creatures was a stream that could flow from no other source than the fountain of peace with his Maker. When he saw the soldiers' burial ground at Gettysburg, it is reported he said he "gave his heart to God." But in such a heart it could have been no first impulse. He had given or God had taken it before, else it would not have flowed out thus on the spot. So only could this blended touch of pity and piety have come. This I believe to be Mr. Lincoln's character. His character in his office is what I wish to-day to present.

One thing more is to say. Such a character it behooves us here in America to cherish as a bond of union. The memory of redeemers is a great tie by which races are held together. Iron roads or telegraphic wires, linking distant territories and shores, are often mentioned as a uniting force. They are a mechanical fastening; but lofty characters are a moral one. How much the patriotism of George Washington did to bind the different parts of the land and constitution in one, and postpone the day of doom! How diligently, in his old age, Edward Everett traversed all the sections of our broad realm; hoping by his peculiar, classic,

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and everywhere acceptable eloquence, reviving the image of our political father, to keep angry and embittered parties from coming to blows, to make atonement some other way than by blood, to stave off collision and heal alienation! But in vain. In the Book it was written, that, to cleanse away our sin, nothing would serve but suffering unto death. The judgment-seat of God is not one solitary and final erection beyond the tomb, across the horizon of time. The great tribunal is not so deferred. It is set up on the earth. Men and nations are summoned to the bar now. We have had our trial for a judgment, than which when has ever been one more tremendous? We are expiating and working out our sentence. As, under the rod, we put away our transgressions, burying slavery and secession in one grave, — as near kindred in one tomb it is proper to inter, — the prospect of future agreement becomes how fair! The sky never looks so clear as through the rifts of the parting and exhausted, just now flashing and roaring thunder-cloud. There will henceforth be some purity in the air. Health in the social organism there will be, let us trust; and, God grant, for ages to come.

The recollections of all our heroes and martyrs in the conflict will be a cement of peace for our liberties and laws; and as the greatest of bards, Homer, leads the procession of poets in Dante's vision, which Ary Scheffer has painted on his canvas of mingled earthly and unearthly tints; so one great name — that of Abraham Lincoln — will head our civil list. Unconverted sympathizers with our enemies' cause may disown and reject and ridicule his meed of renown; but the decree has gone forth of a fame for him twin with Washington's own. The last President, indeed, was no repetition or copy of the first. Washington was a stately and naturally passionate, as well as patriotic and gloriously virtuous man. If Lincoln possessed not his forerunner's unmatched and almost superhuman grandeur, he was more gentle and sweet. He was not Washington's fac-simile, but counterpart. Heaven be blest for them both! Both were honest, laborious, fearing God and serving man. One minis-

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tered at the nation's birth, the other at its new birth; and, if regeneration be an event to vie with creation in our personal biography, the era of revolution exceeds not that of reformation in a people's history. Let this people's thanks ascend to the Giver, for its first President and its last! After all the patterns of presidential excellence we have had, may he ordain our nobles to be always of ourselves, and our Governor never any arbitrary and domineering despot, but proceeding from the midst of us; and that to every nation and kindred and tribe and tongue on the face of the earth, the same lesson at last may reach, till God's voice and the people's be indeed one, and no boundaries remain, but like bars in music for concord, between all classes in the social scale!

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VII. — IMMORTALITY.

THE day turned out very differently from what we expected; nothing uncommon when success depends on the weather. There was a continuous, pouring rain. Arthur, I suppose, enjoyed another "red-letter" day. As for me, I was bustling about in my barn and sheds, intent upon putting things to rights; which means, so much had every thing got awry, a general topsy-turvy.

The case was something more than hope deferred for one day. The glen would be too damp perhaps for a week to come. But we had the reward which the proverb assigns to patient waiters; and the dry ground, and the clear blue sky, and the warm sun, and the hopes sharpened by delay, promised and gave us a day of rare enjoyment.

It was a pretty sight to see little family groups arrive, one after the other, each freighted with baskets and pails to eke out a common repast; and when that repast, seasoned with the condiments of joke and mirth, was finished, it was another pretty sight to see other groups formed here and

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there, gathered now, not by ties of blood, but by those of sympathy and taste.

One bright, joyous form we all missed, much in our thoughts, and not absent from our speech; and who does not know with what a tender power such remembrances, in hours of social enjoyment, touch some of the deepest chords of our many-toned nature?

As for Arthur and I, we soon found ourselves walking aside, till we came to a high projecting rock wreathed with ivy and wild grape-vines. Its solemn shadow suited the grandeur of our proposed subject; while the murmur of distant merry voices was in unison with that human, cheerful key to which, in Arthur's hands, I knew that subject would be pitched.

Seating ourselves upon some flat stones, Arthur reverted to the talk of the other day, which had reached the point of the soul's immortality.

Arthur. — Many seem to think, that, for an event of such unutterable interest to mankind, the evidence should preclude doubt, and compel assent. They forget that the divine government is not one of compulsion; our highest interest, even in this present life, is not forced upon us.

This great hope is not a mansion that stands directly on the dusty thoroughfares of the world, where all travellers *must* see it, nor is it reached by the short avenue of a syllogism. It is embowered, a little remote, amid groves and walks, not hard to find, and yet requiring pains, aided by the instinctive quickness of some sympathy with its peaceful shades, and with the song of birds on the branches of the Tree of Life.

Neighbor. — In regard to this evidence, I have often thought of the apparent disproportion between the proof, and the fact to be proved. In the one scale is our interest for eternity; and what do we put in the other to swing such a weight as that? Intuitions, inferences, probabilities, arguments, which seem merely feathers in comparison with the ponderous solidity at the other end of the beam.

Arthur. — And how do you meet such a point as that?

Neighbor. — I have stated the case so as to get your view.

Arthur. — It seems to me the case is not peculiar. A like dis-

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proportion is seen in other things. You place the whole *temporal* interest of a young man in one scale, and what have you got to put in the other? You have got considerations relating to what life was designed for, and is adapted to give; relating to the nature of true happiness, and the value of self-respect, and peace of mind: rather abstract and dreamy things to him, — feathers, all of them, by the side of some apparently solid good offered by clamorous passions.

And yet, light as they are, they will be like that little child Jesus, whom, as we read in the beautiful old sequel, St. Christopher bore over the river on his shoulders. The farther he carried the child, the heavier he grew, till at last it seemed to the giant as if he had the whole world on his back.

If a man takes up any one of these arguments, which seem so light, and carries it along with him, it will, before he has done with it, appear to have far more weight than he suspected, and the alleged disproportion will be less.

Neighbor. — Very well, I like that. It is a view of the case different from what I had in my mind, and better. The matter had presented itself to me somewhat in the following light: —

Admitting that the disproportion between the proof and the object to be proved is as great as is alleged, what follows? that there is no proof whatever? The very existence of a doubt implies that there is some evidence in the case.

Even a doubt, then, is a moral trial. It imposes the duty to treat the subject with reverence, to take it up for consideration in our best moods of mind, to look at it under the aid of the wisest guides of our race, and to live so as to be prepared for the possibility which our doubt admits. We shall not have, it is true, the consolations and hopes of a more stable and tranquil faith; for these we must look to teachings above the plane of Nature; but the lowest statement of the evidence of immortality does not free us from obligation.

How well do I remember the homely power with which this is brought out in Bishop Butler's "Analogy," which I read ever so many years ago!

Arthur. — I think it is some hint of the possibility you refer to, that there is this general *looking* to a life to come. At least, it is not easy to see how one can affirm, that this instinctive expectation has no responsive object; or can show why there should be

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this exception in the correspondence of instinct and object; or why it should be found here, in the highest concern of our nature, where failure would be most signal, and least to be expected.

Neighbor. — I think that is very true, Mr. Arthur. It must have been just as easy to have made man so that he would have no thought of a future state; and it cannot be according to any one's conception of a wise and good Father to suppose that he should take pains to work that thought into the make of the nature of his children on purpose to deceive them.

Arthur. — Go one step farther, neighbor. See these thousand inferior creatures of his hand, happy while their day lasts, and with no conception, so far as we have reason to suspect, of any thing beyond that day; and can we assign any cause why to man alone should be given a gratuitous lure and torment?

Neighbor. — And, then, what induced the Creator to make man at all? It is not a forced inference, that the same reason would probably incline him to continue man's life, unless it can be shown that that Creator is like some bungling artificer, who soon gets tired of the work of his hand, and cares not about seeing it carried on to higher degrees of improvement.

Arthur. — Ah! in that capacity of higher improvement, is there not another hint? So far as we see, every thing else here completes the circle of its nature. Endowments of the soul hardly begun to be developed do not seem to make the supposition improbable that their growth is to be carried farther on.

Neighbor. — At least, if we saw the walls of a house carried up half a story high, and there left, windowless and roofless, we should not infer that this was the completion of the design of a wise architect.

Arthur. — Nor that it was a wise seaman who, for a voyage of thirty miles, provisioned his ship just the same as for a voyage of three thousand.

Neighbor. — This is a point I have often thought of. A being designed to live only threescore years and ten, and a being designed to live for ever, it is not likely would be cut out on the same pattern, and made of the same materials; and, if the design looked only to the shorter period, there would probably have been something about it which would have made the supposition of the longer period absurd.

Arthur. — And then the unequal sufferings of this life, how can

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we explain them consistently with the divine impartiality, without the supplement of a future life? I am reminded of a story which Goethe tells of his childhood. When he was quite a boy, I think but six years old, there occurred the destruction of Lisbon by the terrible earthquake that overthrew that magnificent city, its temples, churches, dwellings, and killed sixty thousand of its inhabitants. It oppressed his spirits. Everybody was talking about it, and many were saying that it shook all their faith in a Providence. "In vain," he afterwards said, "my young mind strove to resist these impressions. I went so far as to declare that God had not displayed paternal care in consigning both the just and the unjust to the same destruction." After some time, he regained his cheerfulness by looking at this event in connection with the future life. "After all," said the boy one day, "God very well knows that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident;" and how often do we all have need of a like reflection? All suffering is full of immortality; and the more truly we comprehend what such a being as God must be, the more deeply shall we feel that one single instance of unadjusted inequality, even in the smallest degree, is a sure pledge of a future life.

Neighbor. — And this suggests, that there is a prophetic element in our nature, — an ideal which is a sort of forefeeling of the real, an assurance of coming joy, a presage of approaching retribution, which, however we may explain these things in our system of philosophy, do, in the heart, have something like the power of one who could show us the zeal of a seer.

Arthur. — But where shall we stop? Of the intimations of the soul's immortality, we have hinted at only a few, such as we have here recalled. There is one which is perhaps more convincing than any we have named, — the impression made on the mind of a good man by a prolonged study of them all.

The effect of attention to a speciality is well known. Experts are trained to a success of which others are incapable. Seamen, in the dark, hear sounds which our ears would not detect. A landscape-painter would point out charming features in this scene of which we are unobservant. The poet feels the beauty of subtle relations of which we do not dream.

Now, just in the same way, a good man, for years conversant with the divine ways of doing things, training his ear to catch the

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gentle whispers of wisdom, and his eye to see the relations of this to goodness and love, might give a sound opinion as to the value of all these arguments combined, whether they are consistent, and support each other, and have about them the unmistakable air and impress of the Infinite Mind. In comparison with his judgment, what would be the value of that of a thousand worldly-minded men?

If to him these arguments should appear not as abstractions and shadows, but should take their place among the permanent realities of life, need this surprise us? "Forty years," said an old sacristan in the refectory of the Escurial," — forty years have I showed these pictures to thousands who have come and gone, many of whom have been born and have died in that time; and now to me those visitors seem like shadows, and these pictures are the realities." Have we not known a much shorter study of these indications of immortality make them start into reality and life?

Neighbor. — What a transforming effect they must have?

Arthur. — Yes, neighbor, indeed it is so. Life and death, the present, the future, the whole world, must be changed. We should see this, could we look into men's hearts.

I have read that, during the horrors of the French Revolution, there were Registration Offices (*Salles de Greffe*,) where the condemned made some brief preparation for death, and had a momentary interview with their friends. Grief, of course, was on the features of victims and mourners alike. But a sight of their hearts would have revealed something there as wide apart as the two ways they immediately took, — some to their homes, and some to the guillotine.

It is not possible that hearts can be just alike where some believe they are going to the charnel-house, and some to a freer and intenser life.

We were here summoned away; for our friends were making preparations to leave the glen.

A year ago I should have thought it strange, if I had passed the time of a rural merry-meeting in such a conversation as this. These new internal experiences, changing the entire aspect of life, have they no hint of something spiritual within us, and of still higher aspirations and longings which may be reached?

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I hardly know why I was so much taken with Arthur's talk: —

> "And how those sounds within me wrought,
> Remaineth yet a mystery;"

to quote two lines from the poetry he read about "The Lost Church." Something was due to my interest in these themes; something to his quiet and earnest enthusiasm; and something to my suspicion, growing stronger and stronger, that he might ere long, by his own vision, know more of the things about which we conversed.

MORNING.

The morning, with resistless art,
An hour can render all ideal,
To sound soft cadences impart,
And dreamy outlines to the real.

The engine rushes on his track
Through open gates of golden light,
His cloudy tresses streaming back
In willowy waves of flowing white.

Long, venerable locks are those,
Dishevelled silver in the light,
Like the loose train a comet shows
Borne backward in its ether-flight.

And see! a wreath of grace ascends
From every household altar-fire!
All earth burns incense; and uptends,
In dew and mist, devout desire!

The morn is aspiration's hour,
To climb the lattice-beams of light;
But evening has an earthward power,
And moral danger broods by night.

R. F. F.

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NIGHT.

Oh! there are some in sisterhood of night,
That in the shame of darkness never share;
As those there are, in brotherhood of light,
Day's nobler name, and not his nature bear!

Come to the court, then, of the starry queen,
Whose soft complexion tinted darkness shows;
And pay fit homage at the throne serene
Of gentle languishment and soft repose!

Now silver moonbeams mottle with the shade,
And darkness visible enshrouds the trees,
Whose leafy harp, by soft Æolus played,
The varied voice of Night accompanies.

A sweet, low accent warbles whippoorwill,
To interrupt the lullaby profound
Which hushes air with soothing cadence still,
And slumberous whisper murmuring around.

O Night! would'st thou the poppy cast away,
Nor drug the conscious sense to dreamy sleep,
We'd sometimes make a fair exchange of day
For thee, and all thy silver watches keep!

R. F. F.

O thou *deep love*! I pray thee take the *desire* of my soul into thee; bring it forth out of the bonds of *death* through *thy death*, in thy resurrection, in thee. Oh! quicken me in thy strength, that my *desire* and *will* may begin to spring up and flourish anew. O thou *vanquisher of death* and of the *wrath* of God! do thou overcome in me self; break its will and bruise my soul, that it may fear before thee, and be ashamed of *its own* will before thy *judgment*, and that it may be ever obedient to thee as an *instrument* of thine. Subdue it in the bonds of death; take away its power, that it may will nothing without thee. — *Behmen*.

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RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM CUBA.

The following is from a highly intelligent lady, who went from the United States. We venture to print it, though a private letter, on account of its glowing description of the flora and fauna of the island; and also in the hope that some good "Yankee" may respond to the invitation which it contains. The reader will call to mind the animated picture of Lord Morpeth, of the glories of this sunny clime: —

"Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
Where the palm tapers and the olive glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
And her fair shade the matchless *cebia* throws!

Ye cloudless ethers, of unchanging blue,
Save where the rosy streaks of eve give way
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day!

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak;
That, flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave:
For virtue pines, and manhood dares not speak,
Where nature's glories brighten round the slave."

Sierra de Palmos, May 9.

My dear Mr. Sears, — I have been often thinking to write you, but truly have not had courage to do so, not having been very well, and in an unsettled state since my arrival here. Then the climate and habits of these isles make me lazy.

Now I am in our home, up in these magnificent mountains, I begin to feel more active, and might get through a good deal; the air being most heavenly, and health in its breath: only it begins to be very warm some days, which I can't stand much of. The mornings and evenings, however, are always pleasantly cool. Such a climate, I think, can be found nowhere else on this earth. Havana is a most disagreeable, hot, unhealthy city. But, up in

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this region, extreme heat is unknown, as also sickness of any sort. The people live here to one hundred and fifty years of age, in many cases; seventy years is their prime of life, which speaks for the country.

We are still in the midst of building, as 'tis difficult, unless one owns slaves, to get work of the kind done; and, as we would not have slaves, find it rather difficult to get along. We are trying to get some contrabands from the North, who will like this climate, and get along easily; nature having done every thing for this island, the soil being rich, and very productive. Only imagine: they take three crops of corn a year off the same land, and never manure it. This portion of the island produces the finest tobacco, of which there are three crops a year. An acre of this weed gives from five hundred to eight hundred dollars a crop. My father does not cultivate any thing of the sort, as he is not an agricultural man; but could we get a good farmer to take over the place, and divide with us, he taking two-thirds and giving us one-third, we would like to have such a man from the North. We might find in Havana many coming from Europe, but prefer, could we get, a New-England man. We only now keep cattle, and these he could keep for us also on shares; his part being one-third of the increase. We can keep ninety head of cattle on the place: it being always summer, they feed out on grass. No hay is cultivated here, though it could grow, if planted, and bring a great price in Havana, where it is imported from New York now. Any man who can work, and has any brains, can make his fortune in Cuba. Nature here does every thing; but the natives are so indolent and ignorant, and behind the age a century. Still, they all seem to grow rich.

My father is now having his coffee and cocoa walks planted, as these are very productive here. Such plantations are called a coffetal and cocotal.

The flora and fauna of this island are beautiful and luxuriant in the extreme. You would be delighted, I think, to pass a winter and spring here; and I trust sometime you will visit us when we are all arranged.

These mountains are the most beautiful I have seen yet in my travels. One may ride for hundreds of miles ever through palm-groves, which are to me trees of celestial beauty, such as I imagine are in heaven. I feel, in the palm-groves, as if walking in some

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vast cathedral, such as may exist in the heavens, — in a church worthy of the Creator. Then the alleys of bamboo, like giant plumes waving in the wind, and arching avenues, which look as a church of giant proportions would.

The effect is solemn, and one feels almost as if in the spirit-land. At dusk, or by moonlight, in passing through them I look around, expecting to see spirits there. Such forests of fine and precious woods; such huge trees as grow on the mountains, covering them to the summit, which often are crowned by palms, I do not think are found out of Cuba. And such splendid flowers!

San Domingo and Jamaica may have something of the same; but here all is vast and grand and luxuriant in its growth.

Not far from us are some beautiful grottoes in the mountain, with crystallizations, and statuesque form. In one is a perfect crystal lion, couchant. A river runs down from one of these grottoes. 'Tis most lovely up there. There are birds of every variety of brilliant plumage and sweetest notes. The nightingale sings there till it swoons away, and can thus be taken. Of course, among the beautiful on this earth we have ever the evil, and there are many venomous reptiles and insects to molest.

One kind of spider, large as a saucer, is very dangerous; and, if it stings, makes one dance the dance of death with pain. I think it is a sort of Tarantula. The fang of this spider, however, is very precious; and, in Havana, sells for seventeen dollars an ounce in gold, as the touch of it on an aching tooth cures immediately. We have the mountain river running around our estate on three sides. There are fine fish in it. We have a royal bath there, and more beautiful, being natural. I bathe there twice a day, at early morn and evening, and never enjoyed such bathing anywhere. As I look up, I see overhead, roofing me, the palm and orange trees with their golden fruit; limes, myrtles, and mango, plum, and other fine tropical trees. Our plum-trees here are as large as your American hickory or elm. Then at eve the trees are lighted up with fire-flies, very large and luminous, such as nowhere else are to be seen. They fly very swiftly; and, at first, I thought them bright meteors. The ladies ornament themselves with them, as they can be tamed, and become attached to their mistresses. They live many months in cages. We are rejoicing in the prospect of peace, and the great victories of the North. . . .

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Now should you hear of any good man who will come to us, will you write me? He had better have a wife to care for him, and sons, if possible, to help him; and be something of a carpenter, so far as building up a comfortable house for himself. Father will give him necessary materials, tools, &c. We have much trouble to get our dwelling completed; no carpenters to be had here. Yankees are generally every thing, and can help themselves.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

The meeting of the London Anthropological Society, May 16, was of special interest, as it was known that Bishop Colenso would read a paper on "The Efforts of Missionaries among Savages." He began by giving some account of his diocese. The District of Natal, in Africa, was called *Terra Natalis* by the old Portuguese navigators, because it was discovered by them on Christmas Day. It is about one-third the size of England and Wales, and contains a population of 15,000 Europeans and 150,000 natives, who are called Zulus from a former chief of that name. He then reverted to a remark made by a member of the Anthropological Society, to the effect that "every so-called Christian negress was a prostitute, and every so-called Christian negro a thief." This was said of the slave-coast, where the slave-trade with all its abominations was still practised. The remark was too sweeping in its application to that region, while it was wholly unjust to other portions of Africa. While he had no sympathy with the creed that doomed all ignorant heathen to eternal misery, the expenditure of vast sums of money, the sacrifice of noble energies and of many lives for the conversion of the heathen could not be referred to without respect. Undoubtedly, too much had been expected from the labors of missionaries. It was a painful fact, that exaggerated representations had been made of their success. But, after all abatements had been allowed, and even in cases where no outward results could be enumerated, it would be quite unsafe to say that no good had been done by scattering the seeds of a Christian civilization. If it be admitted, that, for the most part, little could be done with the adult population, the condition of the young was more hopeful, and schools for

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their instruction were the best instrumentalities. He believed the missionaries would have greater success, if there were less preaching of eternal punishment, and more of that kindly and wise discrimination observed by St. Paul in his address to the Athenians. A lively discussion followed the reading of the Bishop's paper, which displayed, as we think, more theological prejudice than anthropological learning.

A BOOK has just been published in Edinburgh, entitled "The Art of Pedigree-making." The "Gentleman's Magazine" for May says, "It is a caustic exposure of the way in which illustrious descents are manufactured to order for the new men who by some lucky hit are advanced from the counter to knighthood." Placer and petroleum millionaires may find it useful.

THE Peace Society held lately its annual meeting in London. The "Saturday Review" says, "We are reminded, not without amazement, that such a society is in existence. It is a curious question whether we are making any perceptible progress towards the expected millennium. If such progress is being made, it is certainly slow; it is a secular and not an annual change. We may be gradually getting rid of the military fever; but we have suffered, and are likely to suffer in the future, a good many relapses before it entirely disappears. It seems sometimes as if the change which is taking place rather concerned the questions which are decided by war than the number of wars themselves. We do not have the dynastic quarrels of former times; but the principle of nationalities gives us plenty to fight over."

THE "Holy Land," by W. Hepworth Dixon, to which we alluded some time ago, has just been published in London. The "Dublin University Magazine," for May, has an extended notice of it, and says that Mr. Dixon "has the triple faculty of acuteness in detecting character, generosity in interpreting it, and ability in giving it portraiture." From the extracts we have read, we think he has thrown a fresh interest over the familiar details of the Bible. The following quotation illustrates the facility with which he rises from the simplest fact to the discussion of broad principles. Writing incidentally of the *road* he was travelling, he immediately corrects himself by saying that what we understood by a road is unknown in the East. "In our English Bible the word *road* is found only once, and there it is used in the sense of raid or inroad. We hear of paths, of ways, never of roads, which must be regal

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works, the offspring of art, and the production of a settled peace. A Greek, a Roman, made roads; an Arab, a Jew, never. A dweller in tents detests a path so easy that wheels can roll and cannon can be drawn along it. To such a man a great road is a great peril."

JOHN STUART MILL'S examination of Sir William Hamilton's "Philosophy" is noticed in several English reviews. "The London Spectator" says, "We hold this to be Mr. Mill's greatest book, requiring far greater powers both of imagination and exposition than are required by his 'Political Economy,' and showing these powers in a higher degree than his 'System of Logic.' We say this without acquiescing in the foundations of Mr. Mill's philosophy, which, as receiving the sanction of so wide and profound a mind, we view with simple amazement; but heartily acquiescing in the justice, and admiring the accomplished ease, of much of the destructive critcism directed against Sir William Hamilton's philosophic crotchets, and thoroughly impressed with the intensity of the love of truth which breathes through the whole." The reviewer particularly praises Mr. Mill's reply to those who affirm that justice and goodness in God cannot be understood by the qualities in man which are called by these names. "I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." Of this the "Spectator" says, "This is the true language of prophets and apostles about God, who never yet asked any one to worship him without declaring his goodness in the language in which it had been manifested in our Lord, and come straight home to the heart of man."

IN 1851 an "Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom" was formed in England. It has now seven thousand members, one-third of whom, it is said, are clergymen of the Papal, Greek, and Anglican churches. The only condition of membership is the daily repetition of the collect for peace, in connection with the Lord's Prayer. The Association has just published a volume of sermons on the re-union of Christendom, by members of the different churches above named. This movement, it is further said, has attained to a magnitude sufficient to attract the attention of the Pope, who repudiates it and discourages it, believing that he represents the only unity which the Christian Church can have.

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ITALIAN papers inform us, that the long-talked-of withdrawal of French troops from Rome has lately commenced. Three thousand French soldiers have left that city, thirteen thousand still remaining to defend it. Through the growing accord between the Pope and Victor Emanuel, it is hoped that these will not long be wanted.

SOME of the many travellers who have sojourned in Florence may like to hear about the Dante festivities lately celebrated with so much splendor in that city. A file of Florentine papers, lately received, have much to say on this subject. The quaint and dear old city, always so busy and lively, was never more excited. For weeks prior to May 14, the note of preparation had been sounding; and innumerable festoons, arches, inscriptions, statues, attested the universal interest. The railways brought daily four or five thousand visitors, — delegations of distinguished men having been sent from all the leading cities of Italy. In many cases they brought with them banners and homage gifts, which have been carefully treasured up as a memorial in the Palace of the Podesta. The chief interest on the first day's celebration centred in the piazza Santa Croce, which was entirely covered with a green cloth, in the centre of which was erected a throne for the king and court, whose presence gave great eclat to the occasion. When the curtain was dropped before the statue of the great poet, the enthusiasm was so intense that many were affected to tears. There were *tableaux vivants* representing scenes in the "Divina Commedia;" and the first artists of Italy, Ristori, Salvini, Rozzi, and others, recited choice extracts from the poem in illustration of the *tableaux*. An exposition of mediæval objects, such as manuscripts, wills, parchments, rare editions, objects of curious art and antiquity, collected from every part of Italy, drew thousands of visitors. The gonfaloniere, or mayor of the city, had sent a letter of special invitation to Victor Hugo, who, not being able to be present, had returned a somewhat long but eloquent reply, which was publicly read, in which he calls their celebration a magnificent symptom of the age, in honor of one who, in the thirteenth century, brooded over ideas which had been realized in the nineteenth, while he rejoiced that Italy had come out from the seven circles, and that slavery was at that moment dying in America. A banquet was given, attended by eminent generals, statesmen, poets, and scholars of all Italy, and about thirty

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distinguished Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians, and Germans. The king decreed, that Conte Pietro Alighieri, the sole descendant of the great poet, should be inscribed in the golden book as a Florentine patrician, himself and his descendants for ever. Add to all, a few days after the celebration the Florentines learned a fact which raised their enthusiasm to a still higher pitch. Many fruitless attempts had long been made to find the body of Dante, at Ravenna, where it had been buried. On the 28th of May, word came, that, by the demolition of an ancient chapel near the poet's burial-place, the veritable "Ossa Dantis" were discovered; and the municipal committee sent back a congratulatory reply. We have given a hint of only a small number of the exhibitions of popular feeling. The inevitable horse-racings for which the Florentines have such a passion were not of course forgotten. The illuminations of the Pitti, Uffizii, and other grand old palaces, closed the public rejoicings.

HABIT IN WELL-DOING.

It is a vital condition of success in the Christian life, that we should begin with making its duties not merely a series of separate actions, but a constant habit. Most people, when a religious service is set before them, would like to comprise it in a single job, as they do other kinds of business, and finish it all up at once. They are discouraged with the idea of doing the same thing over and over again. The calls of charity are answered cheerfully enough the first two or three times, but are wearisome when it is found they are to be presented month after month. The Sunday school, on which the young teacher entered with such enthusiasm, is apt to be a bore at the end of half a dozen Sundays. The hardest trial of the drunkard, in breaking off from his bondage, is after the impulse of his first conversion has died away, and while he is yet obliged with each new temptation to make a separate effort of resistance. Many a young Christian has found himself wishing, that, in some fervent moment, he could lay up a stock of prayers on his closet-shelf that would last him a whole year. Indeed, the popular idea of salvation is that which would have it closed up with one revival, on one day, in one place; and not dragging

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along through a person's whole life, and mixed up with all days, and all kinds of business. We are like a little girl I know of, who, when reproved for some naughty thing she was doing, exclaimed, "Well, mother, I had almost rather go to the wicked place, than keep trying so hard all the time not to go!"

The difficulty in these, and all such cases, is, that we have not done the things required of us often enough to make them a habit. Every thing is a labor just in proportion as we have to do it by a separate effort. If a person were obliged to do up all his breathing once a week, to eat his food only at rare intervals, or to put on his clothing simply for a few days in the year, he would find them a very wearisome task. It is only the frequency of these acts, only breathing every moment, eating every day, and wearing our clothes literally as a habit, that keeps them from being irksome. Drive your wagon over a road where the planks are five feet apart, and the motion is excruciating; let the planks be shoved up close together, and it is one delicious roll. So in the Christian life. We must make our duties come so near to each other that they will touch, if we would have them a pleasure. It is easier to give fifty times a year than it is ten; easier to go to church every Sunday than every month; easier to pray each night and morning than only now and then; easier to be a Christian on every day, and in every place, than only in the meeting-house, and once a week. Habit is the great helper that takes away the burden from all labor, and makes even the roughest places smooth. And, in our well-doing, the best way never to be weary is never to stop and rest. K.

TALFOURD, the poet, lost a child, aged six years, named after Charles Lamb. The following is extracted from the "Memorial Verses," written by the bereaved father. We hardly know which touch the heart more deeply, the allusions to the lost boy, or to the gentle poet whose name he bore.

The LAMB, with whose endearing name
Our boy we proudly graced,
Shrunk from the warmth of sweeter fame
Than ever bard embraced.

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Still, 'twas a mournful joy to think
Our darling might supply,
For years on earth, a living link
To name that cannot die.

And, though such fancy gleam no more
On earthly sorrow's night,
Truth's noble torch unveils the shore
That gives to both its light.

The nursling there that hand may take,
None ever grasped in vain;
And smiles of well-known sweetness wake,
Without their tinge of pain.

Though 'twixt the child and childlike bard
Late seemed distinction wide,
They now may trace, in heaven's regard,
How near they are allied.

Within the infant's ample brow,
Blithe fancies lay unfurled,
Which, all uncrushed, may open now,
To charm a sinless world.

Though the soft spirit of those eyes
Might ne'er with LAMB'S compete,
Ne'er sparkle with a wit as wise,
Or melt with tears as sweet, —

That calm and unforgotten look
A kindred love reveals,
With his who never friend forsook,
Or hurt a thing that feels.

In thought profound, in wildest glee,
In sorrow's lengthening range,
His guileless soul of infancy
Endured no spot or change.

From traits of each, our love receives
For comfort nobler scope;
While light which childlike genius leaves
Confirms the infant's hope:

And in that hope, with sweetness fraught,
Be aching hearts beguiled,
To blend, in one delightful thought,
The poet and the child.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

History of England; from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street. 1865.

Two volumes have thus far been issued of this luxurious reprint. We need not say, that, if history is one of the most interesting and valuable works of modern English literature, there can be no doubt that the publishers will be abundantly encouraged to finish what has been commenced with such admirable enterprise. The only way by which we can even approximate the truth of history is to put ourselves with open minds under various guides, and be content, if need be, to hear our most cherished historical conclusions vehemently spoken against. Mr. Froude can help us greatly in this way; for he does not rest, without inquiry or protest, in any stereotyped foregone conclusions, and is quite free to set himself against the unfavorable verdict which people and scholars alike had pronounced upon Henry the Eighth of England. Let him be heard in his pleadings, even though the exculpation of king be the condemnation of queen; and, whatever we may think of the justice of his conclusions, we shall be sure to follow his narrative and his arguments with very deep and enduring interest. The two volumes which have been given to readers on this side of the water bring the story to the execution of Anne Bóleyn in 1536. They are full of the most valuable and entertaining matter, and are especially rich in descriptions of the every-day life of the English people in the sixteenth century. The mechanical execution of the books leaves nothing to be desired; and there cannot be the slightest shadow of an excuse for importing copies from abroad, now that this exquisite library edition is to be put within our reach. E.

Thoughts on Personal Religion. By EDWARD MYRICK GOULBURN, Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. Appleton & Co., 443, 445, Broadway, New York.

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Religious Duty. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston: William V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1865.

Miss Cobbe's book has already been noticed in this journal. We have written down the title again, because we wished to place it by the side of another work upon the same topic, by a writer whose stand-point is within the fold of Christendom, and to say how much we have been moved and rejoiced to find, that, widely as these authors differ in the treatment of their subject, they are none the less singularly at one, and, far more than they seem, do mean the same thing. Both are hearty, whole-souled, practical believers in the grace of God, in his loving nearness to the human soul; both are at once eminently devout, eminently practical, and richly suggestive. Differing as widely as two writers can in their theological views, they are both edifying, and will be read with great interest and profit by persons who would hardly worship in the same church, because they both believe in PRAYER; and that through the mighty help of God the being of man is enriched and strengthened unto every good word and work. The books are, both of them, real and experimental, — reports of the inward life. Miss Cobbe believes far more than she can prove; and, whilst it is plain that her nature might have been eminently religious, she does credit to a noble Christian culture. And, on the other hand, Gouldburn, holding strong, positive Christian views, does not content himself with the phrases of piety, but abounds in mature thoughts, and good, wholesome food for hungry souls; evidently without any attempt at fine writing, or literary aim beyond the very laudable desire to be clear, concise, correct, and animated. There are denials in Miss Cobbe's book, to which we should take exception: her view of prayer for outward things seems to us narrow and unsound, quite inferior to that which Dr. Hedge has presented in his admirable volume entitled, "Reason in Religion" (see chapter on "The Exorable God"); in fact, an effort of the understanding to pass beyond its sphere into transcendent realms. But we are quite ready, in our hearty assent and consent, as we read other pages besides the few which are given to this special topic, to forget these (as they seem to us) unsatisfactory reasonings. And, as we are compelled to add to the affirmations of Miss Cobbe, so there are a few things in Gouldburn which we must leave out as unreal to us, and amongst the conventionalities of theology. We presume that our English Episcopalian would be much horri-

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fied with the theological freedom of Miss Cobbe, even in this, which is one of the most positive and affirmative of her books; whilst Miss Cobbe, once a good "churchwoman" herself, might characterize the "Thoughts on Personal Religion" as belonging to the literature of the past. But, for ourselves, vehemently as they might dislike one another, we are glad to confess, that we are inconsistent enough to like them both, and to have found in both good food for the hungry soul. Neither of the books should we give to the undiscerning. As we cannot choose but judge, there are heresies in the one as in the other; things that need to be explained and qualified for the unskilful and unstable. But this is true of most earnest scriptures: were it not so, there would not be the need there is in Christendom of the well-instructed scribe.

E.

Companion Poets for the People. Illustrated. *Household Poems.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Price, fifty cents.

No insignificant part do these little volumes play in the blessed work of educating the people. They will sow good seed, and so pre-occupy the ground that there will be small space for the tares to spring up. Specially grateful will the small books be, in the summer time, for the folks on hill-sides and "by the way of the sea." E.

A very timely and very manageable and very comely little volume is "*The President's Words*, a Selection of Passages from the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln." Published by Walker, Fuller, & Company, 245, Washington Street. It is as full of wisdom as an egg is of meat, and far better than a much larger book would be. E.

The Life of M. T. Cicero, by FORSYTH, published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, which we announced in our last number, is a charming picture of the private as well as public life of the great Roman statesman and orator. Mr. Forsyth does not conceal the faults of Cicero; indeed his egregious vanity and egotism are not to be concealed, as they were an essential part of him: but the author does ampler justice to his great virtues than Merivale does, and with a more discriminating and impartial hand than Middleton. This work will supersede Middleton's, and will be indispensable not only to the scholar, but the popular reader, for a familiar knowledge of Cicero, or the times which his splendid genius illustrated. S.

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The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English blank verse, by EDWARD, Earl of Derby, in two volumes, is published by the same firm, and in the same style with the "Life of Cicero." The binding is in exquisite taste, the print large and clear, on tinted paper, and is most grateful to the eye.

The heroic blank verse which the translator has chosen is unquestionably better adapted to the majestic simplicity of Homer than the monotonous rhymes of Pope, or the heptameter verse of old Chapman. He adheres as closely to the original as the English language will allow, without giving a paraphrase or a baldly literal rendering. The grand old bard himself would own the present translation as giving more perfectly than any other the honest sense and spirit of the Iliad. The reader who wishes to study Homer in the most terse and simple English will prefer it, and cannot well do without it. Nothing, however, will supersede either Pope or Chapman: the former as showing the wonderful resources of the English language for musical flow; and the latter for preserving the old English idioms in their compactness and nerve, — the English of the Elizabethean age. Macauley sneers at Pope very justly so far as he fails to give us Homer; but Pope's Iliad has been thumbed and read and recited in farmhouses and cottages, wherever the books of a circulating library have found entrance. It was the standard of poetical taste for half a century; and, though a very false standard, it did more to abolish limping and slovenly rhymes, and develop the wonderful harmonies of the language, than any other work that could be named.

The present translator, for good reasons, adopts the Latin rather than the Greek nomenclature for the heathen deities. He has given in these two volumes a noble monument of taste and learning. S.

Christianity and Statesmanship, with Kindred Topics. By WILLIAM HAGUE, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This is a new edition of Dr. Hague's former work, revised and enlarged. It embraces a variety of topics, discussed in the vigorous style and intellectual power for which the author has become generally known. These topics are Christianity and Statesmanship, Christianity and the Turkish Power, Christianity and Traditionism, embracing a review of the life and times of Wickliffe; Christian Greatness in the Apostle, Christian Greatness in the

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Missionary, Christian Greatness in the Statesman, Christian Greatness in the Citizen, Christianity and Pauperism, Christianity and Liberal Giving, Christian Union, Christianity and Slavery. There is also an Appendix of sixty pages, containing discussion and criticism on topics of living interest. The essay on Christianity and Slavery is elaborate and closely argumentative, and a triumphant vindication of abolitionism. "Apostolic Christianity abolished slavery" is the well-reasoned conclusion of the essay. The spirit of the book is both liberal and evangelical. S.

The Ideal Attained. By ELIZA W. FARNHAM. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co.

Not often do we read a novel clean through; but we have got fairly into the story of this, and shall not give it up. We are very agreeably surprised in the graces of style and the truthfulness of description, both of character and scenery, and the absorbing interest of the tale. The pictures of scenery and of social life in California are said to be faithful and true, as they are certainly graphic and lifelike. The writer evidently draws from a large experience of men and things, and paints realities in the colors of romance. The print and paper are worthy of special praise, and the whole external appearance of the book very attractive.

Mrs. Farnham held some theories which are justly thought very extravagant; but no one can refuse a hearty homage to her brilliant genius and her noble philanthropy. S.

Reason in Religion. By FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

This treatise, after two introductory chapters, divides into two books: the first, "Religion within the Bounds of Theism;" the second, "Rational Christianity." Under these divisions are several chapters, each an essay complete in itself, yet bearing upon the general scope of the whole treatise, and helping to develop a system, though the outlines of it are not sharply defined, and were not intended to be. The themes are handled with Dr. Hedge's great logical power and felicity of style, and with unusual beauty of illustration. Sometimes he takes the highest positive ground, far in advance of the prevailing thought of Christendom, fortifying and inspiring anew its flagging faith. We have never seen the subject of prayer placed on ground more impregnable and rational, or giving ampler encouragement to devotion. The proofs of the

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divine existence in the moral and spiritual nature of man are set forth with great cogency; those from external nature, or what is called the cosmical argument, are dishonored, we think, more than need be. The Christian doctrine of immortality seems to us also to have an inadequate statement; immortality being a moral attainment, rather than the inhering necessity of human nature. On many subjects treated, most readers will withhold assent, and many more will enter strong protest; but they will not fail of a constant intellectual stimulus and moral quickening, as also vast openings into fields of thought which they had never trodden. The subject of miracles is treated with philosophic discrimination, and from a point of view which renders the old controversies altogether useless. The book will be widely read, and many passages of special power and pungency will have a permanent place in religious literature. S.

Harp of the West. By H. A. Reid, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. We have received the sheets in advance of publication. Mr. Reid is a genuine poet, and writes from the gushing fountains of the heart. We have already published some hymns of his which evidently wrote themselves. We select another from the sheets which he sends us.

"The soul's new birth is as a flower
Fresh budding in its place,
With inward joy and soft, sweet power
To form the outward grace;
And shows what germs of beauty rest
Within the rudest human breast.

The soul's new birth is as a star
Just peeping out of night;
From depths of darkness oh how far
It reaches after light,
And twinkles with a glad, new sense
Of God's bright-shining providence!

The soul's new birth is as a rill
That leaps and ripples down
The rugged, rocky steeps of will,
That only used to frown;
But now the crags are mossy green,
And sweet wild-flowers shoot up between.

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Oh come, thou quickening grace from heaven
With radiant beams of love,
And give our waiting souls the leaven
Of new life from above,
Till all the thoughts of all our days
Shall blossom sweetly into praise!"

Life of Horace Mann. By his Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

Mrs. Mann properly dedicates the book to the young. We can conceive of no work better calculated to elevate their aims, and make them generous, noble, and unselfish, than the record of such a life. It is made up mainly of Mr. Mann's private correspondence, so selected and arranged that his mind, heart, and motive are revealed with the most perfect transparency. As a student, as a lawyer, as a legislator, as a philanthropist, and as an educator, he appears before us devoted to the highest ends, with a zeal as pure as it was intense and burning.

Two things distinguished him. He always magnetized those who came within reach of his voice or pen, if they had a particle of his own nobleness; and hence the thousands, especially of the young men and women of the country, who date from his word a new self-consecration, and a new birth in their consciousness of intellectual and moral life. He had a power of illustration that fired the heart through the imagination, and a profusion of glowing images which came so thick, that, as he said himself, he "drove them away from him every hour." So that he was also distinguished for the little opposition which he excited among the bigoted and self-seeking who tried to obstruct what he deemed a righteous cause. He sometimes scattered them with his satire, and even excoriated them to the bone; and we were only reconciled to the operation in the reflection that they deserved it, and that the public good required it, and that there was no venom on the point of his blade. But the depth of his kindness, the warmth and sweetness and delicacy of his whole affectional nature, were known to his friends; and the present biography brings out these traits as the great charm of his character. Mrs. Mann had a delicate task in preparing this biography; but no one could have done it better. We closed it with a sad feeling, because such a man should have *worked himself to death*, as he literally did, when we needed him so much; but the

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mind soon rises exultant in the assurance, that he lives at this day in all the young minds of Massachusetts, and widely throughout the West, and throughout the country, and lives in its best thought, and inspires it. Let this record of his life go everywhere, and it will help to enforce the last words which he uttered publicly as he charged his graduating class, *Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.* S.

PAMPHLETS.

Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency and our Right to complain of it. By GEORGE BEMIS. Boston: A. Williams. A complete and most admirable answer to Lord Russell, and "Historicus" of the "London Times." A neatly printed pamphlet of fifty-seven pages.

Life and Services of Edward Everett. An Address by RICHARD H. DANA, Jr., before the municipal authorities and citizens of Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1865, very just and discriminating, and beautifully got up. Seventy pages.

The Radical Creed. A Discourse at the Installation of Rev. David A. Wasson, as minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, May 7, 1865, by the pastor elect. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

Eulogy on Abraham Lincoln before the New-England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, May 3, 1865, by ELIAS NASON. Boston: W. V. Spencer.

Mr. Barrett's Reply to Strictures on himself and Writings, published in the organs of the New Church in the United States, and under the authority and direction of that body. Philadelphia. Twenty-eight pages.

AN IMPORTANT WORK. — Mr. William V. Spencer of this city has in press the recent examination by John Stuart Mill of the philosophical teachings of Sir William Hamilton, which is just now exciting attention in England among the students of philosophy. It will be published in a few days.

NOTICE. — Several articles in type, omitted in this number for want of room, will appear in the next.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. AUGUST, 1865. No. 2.

THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE AND PROGRESS IN A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.*

"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." — EPH. iv. 12.

THREE things, you observe, are here brought into view, each depending upon the other two. The perfecting of the saints is the growth and the ripening of the Christian believer in the personal graces and virtues of Christian living. The work of the ministry stands related to this, both as the means and the fruit of it: for an efficient ministry helps to Christian living in the believer; and then, again, its work is mightily inspired and borne up on the believer's prayer. And when you have both these, you have the body of Christ — that is the Church — built up, and ever enlarged and beautified, and extending its forces to the peaceful conquest of the world. Such is this Christian triad of *the saints, the ministry,* and *the body of Christ.*

I embrace the present opportunity to speak of these and kindred topics. I can best include what I have to say under one general head; namely, the *conditions of life, strength, and prosperity in a religious society.* The subject will suggest to

* A sermon preached at his installation in Weston, May, 1865.

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us, as we unfold it, the duties and responsibilities of the relation which we have just formed, — duties and responsibilities which pertain to the pulpit and the pews.

In a new consecration to the Christian work that lies before us, let us get some nearer view both of its nature and its extent.

1. The first condition of life and prosperity in a Christian society touches *the foundation* on which it rests. It is not a voluntary association like a reform society. There are two views on this topic radically distinct; and our whole work will be one thing or another, according to the view we take. One view is, that Christianity is to be received just as all the other religions of the past are to be received. We must sift it as we would Brahminism or Parseeism; eliminate the good from the bad, and the true from the false; take what remains, and carry it forward into a new and more comprehensive cultus. Christianity was good for its day; but we have learned it out. God shows himself now only to the individual soul, and we must look there only for the newer and broader revelations. Believing so, a man preaches only out of his own intentions and inspirations. Of course, the Church, with its old ordinances and rituals, is abolished. We have only a voluntary association or a reform society, gathered around this man or that, according as his individual afflatus is the more plenary and demonstrable. That is one view.

The other view is, that Christianity is the absolute religion, not one of the superstitions of the world; that before it those superstitions are to pale away and disappear; that, so far from having learned it out, we are just getting through the letter of it, just breaking the rind, and beginning to taste the ambrosial fruit; that the Christ of the gospel history, so far from having set upon the world for some new one to appear, is but just melting through the mists of the early morning, and that we have hardly begun to look upon his open face. This being so, the Church becomes, not a voluntary association, but, as Paul puts it, the body of Christ; and the ministry draws not out of its own private stock, which is scant enough, but out of God's everlasting treasury of jew-

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els and gold. In this view of the matter, a Christian society has truths in its keeping which are not of private discovery.

As such, it draws mightily upon a strength out of and beyond itself, verifying the promise and prediction, "Lo, I am with you alway." A ministry which preaches out of its own puny individualism has no more authority than the guesswork of this man and that; and it is liable, all the while, to degenerate into an intolerable arrogance and an enormous egotism. A ministry which has Christ for its background and support, and his majestic authority to which always to make appeal, has a right to speak to you with urgency, and apply the truth of God closely to your consciences: for the preacher disappears and is lost in his message; he only interprets and clears away the hinderances, that the Christ himself may be more openly revealed.

I hold it, then, as a prime condition of our spiritual life, that we make Christ the foundation, and his word, as our old covenants have it, "the infallible rule of faith and practice." The distinction between the church and lecture-room is, that in the first we come to hear, interpret, and apply a message from above; in the other we come to hear a man discourse ingeniously from his own notions and private opinions. He may call these opinions God's absolute truth. He and they may call this rush-light of to-day a new sun risen on midnoon. It looks so to them. It looks so always when one's mind is kindled by the lurid gleams of his own private intelligence, warmed only by self-love. But the distinction is here: the lecturer speaks from himself; the preacher, if he be Christian, speaks from divine communications which are not of himself, and so keeps himself out of the way. Hence all the associations and societies which have ever been got up as substitutes for the Christian Church are weak and ephemeral, and crumble back into the individualism they started from. The Christian Church has all the Christian ages behind it; and, after eighteen hundred years of fluctuation and change of empire, we still "hear within, her solemn voice and her unending song."

2. Hence another condition of our life and prosperity be-

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comes obvious, pertaining to *the end* for which we come together. We go to other places to be amused, to have our tastes gratified, to have our opinions echoed back to us; or, where men are supposed to preach themselves, and draw out their own intuitions, to admire the ingenious web-work which they weave, and float off in the air on the breath of human conceit and vanity. We go to church believing that we have souls to be saved and perfected, and that here we meet, or ought to meet, the Christ who can help us, and draw us up into the love and the salvation of God. I think it one of the surest signs of spiritual decline and death, when the attractions of the house of God are made to consist in the ingenuity of preachers, the husks of rhetoric, and the æsthetics of architecture; and, though churches be filled to overflowing in this way, it only stimulates the conceit both of preachers and hearers, and projects the spirit of the world into religious things, and increases it sevenfold.

All that I know of spiritual life; all of that truth which darts down through the inmost nature, and lights it up with the glare of noon, revealing the whole realm of sinful motive, like the fountains of the stream trickling down from the sides of hidden caves; all the openings down from eternity into time; all clear vision of its endless landscapes; all the light that shines on the path of duty, and makes it clear; all the warmth that comes into the heart, and fills it with comfort and peace in believing, till it overflows, — all this comes to me from this old Bible breaking its seals afresh to the groping generations to light them on their pilgrimage. It will be my chief purpose, so long as I preach to you, to open its contents and break its seals to you; to bring out its eternal verities as they lie embedded all through the rugged letter of history and parable, like seams of gold in the quartz mountains, to show them, not separate and fragmentary, but harmonized in a grand system of faith; to bring it in direct and naked contact with your hearts and lives and daily affairs; to bring out its threatenings alike with its promises and blessed consolations. You will find this done with a great deal of weakness and a great deal of imperfection. Only come with

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this end in view, — to be revealed unto yourselves; to know your deepest wants, and have them supplied out of the wealth and the fulness of God; to get help to serve God worthily in time, and be fitted for a blissful immortality, — and you will carry a blessing away with you. That done, we shall be saved from the results, so meagre and shallow, of much of the church-going of these times, where manner and rhetoric and the rockets of the imagination are substituted for the grand gospel verities; and a very superficial culture, a very external decency and moralism, for the regeneration of the heart, and the forgiveness and the peace of God.

Hence I think it supremely important, that worship, and not preaching, should be the great idea that draws us to the house of God; and that preaching ought to be valued only as it brings us into attitudes of communion, and gives us the Christian atonement. In those congregations with whom faith in any thing has become of no consequence, and the Bible has become rather obsolete, they will amuse themselves with the genius of the preacher, as he spins out of his own brain his gossamer fancies, and sets them afloat above their heads in balloon-bubbles, — that wretched substitute for the gospel which is sometimes called originality. But in congregations where worship, and atonement with God, are the supreme idea, and men are always held close to its worth and grandeur, there will be no room for this sort of amusement. I think there ought to be some stated service where preaching as such is left out, and priest and people together are drawn up to the foot of the throne in adoration and prayer.

3. There is another condition of life and progress. If we would have these, we must not be a sect nor belong to a sect; but, as the text has it, to the body of Christ. The distinction between a sect and a church is obvious enough, and should be kept clearly in view, and one never confounded with the other. A church organizes itself around the whole Christ, believing his truth to be infinite, his advent therefore to be perpetual, his spiritual coming always fresh and new. He is not merely the Christ of two thousand years ago, but the Christ of to-day.

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A sect posits itself on some fragment of truth, some private interpretation of it made by fallible men; and it grasps this, and holds it as the last word in theology. Hence a sect has no future, and can only keep repeating a worn-out creed for ever. A church, while it holds on to the old truths which are central and primary, is open always to the Lord for new light, life, and inspiration; and so the old truths never become dead and stale, but are seen ever with new settings and relations, and with new illustrations of what before was dark and mysterious. A sect is always becoming partial and narrow, and a thing of the past. A church, if only it be a true one, — that is, the very body of Christ, — is always growing towards a genuine comprehension and catholicity; for, being his body and robe, it changes in the transfigurations of his light and love. Indeed, the reason of this notion, that Christianity is learned out, and that something else must be hurried up in its place, lies mainly in the fact, that men have drawn it off into creeds, and claimed the creeds as the whole of it. And so they study it there, where it has turned into stone and fossil, and not in the living Christ who melts through the ages, and breaks through the worn-out creeds themselves, as the husks and the sheddings of the coming harvest. Looking, therefore, to the Master, claiming to be his minister, and acknowledging fealty to him alone, I will never ask whether the truth he gives me tallies with the notions of this denomination or that, and whether men choose to call it Unitarianism or Calvinism. I do not believe that any of these names exhaust the truth as it is in Jesus, or are any thing more than the first stammerings of his everlasting gospel. And, while I would fellowship all denominations who have the Christian spirit, and work with them so far forth as I could work freely and to good ends, I would never get moored with any of them in the flats and shallows, where the living stream of Christian history is sure to pass by them, and leave them high and dry upon the sand.

Unitarianism, — why, if you construe it in the way of sect, it is only fifty years old, and its traditions are scant and meagre enough. But construe it as liberal Christianity, —

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that is, Christianity in its largeness and comprehension, — and it gives us all the wealth of the past, and all the Christ of the future, as he comes ever new into his Church, and breaks ever freshly from the letter of his Word.

4. But we come to another, and most important condition of our life and prosperity. *Every Christian Church and Society should have an end and object out of and beyond itself.* The law lies no less upon a Christian body than upon an individual.

"He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." Life which is hoarded and kept in declines, and becomes extinct. Life which is given out freshly and freely and perennially comes back to the giver in fourfold measure. The Christian Church was established, not for its own sake alone, not for the comfort and salvation of its own members alone, but to be a living force in society, to sanctify it, and to evangelize the world. Indeed when the Church is called the body of Christ, what means it but that it is an organism through which Christ may have a new forthgoing to convert the nations, and draw them to himself? It is not a place merely where people may come together to hear preaching and praying for their own pleasure or their own edification: it is a corporate power to act upon the world's evils, and purge them clean away. We talk about feeble societies, — generally meaning those who have not great wealth or great numbers; but there is more strength in three men or three women organized as Christ's veritable body to do his work, than all the splendid popedoms we could name organized for mere ritual and show. All church history proves it. The smallest beginnings, based on this idea of work to do and a mission to be accomplished, grow mighty and prevailing; for Christ comes into them, makes them his own instrumentality, and works by them and through them, and makes them healthy and strong: while the largest bodies, whose end is in themselves, and who care for nothing beyond themselves, are sure to be smitten at last with decrepitude and decay. If the Church leaves to reform societies the work which she ought to do herself, the reform societies so far

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forth will drain the life out of her, and leave her with only a ghostly existence. And what work there is to be done! There is unbelief and ignorance and wickedness and suffering, yea, the world itself groaning and travailing together in pain. And how impressively the admonition comes to her now, "Forasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me"! Very true, no individual and no Christian body can do all sorts of good in all sorts of ways; but the good cause which is congenial to it, and lies near to its door, it can adopt as its own, pour its life into it, and the unbroken stream of its charities great or small; yea, give to every man and every woman and every little child something to do, and something to pray for, and something to cherish, not for themselves, but for the sake of humanity; and then the pulse of the great heart of humanity would beat through them, and make them live. I do not know of any evil which afflicts society to which the pulpit may not apply the whole truth of the gospel, until the evil is scourged out of existence. If a political party has imbodied some hideous falsehood into its creed, as parties are wont to do, and if the pulpit henceforth must be dumb in that direction, then it may see all the ten commandments annulled or travestied in turn as parties rise and fall. Clearly, then, both the Church and its ministry, though in the world, should have a position above it, which commands it; never going down to its level, and becoming conformed to it, but always drawing it up, through the transformations of the Christian law, towards the serene heights of Christian perfection.

5. I name another condition of religious life and prosperity in a Christian society. It is, *that the members, individually and personally, be Christian themselves.* This is obvious enough, and almost a truism: but then how easy it is to slide into the persuasion that the ordinances of religion are for the public morals or the public convenience, or perhaps are a temporal and worldly expediency, and not as an aid to each one of us in forming a personal living relation to God and to his Christ; or, as Paul puts it, "warning every man and exhorting every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man

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perfect in Christ Jesus." This devolves upon each one the responsibility, not only to support Christianity, but to *be* Christian; to be clothed in its virtues and graces, and so to use its ordinances as a means of grace. After all, every thing else depends upon this. The stream will rise no higher than the fountain. There must be the Church in the house, and in the heart too, or there can be no living Church which is the public body of Christ; and the Church is in the house and in the heart when the individual acknowledges the spiritual interest to be supreme over all others, and is prompted to a self-consecration of his powers to a regenerate Christian life.

6. I name one more condition. It is, that the members of a religious society be co-laborers with its minister in the work of spiritual culture and of social and religious improvement. What can he do alone? Every individual, if he be a doer as well as hearer of the word, may preach the gospel, not only in his life and example, but sometimes in word and action, with a more persuasive eloquence than that of the pulpit. What is a Christian society but an organization of interacting and commingling agencies by which the whole body acts upon every member, and every member upon the whole body.

It is by the actual co-operation of every individual, that the whole body grows to perfection in Christ. The sabbath-school teacher who leads the pupils of his charge beside the still waters of truth; the word fitly spoken, whether of consolation, of warning, or of good cheer to fellow-travellers by the way; the prayers that go up to God and come back in blessing on the Church and the ministry; the Christian parent bringing home to his household the lessons of truth, and moulding the young minds around him to virtue and goodness; woman with the sweet charities of neighborhood, and with angelic ministrations at the bed of pain, — these, and such as these, carry the truth and the power of the gospel through a thousand subordinate channels, and make it pervasive as the rain and the dew. When there is this interaction and mutual aid among all the members of a Christian

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society, they are rising, under the eye of God, to the perfection and moral glory of the angelic societies above.

Such, I think, are the essential conditions of life, strength, and prosperity. Let us cherish this as our ideal, and strive to approach it, and then we cannot fail to realize, in some sort, the beautiful triad of the text, — the saints, the ministry, and the body of Christ; and then the Christ will be seen and acknowledged, not merely as an historical person who lived a great while ago, but as one who lives now more than ever, the central life of his Church, the fountain of its charities, the river of its peace, the tabernacle of God with men; and then his love melts into all your hearts, breathes through all your speech, puts a soul into all your morality, sheds perfume through all your homes, transcends denominational lines, and draws us into the communion of the Church universal as doves that fly to their windows.

This done, the Church below is at one with the Church above, between which the angels of God's presence come and go on the messages of everlasting peace.

O God, the Holy Ghost in Christ my Saviour! teach me, I pray thee, what I shall do, that I may turn to thee. Oh! draw me in Christ to the Father, and help me, that now and from henceforward I may go forth from sin and vanity, and never any more enter into them again. Stir up in me a true sorrow for the sins I have committed. Oh! keep me in thy bonds, and let me not loose from thee, lest the devil sift me in my wicked flesh and blood, and bring me again into the *death of death*. Oh! enlighten thou my spirit, that I may see the *divine path*, and walk in it continually. Oh! take *that* away from me, which always turneth me away from thee; and give me *that* which always turneth me to thee; take me wholly from *myself*, and give me wholly to thyself. Oh! let me begin nothing, let me will, think, and do nothing, without thee. O Lord, how long! Indeed I am not worthy of that which I desire of thee. I pray thee let the *desire* of my soul dwell but in the gates of thy courts; make it but a servant of thy servants. Oh! preserve it from that horrible pit wherein there is no comfort or refreshment. — *Behmen.*

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INTIMATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE are things of the spirit wherever we go,
For heaven is close-linked with our sojourn below;
There is not an hour, if the vision be clear,
When the heart from its depths doth not own they are near.

In the light of the eye and the glow of a smile,
And the clasp of the hand unspotted by guile,
And the artless embrace of the innocent child,
Whose gladness bursts forth from its source undefiled.

And the music that touches the heartstrings within,
Ah! do they not vibrate from pressure unseen,
As an undertone thrills us, so plaintive and sweet,
In chords full and rapturous while joy's pulses beat?

And e'en the light south wind that breathes in our face,
And bids us look upward its pathway to trace,
The breeze on the hill-tops, the rill through the wood,
And the sighing mid vines where the lone ruin stood.

Not the leaves that the sages have left on their way,
Not the lips we revered in our life's early day,
Speak more to the heart of the spirit's deep power,
Than the magical voices of God's every hour.

Seek the things of the Spirit, ye sportive and gay,
Whose life seems for ever one midsummer's day;
And ye who toil hard, so sturdy and true,
Look upward, — look onward, — they come to your view.

The words of the Spirit, oh, list to them all!
True riches, true pleasure, come forth at your call.
Pure beauty enfolds him who lives for the soul,
And death is new life, undivided and whole.

Give up idle musings, for they never bless;
Nor fold up your being in earth's cold caress;
But spread the heart open to heaven's own sweet light:
For spirit is power, where there dwelleth no night.

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THE EXECUTIONS AT WASHINGTON.

We are living in a day of judgment, a day of wrath; human, certainly: shall we not also say divine? Some may call it weak, and stigmatize it as sentimental, and beneath the just demands of the hour; but I must confess to a certain heart-sickness when the gibbet is set up even before the mind's eye, and, with the rest, a woman is a victim. I am moved to other feelings besides those of deep indignation for the crime which has so been avenged; I cannot quiet myself altogether by recalling the rank offences of those, who, because they did not choose to retain God in their knowledge, were given up by him to believe a lie, and to slay the just and loving. Vengeance, and the comfort which it brings, belong to hot blood; and when vengeance has had its work, and slain the offender, and we can truly say, He died as the fool dieth, yet sorrow and mortal misgivings get hold of us as we look upon the lifeless form: we ask, Need it have gone quite such a length? We put the question very often when it is not too late to get any good from answering it; whilst, as yet, the transgressor is within the reach of human mercy, and can profit by our reviving tenderness, if, indeed, it be tenderness. I mean that, indignant as I am with villains and villany, I am not so swallowed up with indignation, that I would wait, as, in the days of persecution under Queen Mary, an English bishop waited for tidings from Smithfield, before sitting down to meat. I would rather the fearful news came later. I confess that I have no stomach for such tidings. I am not ashamed of the feeling which I am endeavoring to describe. But what effect should it have upon our conduct? and what compensation has Providence set over against it?

I answer, first, the sin must be slain, though the sinner perish in the process; though, to use St. Paul's strong language, he must "be delivered to Satan for the destruction of the flesh;" though the flesh should be torn and burnt off from him in the terrible discipline. There must be penalties:

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heart-sick or not, we must not weakly interpose between the sinner and his sentence. To punish is one of the hardest duties laid upon love; hard in exact proportion to the measure of love; hard when the wrath is not that of the lion, but that of the lamb. How love is tempted to forgive! The angry parent is swift to smite the child, but the loving parent tries to believe that the time for sternness has not yet come. Only that it were too human a way of regarding Him whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, we could almost conceive of God as asking of his Eternal Word, Are there no less painful methods by which good can be brought out of evil, and my own dear Son be spared? But there is a reality of sin, and there must be a corresponding reality of suffering, — real fire to burn it out of us. Revenge, hatred, malice, bitterness, punishment merely as punishment, are of the Devil, and the sentences of an unhallowed wrath ought to make us heart-sick unto repentance: but, as the great and loving God makes the heaven above the sinner to be as brass, and his soul is bound as in a torture-house, so we must sometimes bind men hand and foot, and bear them away to deserved punishment; and the less delight we find in doing it, the more reason have we to believe that we are doing what is right. A healthy human sense in the mind of the people declares that there is such a thing as a crime, — offences which are not to be forgiven by society, and which are to be stamped as unpardonable. It is a loss, not a gain, to humanity when this sense is tampered with; when criminals are treated as if they were merely misguided and insane: undoubtedly they are that; but such wanderings must be restrained with a strong hand, and there is a moral insanity for which we must give account to judges human and divine. The time has been, indeed, when cruelty and cowardice and low views of human nature dictated the criminal code; and this time has not gone by, in many places. There have been, and are, enormities of punishment against which every humane, not to say Christian, man must needs plead: but they relate more to minor offences than to great crimes; to children who have been taught to steal, more than to men who resort to murder.

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And there are imperative social necessities before which humanity, even, must shut her mouth. The tired sentinel sleeps at his post, and men all say, He must be shot! The assassin smites unto death the Head of the nation: how can an equal justice spare him, or those who had part with him? Do you raise the plea of fanaticism? Grant it: but the sincere fanatic should be content to suffer, in order that those who are not fanatics, but only hypocrites, may not lightly imperil the peace of society, and deluge the land with blood. No: sad as it makes us, even to think of the infliction of suffering, we must not weakly shrink from it. It is the only way, sometimes, by which you can interpret the sinner to himself. Society tells him, that he has done that which makes him unfit to be at large, or even to live on this planet any more. It is a terrible thing to be told; terrible, because it is so true; and yet, methinks, compared with the awful sentence of conscience, it is but as the breaking of fearful tidings by careful lips. The manliest of those who have just suffered at Washington is reported, I know not with what truth, as having spoken of the light which had been thrown for him upon his shameful deed by the discipline to which he had been subjected. He had learned what he knew not before. There are many in our world who need just such teaching, and do not get it. They tell us, that it is of great service to the offending street-boy to be in jail, provided he is there but a short time. I presume the same thing might be said of not a few adults.

And yet, on the other hand, I can set down such harsh words only because the faith is so strong in my heart, that sufficient unto a suffering world shall be the awful misery which dogs its sin. Clouds and darkness and tempest are about me; but the sun is streaming down upon those distant hills. Sorrows are not appointed that the soul of man may be swallowed up of them. They must come. They are just. Do not hope to escape yourself, or ward off from others the retributive stroke. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time thine adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge de-

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liver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Thou shalt pay the uttermost farthing; and yet, when that shall have been paid, thou shalt come out. Look forward, onward, upward! It is a tragic life, and upon many an earthly stage the curtain falls in the hour of deep darkness, and the faces are bathed in tears, and it comforts no one to say it was all their own fault. Yes, it was, and the more's the shame, and the more's the pity; and the more hopeless would be the grief, were it not that the city of God is not here.

It must needs be that God and man should deal with us very sternly: there is so much wood, hay, stubble, to be consumed, it is well if we are not consumed with it; but the heart of infinite Love is ever throbbing, though the hand which none can resist is reached out to smite and to slay. You are held at arm's length now, and the face of the Father has caught a frown from your dark countenance: presently you shall be folded in the everlasting arms to that loving bosom, and the night of your wickedness shall be ended; and as a dream when one awaketh shall the madness and the misery of earth be to the redeemed child of God. E.

PERFECTION.

WITHOUT the consciousness of sin! — O God!
Could I attain that high, divine ideal,
Sacred and beautiful, — though 'neath the rod
Still of thy healthful discipline, — how real,

Midst the dark trials of my earthly state,
Would this life prove to be; how doubly blest
Each comfort as it comes; how pure, how great,
Each day's sweet toil, and each night's heavenly rest!

Not then, as now, should some besetting sin,
Or the o'erspreading and corrupted air
Of this infected soul, fain enter in
To wither highest joys, or blast them there.

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But the pure consciousness of sin destroyed,
Of battles ended, victories nobly won,
And peace with angel guests, — so unalloyed!
Should lift me up, — my heaven on earth begun.

O Father and Redeemer! 'tis a prayer,
'Tis a dear hope that haunts me as a dream,
That I may be so perfect and so fair,
E'en in a world where such faint glories gleam.

What in the poet's mind so beautiful?
What in a life so high, so grand, divine?
When thrones and kingdoms fall, then, dutiful,
And perfect before God, the soul would shine!

Without the consciousness of sin! — O God!
Could I attain that high, divine ideal,
Though sinking ever 'neath thy chastening rod,
More joyful still I'd be, more true, more real!

BOSTON, MASS. W. M. F.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

THE Jews, we know, were looking for a temporal kingdom and an outward king. They waited for a deliverer, who should restore to Israel the power, the authority, the elevated position above other nations, that Israel had lost. Accustomed to conquer, they had become, instead, the conquered. Regarding themselves as the chosen and best-beloved people of the Most High, the first nation of the world, in comparison with whom all other dwellers of the earth were but barbarians and outcasts, they saw themselves reduced to the condition of subjects and suppliants, and regarded by their supplanters as barbarians and outcasts in their turn. They looked and longed for an anointed sovereign, raised and consecrated by Heaven from among themselves, who should overturn the Roman power, and set them up again on their rightful seat of authority.

And to the large body of the Jews, the idea of any inward

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change and preparation for the coming era was quite foreign. The Jew of fair standing and reputation was perfectly well satisfied with his internal condition. He fulfilled Moses' law. He performed every ceremonial requirement. Knowing not the unhealthiness of his soul, he sought no inward reformation. He asked only this, — to be relieved from the oppression under which he unjustly suffered.

Now, Christ's whole teaching is a protest against this Jewish idea, that the Messiah is to found a worldly kingdom. John the Baptist, himself but half comprehending the real nature of the new kingdom, proclaims, nevertheless, repentance, change, as the essential requisites for those who would become its subjects. It was thought that the very fact of a descent from Abraham was enough to insure an entrance. John says, "It is not so: outward descent is nothing, inward life is all. And so afterward and everywhere the Messiah himself taught; and so he practised. Many of his own followers he chose from despised and hated classes. He lost no occasion of rebuking the self-satisfied spirit of the Pharisee, who felt that he, and he alone, was worthy of a lofty position under the coming reign; and of rebuking the lowly spirit of those who were filled with a sense of their sinfulness and their need. And when asked when the kingdom of God should come, he answered, "The kingdom is not what you look for. It comes not with observation. Never shall you see the Messiah establish any outward fabric. Never shall you see him raised to any gorgeous throne. He comes not to set you free from Roman yoke. He comes not to make you, in strength and influence, first of nations. Think not to erect here or there a royal seat, — visible shrine of heavenly power. Your own hearts are that shrine. Within you, and only within you, can God's kingdom come. It is not outward and temporal, but inward and spiritual. It makes no difference in what external state you are: free or subject, conquerors or conquered, you can win for yourselves, within yourselves, freedom, authority, joy."

We also, too many of us, are often still looking for the kingdom, — looking here and there, near or afar off, in this

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world or in the next, for the establishing of some safe and happy place of relief and harbor of retreat into which we shall be received. We wait for better circumstances. We look forward to a happier lot. We long for the coming of a purer and holier time. Discontented, full of unsatisfied desire, we are frequently without conception of any heaven save some place where all causes of discontent and unrest shall be removed. With all our various ideas about death, we almost all agree in expecting some sudden change of the soul at death, when it shall be made, *be made*, healthy and happy. And in this world we look all about us for happiness, as if it were some jewel which one by long seeking might find. So seeking, we never do find it: yet we continually deceive ourselves with the thought, that the next time we shall be more fortunate; and so we go on in our search. And so to us does this word, spoken of Christ, need to be spoken anew. You *cannot* say, either now or hereafter, "Lo here! lo there! is God's kingdom. Here will I fix my peaceful seat. When I arrive thither, every desire will be satisfied." Nay, the joy, the peace, the rest, the freedom from care, the satisfaction of desire, are only to be found within you. It matters not, in comparison, *where* you are. It matters most and always *what* you are. You may have riches or poverty; your loved ones may all stay with you, or all go from you to God; you may enjoy health, or you may be laid low in sickness; you may live in the midst of holiness, or in the midst of unrighteousness, — neither in the one condition nor in the other shall you find or miss the kingdom. If you have it at all, you have it within you, and bear it about with you, whatever you enjoy, whatever you endure.

All gratification, delight, satisfaction, — save mere sensual pleasure, which is acknowledged by all to be temporal, and which sooner or later palls, — depend for their realization upon the condition of the inward man. You can find no happiness in any thing, unless there is deep down within your soul some source of happiness which responds to the outward cause of joy. Nothing delights you, unless your

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soul is attuned to that delight. The voice of the mother awakens in the breast of a stranger no emotion. But from her little child, who hears it, comes in response glad utterance, declaring the love implanted and growing in its heart. Its kingdom is that mother's love within it, not without. And, when God speaks to us in any fashion, only his loving children hear his voice, and leap to meet him.

You may go and view some pleasant landscape, — some picture of earth's beauty that God has spread before you. From some height you may look afar, over field and hill and river; over woods green and flowering under spring's magic touch, or waving with summer luxuriance, or glowing, as they fade, in ripened autumn grandeur. But whether such lovely sight shall give you joy, or lie there before you meaningless and dead, depends on your inward state. Not in this beauty shall you revel, unless you have already become a subject of beauty's kingdom. Only so far as your soul is attuned to it can you derive from it any joy. The sense of beauty must have been developed within you. One devoid of this sense, or within whom it has not been duly developed, may roam the world over in search of enjoyment from nature's fair and wonderful scenes, and never find that which he seeks, whatever lofty heights he climbs; whatever stupendous cataracts or sweet babbling streams he views; whatever lovely lakes or broad and boisterous seas he sails on. While another, who has that within him which greets as a friend every thing of beauty, finds close to his home, and along his daily walks, more pleasant and cheering sights than the wearied traveller, after all his persevering and unsatisfying search. He can enjoy that which, once beheld, he is not to see again; nay, he can enjoy that which he shall never see, but only with the inward eye contemplates: for in his soul is set a throne for beauty.

People go together to hear fine music. Not all enjoy it equally. Some do not enjoy it at all. Not in all is equally developed, in some is not at all developed, or may not even exist, the capacity of understanding it. If one has not more or less of the sense of harmony and melody, more or less of

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a musical soul, the play of instruments, the sweet utterances of human lips, are empty sounds to him, — nothing more. And the same person may find himself at different times more or less impressed with the same music, because in inward condition he is better or worse prepared to partake of its delight. The kingdom of music is not without, but within, the soul. One who goes about seeking it will never find it. Only in his own breast can he realize it. The outward symbol has no meaning for him, unless it correspond with some inward reality.

And so of human love. Into the kingdom of love one who roams in search of it cannot enter. You may surround yourself with home, family, friends, kind hands, gentle and tender hearts: these things are not real to you, are not your own, unless from your heart also wells up a fountain of love. To the isolated misanthrope, — isolated in the home circle, and in the densest throng alike, — all the excellence of humanity is but sin and sorrow; all the patriotism, faithfulness, zeal, patience, compassion, that beautify and glorify human life, are but mockeries, — sad shadows of truths which are never made realities on earth. But he within whom love dwells, and always holds his court, may go whithersoever he will, he cannot lose that which has become his own for ever. The loving heart carries with it its own sunshine, its own inseparable peace, its own joy, its own unconquerable power.

And in like manner the kingdom wherein God in a special sense dwells and reigns, comes not with observation, nor is to be seen with eye of flesh, — *comes* not indeed, at all, but *exists* in the soul conscious of God's presence. The one great mistake that we make, almost every day of our lives, is that we think of God, when we think of him at all, as above us, beyond us, out of our reach. We look up and off to him, as if he dwelt away from us; as if his only real throne, the place where he in his essence abides, were set on some infinitely high and distant eminence, whereto it were almost sacrilege even to try to direct our gaze. Whereas, to my thinking, one great object of Christ's mission was to convince

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men that God lives, — is, just as really and truly abides, in this world, in man's heart, his temple, as anywhere else in his universe. He is no more truly on his throne in the heavens, at this moment, than he is in this assembly among us. In your soul, in my soul, he dwells. There we are to go, if we want him. There shall we find him, if we find him at all. When Christ tells us that the pure in heart shall see God, he speaks words of literal truth. He means that they shall really behold him here, in the same way, though not so clearly, but *in the same way*, that the angels behold him. We fancy that by and by we shall look upon his brightness, — look upon it as something wholly outside of, and apart from, ourselves. But shall we ever see him in any other way than that in which we may begin to see him here and now?

We think and talk and read about our Master. It is right and desirable that we should do so. It is well that the story of his life should become familiar to us; that we should acquaint ourselves with the cities that he visited, with the places wherein he spoke his strong and tender words, and did his kindly deeds. It is well to make his face and person ours. But not in this way alone can we find him who came to call men out of their iniquity. His spirit must be ours, or he is not ours, however well we know his history, however frequently we call upon his name. He rules with no outward sway. Within has he set up his authority. Only they are his true followers within whom his spirit dwells.

And we look, as was said at the beginning, for heaven as a kingdom only of the future, as a separate realm wherein good spirits abide, and whither they shall be transferred after death. Much of the language that we use about heaven — natural and perhaps necessary language — fosters in us this error. But I do not see how any one can rise from the careful and candid reading of Christ's utterances, without the conviction that the heaven of which he spoke is not so much a place as a state, — a state to be begun here and now; and that the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom not solely of the future, but also of the present. Within man's self is his

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heaven or hell. Death changes him not. He carries through the dark and mysterious valley the one or the other, or portions of both. We must not wait for the kingdom of heaven. It will not come down upon us, nor shall we ever be led into and held within its happy precincts, safe and joyful. It is not far off: it is near. If we ever find it at all, we shall find it in our own souls.

How many of us have been waiting, all our lives, for a good time to come! We are poor, and look forward to wealth; oppressed, and wait for deliverance; wronged, and expect justification; sorrowful, and find in the future only peace and joy. In our present low and unsatisfying estate, we do not hope to gather the fruit of our labor and our patience. Adverse circumstances block the door of our kingdom, and prevent us from entering in. Perchance in time, circumstances change, our surroundings are more favorable, our present causes of sorrow are done away. And yet we have not that which we seek. Our good time, our kingdom, does not come. We are not satisfied. We still look forward, and wait and hope. And so we might look and wait and hope for ever, and gain nothing. For, whether here or hereafter, there is no such thing as satisfaction from without. Within is the kingdom, within is our happiness, — not that which we have, or can get, but that which we are. Circumstance, surrounding, may embrace joy; may also, for a season, dim its brightness: they can neither give it, nor take it away.

Let us leave off, then, our vain search; and, standing still in self-communing before our Maker, see him with our soul's eye. Whatever else we may gain or lose, whatever else we may enjoy or suffer, the kingdom within, once won, no man can destroy; the kingdom of joy and peace, — the KINGDOM: where the spirit, hovering master supreme, superior to every outward ill and opposer, has free course, and is glorified; owning no sovereign but God, and owning, serving, worshipping him always. W.

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(Lines contributed by a friend.)

"ENTERED THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY."

REV. xvii. 15.

INTO the city! In silence deep
The pearly gates unclosed once more;
Hushed was the fall of her parting feet,
As gently she passed the threshold o'er;
Only the light of that peaceful brow,
Reflecting splendors earth never guessed,
Told that the spirit had entered in
The holy city of Love and Rest.

Into the city! A little way
Our faith may follow her "shining trace;"
May see in vision the jasper walls,
The golden streets, of her dwelling-place;
May catch the gleam of her robes of white,
As low she kneels 'mid the countless throng;
May see in her hand the victor palm,
And know her voice in the ceaseless song.

Into the city! whose purer joys
Were ne'er to prophet or saint revealed, —
To clasp the loved ones of earth, and share
The bliss of the souls that God has sealed;
To lean for aye on the Saviour's breast,
Where life's glad river for ever flows,
And feel the sun of the Father's smile,
The rapture that perfect love bestows.

Into the city! Why stand we here
Gazing so steadfastly into heaven?
Her angel whisper comes floating on,
Hallowed, and soft as the breath of even:
"A few more steps of the onward way,
A little longer to watch and wait,
And ye, with sorrow and tears all past,
May enter the city through the gate."

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A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

"WHAT is the matter, Esther? you look troubled."

"I am. I have had so many things to vex and annoy me lately, and so many difficulties in the way of what I have tried to do, that I have been made quite unhappy by them; and I cannot dismiss the thought of them to-day. I wonder why it is that people have so many things to try them, — at least some people, for all are not equally tried: indeed, there are some who seem never to have any trouble at all. And this makes me feel sometimes as if God were partial; as if he actually designed to make some happy, and others unhappy. I have no doubt it is wicked in me to feel thus; but there are times when I cannot help it."

"This feeling of yours arises, Esther, from the mistake you make in looking upon happiness as holding a higher place than God has intended it to occupy in the thought of his creatures. He has always other and higher blessings to confer than this, — those that are capable of far more than compensating for the loss or absence of mere enjoyment. Therefore the fact that all are not equally happy does not prove the want in him of an equal love for his children: his higher blessings he bestows on all alike. Yet is it for them to choose whether or not they will be made happy by these blessings: on none does God bestow his highest gifts, unless they are sought or willingly received. And this is one proof of their greater worth. Happiness comes to us often without a thought, while these are not offered without a price; yet a price that all can pay.

"But I do not think there is the difference which you suppose in the allotments of Providence in regard to the common enjoyments of life. A difference there certainly is: it is too plainly manifest to be denied. But there are sorrows often which do not appear upon the surface, an appearance of freedom from them which is only in the seeming; there are those, even, who are outwardly gay and happy, who yet

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have a worm gnawing at the heart. On the other hand, the sorrows which seem to us to be spread over the whole of life are not always unmitigated burdens: the disposition and other circumstances make green spots often in the desert of one's grief, and the heart is lightened, and made even happy for the time. There are none, I think, whatever their experience of trial and pain, but are sometimes visited by such alleviations.

"But let us look at the object of the difficulties and trials and perplexities of life. For what are they designed? They are intended, we cannot doubt, to make us stronger and better for the effort we must make to rise above them. The triumph over difficulties is the condition of all attainment; for, though it is true that we imbibe much unconsciously, we *attain* nothing without effort: and especially is this true in reference to character. We can reach no high moral state without effort, without struggling against difficulties; and therefore are they placed in our way. The Almighty, doubtless, could have made our condition one of unalloyed happiness, had he chosen; but he preferred to give us the opportunity of reaching a higher state, to offer us the prize of goodness as the reward of self-conquest. Have you never felt, Esther, the superiority of goodness as compared with happiness, mere common enjoyment?"

"Yes: I have felt it at times, and I have wanted to be good. But, as often as I have tried, I have found so many difficulties in the way that I have become discouraged, and given it up as of no use. They have proved too hard for me. And yet it has seemed as if I *ought* to overcome them."

"Do you suppose, Esther, that God ever requires any thing of us which he does not give us the power to do?"

"It would not seem so, certainly, if he is a good and just Being."

"And you cannot doubt this, I am sure, notwithstanding what you have said. You must believe, therefore, that you have the power for all that is given you to do. The Almighty has placed difficulties in the way of the lower animals, and of vegetables and plants; and they strive against them,

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and gain the victory over them: has he given, do you think, less power to the human being? Animals in pursuit of food, and in compliance with other wants of their nature, overcome many obstacles, and vegetables and plants no less. The roots of trees have been known to run long distances, struggling against many intervening obstacles, and so far overcoming them as at length to find a passage to the air and light, and grow up themselves in strength and beauty. A remarkable instance of the power of a mere plant to overcome a formidable obstacle in the way of its growth is given in the story of a nut-tree which I have read. Perhaps you have read it; but all of you may not, and therefore I will relate it. A nut had been deposited for winter by some nut-eating animal under an old millstone that lay in a field. By and by, it sprung up through the central aperture; and Mr. Waterton, who relates the story in his 'Essays,' goes on to say, 'In order that the plant might have some chance of success, I directed that it should be defended from accident and harm by a wooden paling. Year after year it increased in size and beauty; and, when its expansion had entirely filled the hole in the centre of the millstone, it gradually began to raise up the millstone itself from the seat of its long repose. This huge mass of stone is now eight inches above the ground, and is entirely supported by the stem of the nut-tree, which has risen to the height of twenty-five feet, and bears excellent fruit.'

"Now can you suppose, Esther, or can any of you, that God has given such power to a tree, and yet withholds from you the power to overcome the difficulties he places in your way?"

"No: we cannot believe this, certainly. But suppose we try many times, and fail; shall we go on trying, and never give up? May we not sometimes mistake God's requirements, and our own duty?"

"Yes: this is possible, but seldom necessary, where the mind is in a healthy state. It is only the morbid consciousness that is often troubled with exaggerated ideas of duty. Keep the mind open to all natural influences; let these act

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freely upon it while it is striving after the higher inspirations of God's spirit, and it will seldom think that to be a duty which God does not require. And then, when you can know with little doubt what God is asking of you, and have faith that he asks nothing which he will not give you the power to do, no difficulty ought ever to discourage, no failure ought ever to induce you to give up. Keep ever trying; and, though you fail many times, you shall surely succeed at last."

"But I fear very much," said Esther, "that *my* faith would not hold out against many failures. I should go back to the old feeling, that it was all too hard for me."

"And thus give up all that is held out to you, — the strength, the power of mind and character that is assured to you through victory, and all the peace and happiness of heart which such victory also gives! Oh no, Esther! do not be overcome by failure; do not give over effort. Take a lesson of the spider (you have read the story) that helped Robert Bruce. Twelve times, as the leader of her armies, he had tried and failed to set his country free, and had thus well nigh lost faith in his power to win for her success. Harassed, disheartened, weary, he sought repose in a barn; and, lying on the straw, by the morning light he saw the little insect striving with great effort to reach a point above him. Again and again he tried and failed; but, not thus to be discouraged, he tried again. Twelve times he made the effort, and as many times he failed; but again he tried, and this time his efforts were successful. Bruce saw and took the lesson; and, rising from his humble couch, he gathered his armies and went forth once more, and this time to win the victory. A similar story has been told of Timour the Tartar. In early life he was forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat alone for many hours. Wishing to divert his mind from his unhappy condition, he fixed his eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did the grain fall to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it succeeded. This sight gave Timour courage at the moment, and he never forgot the lesson.

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These stories, if true, and there is nothing improbable in them, should teach us faith, and nerve us to perseverance in the midst of difficulties; giving us the assurance, that, though they may be often daunted, our efforts shall in time be crowned with full success. Do you want instances of the power of faith and perseverance in overcoming difficulties? all history is full of them. No biography that has ever been written, which has been a record of true worth or large accomplishment in any direction, but has shown that the way to these has been through difficulties, often, they would seem to many, insurmountable. And instances are not wanting, if we will look for them, or open our eyes to see them, in the experience of many all around us. I have myself known those whose courage and patience and noble resolution in the midst of trial and difficulty have been sufficient to put the weaker faith of many to shame. When we see those around us, with apparently no greater power than we, rising above difficulties as great or greater than those which are given to us to overcome, shall we not be prompted by their example to new courage and renewed exertion? I will close our lesson for to-day by the relation of a story which I have read of a blind sculptor, in illustration of our subject. The name of this sculptor is Kleinhaus; and he resides at Innspruck in the Tyrol, where he was seen by a modern traveller, who relates the story.

"When five years of age," he says, "he was attacked with the small-pox, which affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures so skilfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able

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from the touch to comprehend by degrees the exact proportions of the figure; anatomizing upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face, and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art.

"When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself, whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead: he found himself alone and destitute; and, rather than beg, he resolved to make out through his own exertions the means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had diligently devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his motives for exertion induced him to persevere.

"After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw, as it were, by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees until he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able *to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.*

"During the course of his career, he has sculptured several hundred figures. He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day, as in his youth. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his art."

O God in Christ Jesus! I am blind in myself, and know not myself for vanity. Thou art hidden from me in my blindness, and yet thou art near unto me; but thy *wrath*, which my *desire* hath awakened in me, hath made me dark. Oh! take but the *desire* of my soul to thee; prove it, O Lord! and bruise it, that my soul may obtain a ray of thy sweet grace. — *Behmen.*

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER VIII. — THE WORD.

EVERYBODY understands that the reported words of an absent person give us no just conception of his meaning, unless we know the manner in which they were uttered. When I was a boy, our books to teach reading had examples of sentences which had four or five different meanings according to the position of the emphatic word; and I suppose modern works of this class have similar illustrations.

A somewhat important thing this reference to manner must be, when, into a remark dropped in the street, referring to a third person, a change in the emphasis in repeating it to him may put the soul of love, or the sting of scorn.

There is something still more noticeable, if we consider the case of receiving a letter from a distant person. If you are acquainted with the writer, your knowledge of his looks and tones and gestures forms a sort of running commentary on his words; and the page of his letter seems to have the lifelike figures of a piece of tapestry seen on the right side; whereas, if he be a stranger to you, it is the wrong side of the tapestry you look at, where the design is not at once apparent, and even may not be detected at all.

Of course, all must have thought of these things in connection with writings, which, in sacred interest, form a class by themselves, — the biographies of Jesus. What imperfect transcripts they are of his mind! Scarcely a hint do they give us of his manner of speaking; though who does not long to know on what sentences, or parts of sentences, or particular words, he laid peculiar stress?

The difficulty of forming a just conception of his meaning is still further increased by the manner of speaking in his time, and still common in eastern countries. It is our habit — I suppose because we are more prolix and artificial talkers — to express transitions, connecting ideas, and varying emotions, by words. Such is not the fashion in

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the countries referred to. Nods and winks, a shrug of the shoulder, a shake of the head, a wave of the hand, form a considerable portion of their methods of mental intercourse. I have been told that a learned book has been published on the explanation of many obscure sentences in classic authors that is afforded by a knowledge of ancient gestures. I do not remember that commentators on the Sacred Scriptures have ever resorted to this source of exegesis, which yet, in some cases, might yield valuable hints.

I met, the other day, a friend who had lately returned from Arabia Petræa and Palestine; and he told me, that there, when two persons are walking and conversing together, one observes that every few paces they stop, and face round toward each other, so as to have a full view of those motions and gestures upon a sight of which a knowledge of each other's mind depends.

In examining Leonardo Da Vinci's great fresco of the Last Supper, the observer never fails to notice how animated is the gesticulation. All the disciples are talking with their fingers and arms and heads. In this representation, the artist was true to Oriental habits; as, undoubtedly, He was whose manner must have been full of a divine sweetness and power,—a manner as marked as the matter, perhaps even more, arresting immediate notice, and commanding instant conviction.

I believe that Roman-Catholic writers, perhaps under a bias which we all may suspect, have more frequently referred to the winning grace and divine energy of that manner than have Protestants, who have been under an opposite temptation to exaggerate the importance of a Scriptural literalism, and the printed word.

Does it not seem, that, till we take that manner into account, we can hardly comprehend facts found in all parts of the biographies, — why Jesus drew such multitudes around him; why the poor and neglected, the sorrow and sin struck so hung upon his lips; why many at once left all, and followed him; why parables and discourses should have been impressed so indelibly upon their minds; why they felt their hearts burn within them as they walked,

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and talked by the way; why three words from him caused the soldiers sent to arrest him to go backwards, and fall to the ground; why a mere look from him should make Peter weep bitterly, or the bare sight of him draw forth the exclamation, "Truly this was the Son of God."

I was talking on this subject with Arthur, one November evening, as we sat in his parlor before a fire, which always has much more than its usual cheerful and cosy attraction in the first cool nights of autumn.

Arthur. — Those biographies of which we speak seem to me to be like a grand picture, drawn by an inspired hand, of which we have only the outlines, — nothing more. The filling-up and the coloring of the picture must be the work of a high Christian consciousness. The profoundest study of the letter is not enough, nor is a lively dramatic imagination. There must be a strong sympathy with the elements of such a character, an internal reproduction of him himself, so that he is seen vividly in his entire personality, in his acts and words, in emphasis and looks, in the divine graciousness of his manner, in the infinitely tender tones of his love.

Neighbor. — Is not here the reason, Mr. Arthur, why each generation seems to find something new in those biographies? Interpreted by a higher Christian consciousness, they are yielding continually fresh instruction, and thus can never grow old.

Arthur. — Yes, neighbor, I agree with you there; and I think another thing follows, — that we have no just idea of what the Teacher reveals touching any particular subject, until we have deeply studied his manner of treating it, and have tried to set him before us in his own living tone and look. Perhaps it would be interesting to do this on the subject of the soul's immortality.

Neighbor. — The infrequency of his direct allusion to it is one noticeable fact. Is it not a token of the calm hold it had upon his mind? No reiteration betrays nervous solicitude lest he should not be believed. All little details, with which pretended revelations have so much abounded, and for which human curiosity has betrayed such an itching eagerness, are subordinated to unfolding the laws of the spiritual life.

If it be a great thing to believe, that one ever lived among men, who had a knowledge of the mysteries of the future world, such

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a striking reserve and majesty show where a claim to that knowledge is most credible.

Arthur. — Perhaps you have felt, as I have, a faith in immortality strengthened by the fact, that Jesus no where undertakes to prove it, or even formally to announce it; but, from the first of his ministry, assumes that the conviction of its truth is native to the human soul. We know that the world needed to have this doctrine lifted up into a more pure and radiant light; and, if I do not quite go along with some theologians in ascribing this effect to any one event in his life, but prefer to think that it came from the whole of his connection with humanity, I trust I am not, on this account, less thankful that he has made our hope more full of immortality.

For myself, I stand with wonder and gratitude before the divine plan of doing this, which was, as it seems to me, to confirm all our natural expectations, and give them the sanction of a supernatural knowledge. I feel more surely that these expectations are the voice of God in my soul, because the Teacher of humanity treats them as such, quietly assumes them and sanctions them as a part of his great message, without any formal annunciation, without a claim to any fresh discovery or new proof; and few things in the biographies of Jesus have impressed me more than the marks of his consistency with this divine plan.

Neighbor. — You state the case a little differently from what I have usually heard. It gives an increased interest to an examination of Christ's references to a future life.

Arthur. — And that is a work, each for himself, in some private, studious hour; but one illustration may make my thought a little clearer.

Take the first sentence of the first sermon that he preached. Let us try to call up the scene before us.

In a rural neighborhood of Judea, the story had spread, that the Great Expected had come; and crowds pressed forward to hear what he had to say. He stood on a hill-side, with a few whom he had chosen to be near him as his special pupils; and he is to give them, and the people at large, their first idea of the message he has brought.

It is a trial moment. How many feel that the look of his eye, and the tone of his voice, will settle every thing! So we should have felt, had we been there. Often have I tried to reproduce

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him before me as he probably was at that instant. Sometimes I have seemed to catch a view of him, and then it has gone; just as it has been with artists trying to express some fleeting conception of the divine beauty of his person.

The very first sentence he utters is a key that opens far into his soul. Every man, you know, speaks from his consciousness. Of the hundreds of preachers we have heard, the first few words they uttered indicate the plane of their thought, while the consciousness from which each spoke was apparent, perhaps, before the utterance of a single word. In some we have seen at once a consciousness of intellectual strength, or of the authority of the Church, or of a trust in a creed, or of a belief in the hardness and perversity of human nature, or of a desire to gain applause; and, in many true servants of their Master, there has been apparent a self-forgetful longing to preach good news of Grace.

Do you think the world ever heard another who preached as he who uttered that first sentence of the Sermon on the Mount? There is no explanation, no argument, no assumption, no appeal to authority: there is a simple statement of a spiritual law. It was something behind that statement which carried demonstration with it. I refer to the manner in which those words must have been spoken; the celestial sweetness in that voice; the depths of heaven in those eyes; the trust in truth, in human ability to see it, in human hearts to love it; and the infinitely pitying and winning tone of invitation to come to him for life. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I feel that, if I had heard those words from his lips, it would not have been possible to doubt who should have the kingdom of heaven. To be like him was to have it. Such could not be out of it. Neither things present nor things to come, nor life nor death, could take it away. Heaven would be in the soul, and the soul in heaven; both enduring by their own undying nature. This was his aim, as it seems to me, — to open the soul to see in the laws of spiritual life the sure pledge of immortality, and thus to give to them a fresh sanction and power.

Neighbor. — Did you ever think of being a preacher, Mr. Arthur?

Arthur. — Do you ask because you see I have a facility of wearying you with words?

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Neighbor. — But that is not your conception of the first qualification for that office.

Arthur. — No, by no means. But it is perhaps the only thing, in common with preachers, which I possess. You know my reverence for a calling which only seems too great for as such we.

"But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands."

Neighbor. — My question was suggested because you seem to have studied sacred subjects so much.

Arthur. — I have studied them no more than any thoughtful man must have done. I will not deny that this subject of a future life has been, of late, much in my mind. You will not think this strange.

Neighbor. — And you have found in the words of Jesus stronger declarations of that life than that just named.

Arthur. — Of course; but not many. Let me allude to one. It was made in that hour of free communion with his disciples, when they were sad at the thought of a separation.

In what accordance with human affection was it, that he then comforted them with the hope of a meeting in heaven? With such naturalness and delicacy and grace does he take up the subject, that nothing but a dull perception, and a gross inertness of sympathy, can fail to recognize the sure impress of reality and love; and then — what quite as much shows the Master's hand — the subject is opened just enough for consolation and hope, and there left in the obscurity in which it is good for us that it should remain. The divine beauty and grace of all this is a thing to be felt: it cannot be described in words.

And what does he say? "Let not your heart be troubled." Do we know how much affection the best reader can express in these words? What an utterance must it have been in the deep tones of that sympathy which wept at the grave of Lazarus! "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you."

Let us one moment stop there. Are not these infinitely precious words? He who knew what was in man saw what the human heart looked out for and longed for. These aspirations and hopes, welling forth from the soul in all its holiest moments, do they point to a coming reality? "If it were not so, I would

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have told you." It is more than the expression of his personal love: it is the explanation of his reserve; it is the divine sanction of our inborn hopes.

And then come the tender words which follow: "I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again to receive you unto myself, that, where I am, there ye may be also." A few verses after, there seems something peculiar in his saying, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is a sort of appeal to the unutterable love which they *knew*, by his manner, he felt for them, and which had so much melted Master and disciple into one, that they must have the same destiny.

But the whole account is so pervaded by the spirit of infinite tenderness and love, that, as I have mused upon the outlines of this picture, it has at times started into a life that has moved me to tears; and not this scene of our present talk seems more real.

Neighbor. — What you say about his identifying himself with others brings to mind those memorable words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Arthur. — Yes, and I thank you for recalling that expression. It has not been friendly to a right comprehension of it, that it has been so often detached from its connection, and formally announced on stately funereal occasions. If we reflect upon it for a few moments, what an opening it seems to give us into a scene of transcendent reality and love!

In the little domestic group at Bethany, where the two sisters, Mary and Martha, were mourning the loss of a brother, He came to them whom they loved as a brother, and mingled his tears with theirs. Something more than a faith in a far-off and shadowy event would he inspire. He aimed to make them sure of the spirit's rising now, immediately, through that continued, unbroken life of which he was the pledge; so that, for whatever he stood, their love for him would make him it, and it him; just as, in hours of overflowing tenderness, one says to confiding hearts, "I am your strength, your prop, your safety," — a mould of speech into which only the intensest affection projects itself.

Can you imagine the manner in which he said, "I am the resurrection and the life"? Sometimes I have thought I got a glimpse of it when, in quiet and holy hours, I have tried to picture the scene before my mind, and have myself uttered those words, a hundred times, in what I suppose was his tone. Of one

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thing I am certain, that an articulate voice from the opening heavens would hardly have made a deeper impression on the hearts of those who heard him.

As for Jesus himself, he little thought those burning words would go beyond that humble group, would be borne over the world, and down through the ages, the fittest to assure the hope of undying life in the sharpest hours of mortal anguish. They are a prophecy too; and how has it been fulfilled? He has been the resurrection, is, and will be; for in whom beside is human hope so centered?

Neighbor. — But, beyond any one assertion of a future state, what a spirit of hope and triumph pervades the whole life of Jesus!

Arthur. — Yes, indeed: who can overlook that? Jesus and death are the opposite poles. Immortality is the morning-song of the new creation. It is the spring of that submission which bows to present evils, because they endure but for a little while, and will work out a greater good. It is the consolation of that sorrow which looks forward to the time when all tears shall be wiped away. It is in the surprise of him who found the pearl of great price; it is in the joy of the father who welcomed back the prodigal son; it is in the smile of the Judge, at the last day, who says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father;" it is in the song of the angels over one sinner that repenteth; it is in the tearful awe with which, not the first disciples only, but the whole Christian world, heard that story of Lazarus, and looked into that empty tomb in the garden to "see the place where the Lord lay." Nor is this all: immortality is the key-note of every duty the teacher inculcates; for he has shown us, that we are to go through life, not with the timid and trembling gait of slaves who know not what is before them, but with the firm and joyous steps of soldiers who are marching to a victory.

Neighbor. — Well, Mr. Arthur, I have been waiting to see if you alluded to miracles, — the raising of Lazarus, and Christ's own resurrection from the tomb.

Arthur. — And you did not suppose, neighbor, that I should presume to say that there is no use in them, when they give such associations of power to the person of Christ, and offer sensible illustrations on which the minds and imaginations of thousands have fastened, and by which they have been held up. How won-

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derfully the Word ministers to all our varying needs! Let us thank God it is so much broader than our intolerance, which would cut out from the Book of Life every thing that we do not find nutritive to our own peculiar taste.

I have indicated some aspects of that Word which go to confirm my hopes of immortality, and which put upon them the seal of Him that is true. Others may state the grounds of their confidence in some other way. Is this a reason why we should distrust one another?

There has been a long controversy, you know, touching the foundation of moral obligation; some placing it in the nature of right, and others in the will of God. What should we think of one who should say, "I will never believe the word of my neighbor, because he grounds his sense of moral obligation on a different basis from mine"?

To the tempest-tossed mariner, the main thing is to have his cable hold him to his anchor; and, if it does this, he need little mind those that condemn that cable because it was not twisted in their shop, or welded after their favorite mode; though he may well think that words of courage and cheer would more become them as brethren.

Neighbor. — Perhaps we think we should have had a more vivid faith in immortality, if the Bible had cast more light upon actual life in a future state. But does not this reserve arise from our sheer incapacity to understand the things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which have not entered into the heart of man to conceive"? Let us consider that incapacity one moment.

If I was to go to some planet where life is wholly different from ours, how could I give you by letter any idea of it? Every thing I should describe, you would interpret by conceptions born on your planet, and applicable to that alone. The only thing I could do would be to seize hold of some great moral principles which underlie life in both planets alike; and this is precisely what the Bible has done.

Arthur. — I met a gentleman yesterday who had long lived in England; and, as he praised that country, I asked him what it was that he liked so much. He thought a moment, and replied, "Life is so methodical there." He thus named one of the chief social features of that country; and I thought he complimented my understanding more than if he had named a score of details.

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Neighbor. — I remember that, when I was a boy, my mother took me in a carriage to a neighboring town, to a house I had never seen, but where I was to pass one or two years. On my way there, how eager I was to learn all about the place from her who had often been to it! I asked how many rooms the house had, how many chimneys, how many windows; and, when my childish curiosity had been gratified, I fancied I had formed a pretty accurate idea of my future home. But such was not the fact. These details I interpreted by the house in which I was born, and I was thus misled throughout. Besides, in a fortnight's time I cared nothing for all these particulars. The moral relations of my new abode, the gentleness, kindness, good-temper, were the matters of enduring interest; but I was too much of a child in my ride with my mother to be able to subordinate every thing else to these.

Arthur. — Perhaps one day we shall see a divine wisdom and goodness quite as conspicuous in keeping a veil drawn over the future, as in allowing these partial glimpses through its waving folds.

SENSIBILITY TO THE BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

How freely do the flowers their wealth bestow
Of beauteous tints on every passer-by!
How freely, too, their fragrance round them throw!
To none who pass, their gifts do they deny.
But though for all their beauty they dispense,
Alike for all their fragrance round them fling,
Yet is there wanting oft a finer sense
Than to their blooming bowers we thoughtless bring.
So, when I meet them in the vale or wood,
Or, on the hill, their varied charms survey,
Blest with some purer thought, some happier mood,
They to my soul a new delight convey;
And, to their well-known haunts as I draw near,
More fair they seem, more fragrant they appear. J. V.

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SWEDENBORG ON THE INCARNATION.

[The writer of the following wrote his original reply for our May number. Its length was such that we could not insert it. The present article is the original one condensed. — Ed.]

In the last March number of the "Religious Monthly Magazine" appeared an interesting article on "The Church of the New Age," from the pen of the senior editor. But on one point — the Divine Incarnation — I think Mr. Sears has misapprehended Swedenborg. And, as this is a point of great importance, I ask the privilege of presenting in the same columns the view which I have derived from a pretty careful study of the writings of the great Swede. I hardly need to say that I write not in the interests, or as the advocate, of any "ism," but simply as a lover of truth and justice. The paragraph to which I take exception is the following: —

"In regard to the divine incarnation, the Word made flesh, Swedenborg elicits nothing new, and is not consistent with himself. He is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else. He reproduces in all its essential features the theory of Apollinaris, which denies to Christ a human soul, and makes his natural humanity an outward mask rather than an incarnation; so that Christ does not assume our whole nature, but only the outside appearance and shell. In the primitive theology, and under its immediate influence, this whole subject was developed with a power and full-orbed completeness, not to be found in the great mystic, giving to the Christology of the Church a realism, a human tenderness, a warm sympathy of Christ with man, a practical working, and a renewing and redemptive power, which Swedenborgianism has never had, and which, so long as it remains an 'ism,' I think, never can have."

Now, the careful study of Swedenborg has brought me to a different conclusion from this of my brother Sears. It is my impression, that Swedenborg has developed this whole

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subject with a "full-orbed completeness" as far transcending that of any or of *all* other Christian writers, as his doctrine of the resurrection, of the final judgment, or of heaven and hell, transcends in truth and beauty the doctrine hitherto believed and taught on these subjects.

I admit, however, in the outset, that there are a very few passages in Swedenborg which seem to justify Mr. Sears's charge of inconsistency. While I think the general drift of his teaching is sufficiently obvious, I find, here and there, expressions and brief illustrations, which seem not in harmony with his otherwise uniform statement of the doctrine. And I suppose it is these expressions and illustrations, which have led to what I am constrained to regard as a mistake on the part of the senior editor. For example, in illustrating the subject of the incarnation, he tells us in one place, that "all the spiritual part of a man is from the father, and all the material part from the mother;" and that the soul, which is from the father, is the real man; and the body, which is from the mother, is not the man in itself, but . . . is only the clothing of the real man, composed of such materials as belong to the natural world." And as Christ had no human father, therefore the fair inference would seem to be, that only his material body was derived from the mother. And, in some instances, Swedenborg seems to justify this inference in explicit terms.

But the true way, I submit, to interpret an author, is, not to seize upon a few expressions here and there, but endeavor to ascertain his meaning from the general scope of his teaching upon a given subject. And, if we pursue this course in our interpretations of the great seer, I think we shall find his doctrine of the incarnation to be very different from what Mr. Sears supposes it to be, judging from the paragraph just quoted.

1. First, note the language that Swedenborg employs when speaking upon this subject. "The Lord from eternity assumed the human." "The human which he took from the mother by nativity." "The Lord had, from the first, a human from the mother, which he put off by successive steps."

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"Hence he was both God and man, having a divine essence and a human nature." "The Lord put off the human from the mother, which, in itself, was like the human of another man." "The human that he superinduced in the world was like the human of a man in the world," i.e. like the human of any man. "He could not enter into this degree (i.e. the ultimate) but by a nature similar to the human nature."

Now, these are not casual expressions. They occur hundreds of times in Swedenborg's writings. It is his uniform mode of speaking, when treating of the incarnation. And what does he mean by "human nature," and "the human" which was "like the human of another man," and which, he says, the Lord derived from the mother? Not the mere material body, surely, — which is what I understand Mr Sears to mean by "the outside appearance and shell." He who, throughout his writings, leads us to look upon this body as only the husk or shell, and no part of the real man, is the last writer that we should expect would call this body by itself "the human," or "human nature." If, then, he means by such expressions more than flesh and bones; if, as I think, he clearly means our whole complex humanity, — then the criticism, that, according to his theory of the incarnation, the Lord "did not assume our whole nature," is hardly just.

But we are not left to mere inference on this point. Swedenborg has himself given us his meaning of "the human." Speaking of the unition of the Lord's assumed human with the divine, he says: "The essential human consists of the rational principle, which is the same as the internal man, and of the natural principle which is the same as the external man, and also of the body which serves the natural principle as a means or outermost organ of living in the world." (A.C. 3737.) We learn from this, that "the human," as Swedenborg uses the term, means not only the body, but the external and internal mind also, or our whole human nature. Therefore, when he speaks of the Lord's assuming the human, I understand him to mean that he took upon himself

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our whole nature, — all that, at least, which falls within the realm of consciousness, — mental and moral as well as physical.

There is in every man what Swedenborg calls an "inmost," a sacred province, which lies above our consciousness. It is here that the human properly commences. In the Lord, this inmost was the very divine itself. What he assumed was, according to Swedenborg, all of our humanity that lies below this inmost, including the rational as well as the carnal part of our nature. Thus he says: "The human with every man commences in the inmost of his rational. So also with the Lord's human; what was above that principle (the rational) was Jehovah himself; and herein the Lord differed from every other man. Inasmuch as the human principle commences in the inmost of the rational principle, and the Lord made all the human principle appertaining to him divine, he consequently first made the rational principle itself divine from its inmost." (A.C. 2194. See also 2106.)

2. Then it is to be remarked, that Swedenborg sometimes uses the term "soul," not in its ordinary acceptation, nor in the sense in which *he* generally employs it, but as a term to designate that realm of our being which lies above our consciousness, — the *inmost* of the mind. And this fact may possibly throw some light upon passages to which I have referred, and which it is not easy to reconcile with the author's general teaching. Thus, in his work on Influx (No. 8), he says: "The human soul, being a superior spiritual substance, receives influx immediately from God; but the human mind, being an inferior spiritual substance, receives influx from God mediately by the spiritual world; and the body, composed of the substances of nature which are called matter, receives influx from God mediately by the natural world." He gives us the same definition of soul in the "True Christian Religion" (No. 8), calling it "the inmost or supreme part of a man;" and again in his "Conjugial Love" (No. 482). And, in this latter, he says, that it is this inmost which especially distinguishes man from beasts, and into which love and wisdom, in perfect marriage union, flow immediately from the Lord.

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Now this "inmost or supreme part of a man" — that part which is above the realm of consciousness, which is the first receptacle of life from the Lord, which has never been polluted by sin, but still receives love and wisdom in marriage union from the Most High; that part which is the very inmost or *esse* of a man — is the part which I suppose Swedenborg means by the *soul*, when he says that "a man's soul is from the father;" but it is not this which people generally mean by the term *soul*, — not what *he* generally means by it. All without or below this, including the mind as well as the material vestments of our being, is, I suppose, what he means to embrace under the term "body," which he says is derived from the mother; for it all is the clothing, and thus the body, of this inmost. In men generally, — all who have natural fathers, — this "inmost" or soul is merely a form receptive of life; but in the Lord Jesus it was divine, — it was Life itself. And herein he differed from all other men. He had our *whole* human nature; for Swedenborg declares that "Jehovah or the Father willed to put on *all* the human." (A.C. 9315). But the "inmost," which he calls the *esse* or "soul," and which, in us, is merely a receptacle of the divine, in him was Divinity itself. Such is the plain teaching of the following among other passages that might be cited.

"That the divine was in him (the Lord Jesus) may be evident to every one within the Church from this consideration, that he was conceived of Jehovah; on which account he so frequently calls him his Father. The very *esse* of a man, and hence the inmost principle of his life, is from the father: the clothing or exterior things are from the mother. Therefore the Lord's *esse*, and hence the inmost principle of his life, was divine, because it was Jehovah himself; and the clothings or exterior things constituted the human, which he took from the mother by nativity. This human was such as could be tempted; for it was polluted with hereditary evil from the mother. But, as the inmost principle was divine, it was able by its own proper power to expel the evil which was hereditary from the mother; and this was done successively by temptations, and, finally, by the last which was that

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of the cross; on which occasion he fully glorified his human, that is, made it divine" (A.C. 5041).

This seems plain enough. We are here taught, that it is the inmost principle or *esse* of a man's life that is from the father; and that the things outside of this inmost, which he calls *the clothings*, are from the mother; and that these "clothings, or exterior things, constituted the human which the Lord took from the mother by nativity." But "this human was such as could be *tempted*," — was "polluted with hereditary evil from the mother." Moral evil, or proclivities to evil, without which Christ could not have been subject to temptation, can be predicated only of the human soul. Therefore he must have had such a soul, using that word in in its popular sense.

Sometimes Swedenborg calls this *inmost* or *esse*, which is above the realm of consciousness, the "internal man," and distinguishes it from the rational and external man, both of which are within this realm. The following is a passage in point, and confirmatory of what has already been said: "There appertains to every man an internal man, a rational or middle man, and an external man, as was stated above. The internal man is that which forms his *inmost* principle, by virtue of which he is a man, and by which he is distinguished from brute animals, which have no such inmost principle; and it is, as it were, the gate or entrance to man of the Lord, that is, of the Lord's celestial and spiritual influences. What is done and transacted here cannot be comprehended by man, because it is above his rational principle, from which he thinks. Beneath this *inmost* or internal man is placed the rational principle, which appears as man's own. Into this, through that internal man, the celestial things of love and faith flow from the Lord, and through this rational principle into the scientifics appertaining to the external man" (A.C. 1940).

We thus see, that, according to Swedenborg's principles of ontology, our human nature or being is an exceedingly complex structure. There are degrees of life in every man; realms of being, so to speak, which lie fold within fold.

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These ascend in regular gradation, from the lowest, which is the material or sensual, up through the natural, rational, spiritual, and celestial, to that highest or "inmost," which is above the region of conscious thought, which connects man with his Maker in a way that no other creature is connected, which is the Lord's gate of entrance to all below, and his own peculiar habitation with man. And the divine incarnation, according to Swedenborg, was the putting-on by Jehovah of all the degrees of life or realms of being pertaining to our humanity, except the *inmost*, which is above our human consciousness. That was the very divine, — was Jehovah himself at the time of the nativity. It was not, as with us, a mere form receptive of life, but Life itself. And this divine, which was in the Lord Jesus from conception, and was his inmost, was gradually brought down into all the lower degrees of the assumed human; so that that human was at last perfectly united to the divine, and became a divine human. This, according to Swedenborg, is what is to be understood by the *glorification* of the human. And, while the work of glorification was going on, our Lord was alternately in very different states; now in a state of humiliation, now in one of exaltation; now in the assumed human, — in a state below himself as we are below that "inmost," and now in himself; now speaking and weeping and praying and suffering as a man, and now proclaiming his independent and underived existence, his omnipotence, his omnipresence, his supreme and absolute divinity. All this is clearly set forth in many parts of the great seer's writings, especially in No. 1999 of the "Arcana," — a paragraph that contains more of lofty wisdom on this subject than I have ever found elsewhere crowded into the same space, but too long for quotation here. Those, however, who have access to the work, should not fail to read the whole of this number.

3. Swedenborg often says, that the Lord was born like another man, that is, with all the tendencies and attributes of our common humanity; that, as to his assumed human, he had an internal and an external like other men. To quote again his language: "The Lord also, *as to his human*, had

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an internal and an external, because it pleased him to be born like another man. . . . This internal man is what is called the celestial spiritual from the rational, or, what is the same, the Lord's internal, which was human, the celestial of the spiritual from the rational. . . . The Lord, indeed, was born like another man: but it is well known, that he who is born a man derives his [constituent principles] from both his father and his mother; and that his inmost is from the father, whereas the exteriors, or those which clothe that inmost, are from the mother; and what he derives from both the father and the mother is tainted with hereditary evil. It was otherwise with the Lord: what he derived from the mother had in itself a hereditary principle such as any other man has; but that which was from the Father, who was Jehovah, was divine. Hence the Lord's internal [inmost] was not like the internal of another man; for his inmost was Jehovah" (A.C. 4963). The sole point of difference, then, between the nature of our Lord when in the flesh, and other men, was in the nature of his inmost. With him, this was divine and infinite; with other men, it is but a finite receptacle of the divine.

In speaking of hereditary evil, Swedenborg further says: "There is a difference between hereditary evil derived from the father, and that which is derived from the mother. Hereditary evil from the father is of a more interior nature, and remains to eternity; for it can never be eradicated. The Lord, however, had no such evil; since he was born of Jehovah as his Father, and thus, as to his internals, was himself divine, or Jehovah. But hereditary evil from the mother appertains to the external man: this was attached to the Lord. Thus the Lord was born as another man, and had infirmities as another man" (A.C. 1573); and the same in many other passages. Surely the theory of the incarnation involved in this is different from that which makes the Lord's natural humanity "an outward mask rather than an incarnation." At least, so it seems to me.

4. Thus the doctrine of the incarnation is seen to be intimately connected with that of the glorification. And

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Swedenborg's doctrine of the glorification of the assumed human involves the entire doctrine of man's regeneration. Over and over again he tells us, that our regeneration is an image of the Lord's glorification; that, as he made his assumed human divine, so now he regenerates his humble followers; that the things which we are called to do and suffer in the course of our regeneration are analogous to the things that he did and suffered in glorifying the human; the only difference being, "that the Lord made himself divine by and from his own proper power, whereas man cannot do any thing from his own proper power, but from the Lord." (See A.C. 3043, 3138, 3490, 3212, 3296, 4353, 4402.) In one of the paragraphs here referred to, it is said:—

"The state of the Lord's glorification may in some manner be conceived from the state of man's regeneration; for the regeneration of man is an image of the glorification of the Lord. When man is regenerated, he then becomes altogether another man, and is made new; therefore also, when he is regenerated, he is said to be born again, and created anew: in this case, although his face is like what it was before, and also his speech, yet his *mind* is not like his former mind; for his mind, when he is regenerated, is open toward heaven, and there dwells therein love to the Lord and charity toward the neighbor, together with faith. It is *the mind* which makes another and a new man. Change of state cannot be perceived in the body of man, but in his spirit, the body being only the covering of his spirit: and when it is put off, then his spirit appears, and this in altogether another form when he is regenerated; for it has then the form of love and charity in beauty inexpressible, instead of its pristine form, which was that of hatred and cruelty, with a deformity also inexpressible. . . . From this image it may in some measure be conceived what the glorification of the Lord is" (A.C. 3212.)

Now, is it not plain from this and a hundred similar passages which might be quoted, that it was our *whole* nature, and not merely "the outside appearance and shell," which the Lord

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assumed and glorified? How could our regeneration, which is a purely mental or spiritual renewal, be such a complete image of the Lord's glorification, that, through the experience of the former, we can understand the nature of the latter, unless the mental and moral as well as the material part of our nature had been included in "the human" that was put on? Furthermore, Swedenborg tells us, that the interior forms belonging to our spiritual organism were actually taken on by the Lord, and derived from the mother. Thus he says: "All the interiors of an angel, as also of a man, are nothing but forms recipient of life; and, because they are forms recipient of life, they are forms recipient of loves, for loves make the life of man. Since, therefore, the influent love and the recipient form are in agreement together, it follows that an angel or a man is of such a quality as his love is; and this not only in his original principles, which are in the brain, but also in the whole body, for the body is nothing but an organ derived from its principles. From these things it may be manifest, that man is made altogether new when he is regenerated; for then all and single things with him are arranged to receive celestial loves. Nevertheless, with man the prior forms are not destroyed, but are removed; but with the Lord the prior forms, which *were from the maternal principle*, were altogether destroyed and extirpated, and divine forms received in their place: for the divine love does not agree with any but a divine form; all other forms it absolutely casts out" (A.C. 6872). This, again, seems to me inconsistent with any other theory of the incarnation than that which supposes it to have been the assumption of our whole nature.

It is possible that I may have misunderstood Mr. Sears; or that he may not have intended, in the paragraph to which I take exceptions, to teach what his language seems to convey. But I am constrained to differ from him in the opinion he has expressed, that "Swedenborg is more partial and one-sided in his Christology than anywhere else." On the contrary, I think he has developed the subject of the incarnation with a completeness not to be found in any of the old

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theologies from the days of Paul to the present time. With the exception of a few expressions referred to in the commencement of this article, and which afford some foundation for the charge of inconsistency, I find the bulk of his teachings upon this subject to be uniformly clear, rational, and consistent, and in perfect harmony with all his other teachings. The doctrine of the Lord (and the incarnation is an essential part of this doctrine) is central and all-pervasive in his theology. It is intimately connected with all his other doctrines. It runs through them all, and gives shape, color, consistency, and coherence to them all. Any serious error here, or any partial or mistaken view of this subject, could not fail to vitiate his whole system.

I had intended in this paper to remark also upon Swedenborg's alleged "crudities and fantasies." But I have space only to add here my sincere conviction, that, while there may be some such things in his writings, they are *not*, in comparison with the genuine truths to be found there, as "the heaps of sand" which embed grains of gold, but rather as the grains of sand in heaps of gold. B. F. B.

MEDIA, PA., June 27, 1865.

PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parchèd ground refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all — the distant and the near —
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, — that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer;
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?

TRENCH.

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE EXECUTIONS AT WASHINGTON.

We believe there is a general acquiescence in the sentence and the execution passed by the Military Commission upon the assassins of President Lincoln. And yet it does not appear, that either of these four victims of violated justice were very depraved persons, except so far as they had been blinded and maddened by the secession frenzy. Payne was of a frank and kindly nature; Harold was more of a simpleton than a demon; Mrs. Surratt was conscientiously religious, and her previous character irreproachable; Atzerott was the worst of the four, though in him cowardice was the distinguishing trait. But the crime was the blackest in history; and the public safety required that the awful demands of justice should be satisfied.

It now remains to be seen, whether these persons, who were the mere dupes and tools of others, are to be distinguished above the scoundrels who stood behind them and set them on. That the villany itself was conceived and planned at Richmond, and carried out by secret-service money, and that Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were the central figures whence it drew its diabolic inspirations, is a fact involved already in the finding of the Commission, and which their verdict has virtually affirmed. It was this fact, unquestionably, which, in the estimation of Booth and his companions, gave a sort of legality to their actions, and blinded their moral sense. They regarded themselves as the agents of a Government which they ought to serve; and so they were not private assassins, but were working with the Confederate army, and were a part of its force. If these simple-minded persons, of more uncorrupt and honest natures, must be hanged, and their memories blasted, while the friends who stood behind them, and plied them with their infernal arts, and possessed them with their own devilish spirit, to their ruin, are to be let off easily and mildly, there could not be a more shocking outrage upon any clear, unperverted sense of moral justice. Call it any thing but "magnanimity." Call it

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the most despicable of cowardly meanness. To take the dupes because they are comparatively humble and friendless, and spare the principals because their name and influence have been great, and their crimes accordingly more black and gigantic, would be a policy which ought to make any honorable man ashamed of the Government that could adopt it. To hang a *woman* because she was weak and easily misled, and find some softer punishment for the *man* whose policy set her on, and put all the demon into her, for that end, which she was ever possessed of, may be a good rule of action for Lord Brougham and the Tory press; but it is one, the very thought of which, if we have any dregs of manhood in us, we ought to denounce as a disgrace to the American name. One of two things is plain: the executions at Washington were cruel and cowardly, and ought not to have been, or justice must keep on in her majestic course till the principals suffer the condign punishment which has been meted to their dupes and instruments. "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not honor the person of the poor, nor respect the person of the mighty."

The English Tory press, true to its instincts, is denouncing our Government in advance, in anticipation of the punishment of Jefferson Davis. The assassination of the President is more tragic, and shocks the imagination. It is not morally any worse than the murder by starvation of sixty thousand prisoners, and the stabs at the life of the Republic, in which English Toryism is the guilty accomplice.

Its late maudlin sympathy for us in our great sorrow, and its glorification of the perjured villain who was the author of it, are fair specimens of its consistency and humanity, and will not, we presume, have the weight of a feather with our own Government when holding the scales of Justice. S.

INDELIBLE IMPRESSIONS.

They who have visited the dark rooms of photographers know very well what I mean. The portraits of our friends, or landscape views, may be hidden and invisible to the eye, but ready to make their appearance as soon as proper means are resorted to, such as heat, or vapor of mercury, or sulphate of iron, or py-

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rogallic acid. Shadows are not such transitory things as men commonly suppose. In the case of photography, we happen to know the proper means for development. The fact of chief interest to us is the imperishability of the primitive impression.

A spectre is concealed on a silver or glassy surface, until by our necromancy we make it come forth to the visible world. Upon the walls of our private apartments, where we think that the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our acts, silent but speaking silhouettes of whatever we have done. Can we say that among those phantoms there are not some on which we should be reluctant to have the cunning chemist try his art, and leave them, as the photographers say, fixed; some from which we should dread to hear the demand of the phantom of Endor, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up"?

If men were sure that their most secret doings were at such a risk, would not the world be better than it is? A sunbeam or a shadow cannot fall upon a surface, no matter of what material that surface is composed, without leaving upon it an indelible impression, and an impression which may, by subsequent application of proper chemical agents, be made visible. In many cases we have ascertained what the appropriate agent is; our failure in others is due to the imperfection of our knowledge, and not to any impossibility in the operation. Time seems to have so little influence on these effects, that I can conceive it possible, if a new vault should hereafter be opened in the midst of an Egyptian pyramid, for us to conjure up the swarthy forms of the Pharasonic officials who were its last visitors, though forty centuries may have elapsed since their departure. But let us see how these facts bear, in a most important manner, in the case of man.

If after the eyelids have been closed for some time, as when we first awake in the morning, we suddenly and steadfastly gaze at a brightly illuminated object, and then quickly close the lids again, a phantom image is perceived in the infinite darkness before us.

We may satisfy ourselves that this is not a fiction of the imagination, but a reality; for many details that we had not time to examine in the momentary glance may be contemplated in our leisure in the phantom. We may thus make out the pattern of such an object as a lace curtain hanging in the window, or the branches of a tree beyond. By degrees the image becomes less

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and less distinct: in a minute or two, it has disappeared. It seems to have a tendency to float away in the vacancy before us. If you attempt to follow it by moving the eyeball, it suddenly vanishes.

Now, the condition that regulates the vanishing phantom images on the retina is, that, when they have declined in vigor to less than one sixty-fourth of the intensity they had while in presence of the object that formed them, they cease to disturb the sight. This principle is illustrated when a candle-flame is held opposite to the sun, or any light having more than sixty-four times its own brilliancy. It then ceases to be visible. The most exact of all known methods for measuring light — that by the extinction of shadows — is an application of the same principle.

But the great fact that concerns us is this: Such a duration of impressions on the retina of the eye demonstrates that the effect of external influences on nerve vesicles is not necessarily transitory. It may continue for a long time. In this there is a correspondence to the duration, the emergence, the extinction of impressions on photographic preparations. Thus I have seen landscapes and architectural views, taken in Mexico, "developed" — as artists say — months subsequently; the images coming out, after the long voyage, in all their proper forms and in all their contrast of light and shade. The photograph had forgotten nothing. It had equally preserved the contour of the everlasting mountains, and the passing smoke of a bandit fire.

Are there, then, contained in the brain more permanently, as in the retina more transiently, the vestiges of impressions that have been gathered by the sensory organs? Do these constitute the basis of memory, — the mind contemplating such pictures of past things and events as have been committed to her custody? In her silent galleries are there hung micrographs of the living and the dead, of scenes that we have visited, of incidents in which we have borne a part? Are these abiding impressions mere signal-marks, like the letters of a book, which impart ideas to the mind; or are they actual picture-images, inconceivably smaller than those made for us by artists, in which, by the aid of a microscope, we can see, in a space not bigger than a pinhole, a whole family group at a glance?

The phantom-images of the retina, as I have remarked, are not perceptible in the light of day. Those that exist in the sensorium,

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in like manner, do not attract our attention so long as the sensory organs are in vigorous operation, and occupied with bringing new impressions in. But when these organs become weary and dull, or when we experience hours of great anxiety, or are in twilight reveries, or asleep, the latent apparitions have their vividness increased by the contrast, and obtrude themselves on the mind. For the same reason they occupy us in the delirium of fevers, and doubtless also in the solemn moments of death. During a third part of our lives, we are withdrawn from external influences, — hearing and sight, and the other senses are inactive; but the never-sleeping mind, that pensive, that veiled enchantress, in her mysterious retirement, looks over the ambrotypes she has collected, — ambrotypes, for they are unfading impressions, — and, combining them together as they chance to occur, weaves from them a web of dreams. Nature has thus introduced into our very organization a means of imparting to us suggestions on some of the most profound topics with which we can be concerned. It operates equally on the savage and on the civilized man; furnishing to both, conceptions of a world in which all is unsubstantial. It marvellously extracts from the vestiges of the impressions of the past overwhelming proofs of the reality of the future; and, gathering its power from what might seem a most unlikely source, it insensibly leads us — no matter who or where we may be — to a profound belief in the immortal and imperishable, from phantoms that have scarcely made their appearance before they are ready to vanish away. — *Dr. John W. Draper, Annual of Scientific Discovery.*

"SWEDENBORG ON THE INCARNATION."

We give place to our friend Barrett's article on this subject, because the subject is an important one, and because we have no motive to misrepresent Swedenborg, but every motive to present him truly.

If we charged him with inconsistency, Brother Barrett's article is our full and complete vindication. We never conceived him to be one-half so confused and inconsistent as our friend makes him out to be. Christ, according to his statement, assumes our whole nature; and yet that part of it which distinguishes us from beasts,

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he did not assume. He assumed the human derived from the mother, which is only the material body; and yet he was subject to temptation, and "born like another man." The soul, which is from the father, is "above the realm of consciousness," and "has never been polluted by sin;" and yet it is so infested with hereditary evil, that the evil "remains to eternity," and "can never be eradicated."

Swedenborg's theory is not to be mistaken, and it is by no means so inconsistent as this. He posits the human under a two-fold division.

1. The *maternal human*, that derived from the mother, including not merely our flesh and bones, but instincts, passions, and an external rationality. This is tainted with hereditary evil, but the evil more readily sloughs off. It exposes us to temptation; but the temptations are less subtle and deadly, being in the external man.

This maternal humanity is the embodiment of one more interior. Swedenborg calls it "the clothing" or "exterior" or "body" of the human derived from the father. The former, the maternal human, is the wrappage or body of the latter,—the paternal. He does not mean the mere *material* body, and we never said or implied that he did. He means the whole maternal humanity.

2. The *paternal human* included in the maternal as its covering. Swedenborg calls this "the soul," the "internal man," the "very man," and that which "distinguishes man from beasts." He never teaches that this is "above the realm of consciousness." He analyzes the paternal germ (*semen a patre*), and he finds in angelic light that it has three compartments or cells (*compages*). These are the exterior, the interior, and the inmost. The two last are open to the Lord, and receive the divine influx; and this *influx* is above consciousness. The first or exterior cell antagonizes the two others, and is *opened towards hell, and in the form of hell*, in consequence of the hereditary evil. (See "Divine Love and Wisdom," No. 432; also small work of same title, pp. 75–80.) It perverts the divine influx, in consequence. It shapes character, devolves upon offspring the dispositions, mind, soul, and the very face and form of the father to the thousandth generation. Its evil is so subtle and adhesive that "it cannot be eradicated to eternity" (Arcana, 1573). *Per contra*, and not very consistently, it can be "extirpated by regeneration" (Arcana, 4317).

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Christ had no human father, and so assumed only "the human derived from the mother," which is the mere clothing or shell of the "inmost" or "very man." This Swedenborg reiterates to the thousandth time. In place of the paternal human, which he did not assume, was the divine essence itself from the eternal Father.

This is Swedenborg's psychology, though not very consistent with his doctrine of redemption. The defect is not merely theoretical, but practical. Christ does not appear in Swedenborgianism on the side of his natural humanity "in full-orbed completeness," Brother Barrett himself being judge. Where is the human side of Christ brought out with the tenderness, and the humane and blessed sympathies, fitted to melt the heart into love and charity, as it is in what are called the old theologies? Brother Barrett himself complains, that Swedenborgianism, in all its principal manifestations, has been hard, unsympathizing, isolated from humane and philanthropic relations, wanting in regenerative power. Is this *all* owing to the mere form of church government, or is it owing in part to the fact, that the Christ on his human side is ghostly, docetic, lacking the warm lifeblood of our full humanity? If Swedenborg taught any other than a docetic or *quasi* human in Christ, bring it forth, in Heaven's name! do not leave it alone to Furness and Renan. So bring us to the Saviour, that we can lean on his breast, and feel the throbbings of his human love. We accord most heartily to Swedenborg his great service to the modern age; and we have taken every opportunity to show it. But that he "transcends any and all Christian writers" on this subject, we do not believe, or that he is so full and consistent as some of the Christian fathers, especially Hilary and the Gregories. If our readers have "Dorner on the Person of Christ," let them read it; and, while they will not value Swedenborg less, they will probably conclude, that all the wisdom of the world was not born and did not die with him. S.

EXTRACT.

The inmost of the life of every man, which is called "soul," is from the father; but what the inmost puts on, which is called body, is from the mother. That the inmost of life, which is from the father, is continually flowing in and operating upon the external, which is from the mother, and endeavoring to make this like to itself, even in the womb, may be manifest from sons, in that they

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are born to the natural inclination of the father, and, in some cases, grandsons and great grandsons to the natural inclination of the grandfather and great grandfather. The ground and reason of this is, that the soul, which is from the father, continually wills to make the external, which is from the mother, like to itself. — *Swedenborg's Arcana*, 6716.

REV. DR. CHANNING AND MISS AIKEN.

[We extract from an article in the "North British Review" on "Three Women of Letters," the following beautiful testimony to the influence of Dr. Channing. — E.]

"I WAS never duly sensible," writes Miss Aiken, "till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. . . . Under the notion of a generous zeal for freedom, truth, and virtue, I cherished a set of prejudices and antipathies, which placed beyond the pale of my charities, not the few, but the many, — the mass of my compatriots. I shudder now to think how good a hater I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race, until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings.

"Neither was my intercourse with my Creator such as to satisfy fully the wants of my soul. I had doubts and scruples, as I have before intimated, respecting prayer, which weighed heavily on my spirit. In times of the most racking anxiety, the bitterest grief, I offered, I dared to offer, nothing but the folded arms of resignation, — submission rather. So often had I heard, and from the lips of some whom I greatly respected, the axiom, as it was represented, that no evil could exist in the creation of a perfectly benevolent Being, if he were also omnipotent, that my reliance on Providence was dreadfully shaken by a vague notion of a system of things by which Deity itself was limited. How you have dispossessed me of this wretched idea I do not well know; but it is gone. I feel, I feel that he can and will bless me, even by means of what seem at present evil and suffering."

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GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Rev. F. D. Maurice has been accused in a London paper of supporting a "satanic candidate," because he is in favor of the election of John Stuart Mill to be a member of Parliament. Mr. Mill's declaration, that, if God should doom him to hell for believing in the identity of divine and human morality, "to hell he would go," gives him this title of "satanic candidate" in the columns of some of those English newspapers which our foreign critics hold up as models to be copied by our vulgar and fierce press. Mr. Maurice sends a note to the "London Spectator" of June 17th, from which we quote as follows: "I can say of that passage, what I should hardly dare say of any other in Mr. Mill's writings, that I accept it wholly, absolutely, unreservedly. If I did not, I would go next Sunday into my pulpit, and tell my congregation that I had deceived them; that God had not revealed himself in his Son; that it is not true that one who took our nature is the perfect image of the Father. I must deny the incarnation if I deny the relation between divine morality and human morality; if I do not accept in the length and breadth of it Mr. Mill's assertion, that it is better to suffer any torments, here or hereafter, than to believe in an unrighteous God."

The "London Recorder" states a very suggestive fact when it says, that "of the many priests who stood around the high altar of St. Mary's, at Moorfields, on the late occasion of the consecration of Dr. Manning as Roman-Catholic Archbishop of England, there were not less than *one hundred* who had either been in orders of the Church of England, or had been fellows of English colleges."

Rev. Mamerto Guerritz, vicar of Colyton, East Devon, refused to read the Burial Service at the funeral of one of his parishioners, Mr. John Pavey, who had died in the Unitarian faith. The case, on complaint, was brought before the Bishop of Exeter, who, in June, delivered his judgment at the Episcopal Palace in Exeter. The vicar was not justified in refusing to read the Burial Service, as John Pavey had been baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, and had never been declared excommunicate. The bishop therefore admonished the vicar, and expressed the hope that the offence would never be repeated. If the bishop holds that

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the mere water of baptism effaces the psychological effect of all opinions, we think the position of the vicar is the more respectable.

A NEW work on the catacombs of Rome, and the most learned and thorough ever published on that subject, has just appeared from the Pontifical press in Rome. "La Roma Sotteranea Christiana," by G. B. De Rossi, is a splendid quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, with numerous maps and drawings; and describes at length, not only the history and uses of the catacombs, but the numerous subjects connected with Christian archæology.

THERE has lately arisen one of those strifes between traditional exclusiveness and modern improvements which so often arouse English temper. The Great Western Railway proposed to erect an extensive repair-shop in Oxford. The measure would bring five thousand mechanics to that quiet city. Think of the sound of the hammer echoing through its noiseless quadrangles, and greasy workmen crossing its numerous walks! The thing could not be endured; and a tempest of opposition has been aroused. For our part, we think the thought and pressure of modern times, introduced, not only into Oxford, but into the University itself, would be better than the retention of the spirit of the old feudal days. Not among the five thousand mechanics would ever be heard the "vociferous cheers" lately given by the gownsmen of the University for Jefferson Davis.

A WRITER from Rome in the "Independence Belge" says, that it is a remarkable fact, that, in that city so bigoted and jealous, there exists a lodge of Freemasons. It holds its regular communications, and, at a late meeting, voted to send an expression of its profound sorrow for the death of President Lincoln to the American Government at Washington, not used, as this writer adds, to tokens of sympathy from the citizens of Rome, and knowing so well the hatred of the Romish priests for Freemasonry.

A FÊTE for the Unity of Italy was established in 1860, and for three years has been celebrated on the first Sunday in June. It was observed this year more generally and more enthusiastically than ever. A noticeable feature was the greater extent in which the clergy participated in it. The fact was regarded as a sign of the clear foresight of some coming compromise between the Pope and the King of Italy, by which the power of the former would be limited to spiritual affairs.

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A NATIONAL CHURCH; SHALL IT BE EPISCOPAL OR CONGREGATIONAL?

President Sturtevant insists that it must be Congregational, and that we must make a stand for Congregationalism, and not make light any more of Church order. We are not sure that he would decline the help of liberal Christians. He says, "Men will cease at length to make labored apologies for the ceaseless conflict of the sect system, and begin to look around them for some platform on which the whole Church of God on earth can stand together, and make war on one another no more. And when they do begin in earnest to inquire after such a platform, they will find it in the independency of local churches, built on the everlasting foundations of the truth as it is in Jesus; each disciple, as an equal brother receiving every other, and putting no yoke on his neck which the Master hath not imposed." What more can any Christian ask than that?

We append also some very generous words from the Rev. W. R. Huntington of Worcester, Mass., — words spoken in behalf of the Episcopal Church, and yet more in behalf of the Church Universal: — E.

The three conditions of American catholicity were then defined to be, 1st, A simple creed; 2d, A varied worship; 3d, A generous polity.

I. A Church without a creed is an absurdity. It is also an absurdity to suppose that the whole American people can be united on any elaborate system of divinity, whether that system be allied to Trent or to Geneva. The Church of America must plant herself on the grand facts of the incarnation, and fight her battle there. The primitive creeds must be her citadel. If it is urged that this is giving up too much, it may be replied, that it is giving up no more than the Church was willing to give up during the first three centuries of her life.

II. A varied worship.

The preacher would yield to none in love and admiration of the Book of Common Prayer, and yet he could not help seeing the egregious fallacy of making liturgical worship a condition precedent of ecclesiastical unity. We cannot afford to keep men out

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of the fold of Christ on æsthetic grounds; and the form of worship, where the creed is right, is purely an æsthetic question.

III. A generous polity. One feature of such a polity would be the recognition of every baptized person as a member of the national Church, in virtue of his baptism. Another would be a willingness to favor and sanction a great variety of methods in doing our Lord's work. The suggestion was thrown out, that something analogous to the religious orders of the mediæval Church might bring into harmonious co-operation the various religious bodies in this country. If it was not schismatical to have Dominicans and Franciscans, neither need it be schismatical to have Wesleyans and Calvinists, if only they will come under one common government. But just here is the rock of difficulty. What shall that one common government be? The preacher knew of nothing that could promise so well as that system which is both old and new, conservative and progressive, catholic and reformed, the system of republican Episcopacy.

A weighty responsibility rests upon the Protestant Episcopal Church in this matter. It is true that in her present posture, and with her present abilities, she would only make herself ridiculous by arrogating the title of the Church of America; yet it is equally true that she offers the only basis upon which a really national Church can be built up. Men cannot start a Church. It is idle to prate about the Church of the future, unless we can find for it some point of historical connection with the Church of the past. Just this "missing link" we offer. Our Church traces her lineage all the way back to the first century, while, at the same time, she is, in her constitution, perfectly conformed to the structure of the civil government under which we live.

In conclusion, the preacher dwelt upon the temper and spirit in which catholicity should be sought. After all, the person of the Saviour is the real centre of Christian union. Only by rallying around him, as the soldiers of a broken army rally around their chief, can we be one again. We want also a cordial and kindly feeling among ourselves, a willingness to understand one another's difficulties and predilections, a disposition to make all reasonable concessions, and a desire to find points of agreement rather than points of difference. Let us beware of arguing for victory. Let us be very careful how we sneer. It is peace we want. May the God of peace send us a new Pentecost, that these things may come to pass!

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FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

Are we told that Jesus Christ died to save impenitent, unreturning sinners, — sinners who not only come to him for peace, just as they are, but intend to remain with him just as they are, forgetting that there is no peace to the wicked? To see the highest result of a teaching which "preaches Christ" as an antidote to the conscience, and sets forth faith in Christ without enforcing its grand scriptural correlative, "repentance towards God," we need only be familiar with the interior of a jail, and trace its workings upon a class, upon whose originally feeble moral instincts a long series of spiritual manipulations will sometimes produce an outgrowth too hideous to be mere hypocrisy. Doyle, lately executed at Chester, for a frightful attempt to murder a woman he lived with (being a married man), walked to the platform with these words (his last): "Jesus Christ was led like a lamb to the slaughter; *I, like him, offer no resistance:* I know that my sins are forgiven me." He had eaten and drunk heartily to the last, conversed of his past life, sung hymns, listened to prayers and reading, and expressed regret, but certainly no depth of repentance, for his crime.

What a sad comment upon much of the popular religion! E.

"THE NATION"

Utters herself strong, clear, wise, hopeful, week by week, through the new organ, which is high-toned and humane in its politics, earnest and catholic in its criticism of literature and art. We sincerely hope that the experiment of an able weekly journal will be successful. The ground which such a journal would fill has been occupied heretofore chiefly by newspapers, the contents of which are gathered from dailies. Such compilations are more valuable than interesting, better to be put on file than to be held in one's hands. This comes a fresh visitor. When we open this, we are not reminded of a repast made up of warmed over dishes. The only question is, Have we the needful corps of writers?

E.

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SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

RELIGION may properly be divided into two classes.

I. Those religions which have appeared to grow up spontaneously among men, having all the errors and deformities which a fleshly imagination would produce.

II. The religion of Jesus Christ.

First, From the three great ideas mentioned above, no science has ever driven even the religious of this class. It has indeed corrected many *forms of expression*, and has sometimes driven *individuals* who failed to distinguish between the form and the idea which the form overlies, into a rejection of the truth itself.

Second, Respecting the religion of Jesus Christ, Mr. Spencer's remark has no shadow of foundation. Since the beginning of its promulgation by Jehovah, and especially since the completion of that promulgation by our Saviour and his apostles, not one whit of its practical law or its philosophy has been abated; nay, more: to-day, in these American States, there may be found a more widespread, thoroughly believed, firmly held, and intelligent conviction of God's personality, and personal supervision of the affairs of men, of his fatherhood, and of that fatherhood exercised in bringing "order out of confusion," in so conducting the most terrible of conflicts, that it shall manifestly redound, not only to the glory of himself, but to the very best good of man, so manifestly to so great a good, that all the loss of life, and all the suffering, is felt to be not worthy to be compared to the good achieved, and that, too, *most strongly by the sufferers*, than was ever before manifested by any nation under heaven.

The truth is, that, in spite of all its efforts to the contrary, criticism has ever been utterly impotent to eliminate from human thinking the elements we have presented. Its utmost triumph has been to force a change in the form of expression; and in the Bible it meets with forms of expression which it ever has been, is now, and ever shall be, as helpless to change as a paralytic would be to overturn the Himalaya. — *J. H. Jones.*

Several Articles of interest and Literary Notices, omitted in this number, will appear in the next.

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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MODERN NATURALISM AS A MEANS OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

An Address delivered before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School,

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI, — A letter from your secretary * brought to me your invitation to address you at this time, written by a hand which, alas! we are to grasp no more. A heart which was the fountain of so much goodness can never grow still, and a countenance which flashed with such heavenly sunshine cannot be dimmed. But it cheers no longer the path here of those who loved him; and who that ever saw him did not love him? These changes in our number make us seek after a firmer grasp upon the truths which we preach for the guidance and consolation of others: they remind us, too, of changes more imperceptible and gradual in our denominational life.

A quarter of a century has just elapsed since the organization of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School." You remember the new questions which were then opened and agitated, to become, in their turn, old questions, devoid of any lasting and vital interest. The debate about miracles I presume we have nearly done with: for any discussion of the evidences of Christianity becomes the less important, just in the degree that its real contents are

* Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith.

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disclosed to us; for what do we care about the proof, after we have been brought face to face with the radiant and open reality? Nevertheless, I think the lessons of a quarter of a century may have brought us to the vivid apprehension of one very vital distinction, — that, namely, between the agitations and currents of the time, and that other current which we are never conscious of, because it is so deep, so broad, and so strong, and therefore so still. Our motions on the earth, and our travellings up and down through its dust and noise, are made with much pain and labor, while we are never conscious of that other motion by which the earth carries us so serenely through the celestial spaces.

The end which individuals, sects, and even whole peoples and commonwealths, place before them, and strive after, is not often at one with the great end of the Divine Providence. What we call, very ludicrously sometimes, "the spirit of the age," is very apt to be some gust of the times, which has puffed us up into specific levity, or is driving us about at its will. It is never to be confounded with the spirit of God, whose tidal movements, through all times, the age is very slow to understand.

Indeed, what we call the thought of the age, that is, its distinctive thought, may be only a reflex current, bearing the foam and the drift of the hour, to subside again to-morrow into the mystic, eternal sea. What religions and philosophies have thus been afloat! each claiming and really believing that all the hopes of human progress were bound up and freighted with them, whereas the stream of providence left them the next day in the shallows, high and dry upon the sand. The spirit of the Middle Age was Roman; the spirit of the sixteenth century was Protestant,—both provisional religions, needful for their times; sure to grow obsolete, as the unfathomed ocean of divine life keeps on and on never breaking *as such* into the individual consciousness, but only to be studied by its epochs and eras. An age or epoch, taken as one of the segments of human history, may be permitted to exhibit its thought, and make it dominant, and color every thing with its spirit, for the very reason that the Divine Providence wishes to show

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it forth, open out all its weakness, falsehood, and vanity, for the coming centuries to look at.

Now, we can never know by the spirit of the age, what is the majestic course of God's providence, simply because the spirit of the age is in us, and dominates us to some extent. But if we can get a position somewhat above it, on one of those divine headlands which command it, above the noise of its surf and foam, mark the historic course of the Divine Providence by the centuries and the half centuries and even the quarter century which spans our organized existence, we can judge somewhat of the course of that deeper and mystic sea. And we shall judge a great deal better in this way as to our own duties, how we can best serve the age as ministers of Christ or as a Christian denomination; better than by embarking upon its currents, and trying to woo its gales. Be not conformed to this world, is our message to others, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind. It applies to sects as well as persons. We conform by trying to get into the world's drift. We are transformed only as our end and that of the eternal Providence are toned and harmonized together.

The spirit of the age we are in no danger of mistaking. It is *naturalism*, thorough-going and pervasive. I do not mean naturalism however, in the odious sense sometimes given to it, as necessarily opposed to revealed religion. Let me use the word as covering a great deal more; as *nature-ism*, or that love and study of nature, which have given a prodigious impulse to natural science, a new development to art as the more perfect copy of nature, and a new tone to literature, as transfused by its spirit and life. It involves the study of man so far as we see him, on the natural side, even to the quality and the tendencies of the natural mind. Now, when did this nature-age commence? and what is its contribution to human progress and Christian knowledge? and is it the final period, the consummation of history; or is it merely a preparation and prophecy of something to be? And if so, what?

The point of transition from the old theology which was exclusively supernaturnal, to the new theology which is so largely

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if not exclusively natural, does not by any means synchronize with what we call the Reformation. The Reformation did not change at all the stand-point from which truth was to be apprehended. It was still, as before, from the supernatural and the superhuman exclusively. Theology concerned itself with what would promote God's personal honor and glory, or vindicate the supposed justice of his government. It discussed mainly the nature of God, and the mode of his being; and even the Pelagian controversy, which concerned itself with human nature, proceeded under this overshadowing and all-absorbing Theism. Its axioms were, God is great as man is little; one is exalted as the other is abject; God is glorified as man is depressed; so much taken from the one is so much given to the other.

Theological doctrines thus wrought, were dogmas imposed by sheer authority, and it mattered not much whether the authority were a book or an hierarchy. They had no human blood in them, and no fragrance of nature breathed from her fields and woods. Heaven and hell were places which God had prepared for our reception: and salvation was a transfer to the former place, the Church said, through the merits of dead saints, who had virtue enough of their own to save them, and some to spare; Luther said, through the infinite merits of Christ, made over to their credit-side of the account; and the chief difference was that Luther had a more exhaustless treasury of indulgences, and could outbid the pope. The dawn of a nature-religion or of a humane theology, dates a century after, when the whole realm of truth began to be surveyed from the natural and the human side. Descartes transferred the field of inquiry, and evidence for the being of God, from Church tradition to the human consciousness; and in this way he inaugurated a total revolution in all our theological methods. No matter for the vicious circle in which he travelled. The new method of theologizing — seeking for God in the soul, not as the mystics did, in emotions and raptures, but in its highest and most serene ideas, separated from all earthly and voluntary mixture, re-asserted the worth and the rights

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of human nature. The old theology could no longer lie upon it, lifeless and foreign to it. It must be thrown off altogether, or else be absorbed into it, and humanized in its life-blood. You know the result in what has been called the renaissance of the eighteenth century, — that, remanding the search for evidence from church traditions to the human consciousness, has quickened the human faculties to a subtilty and power of action, unheard of before, and caused that cry which now comes out of the depths of the heart, for a religion not to lie upon it as a dogma, but to go down humanely into it, and explain man to himself.

Contemporaneous with Descartes was a name that represents the inductive philosophy which revolutionized the whole method of scientific investigation. Hence the new education of the senses, which give the facts of science, and of the sensuous reason which discerns their relations, and classifies them, bringing even the anomalies and prodigies under universal law, which is none other than the supreme order in which God administers his universe.

Such, in brief, is the date of the naturalism which marks the transition from the old religions to the new. We are specially concerned now to measure the amount of its contribution to theological science and religious progress. We are prone to speak of the liberalizing influence of Unitarianism upon Orthodoxy. The truth is, however, there is another influence more subtile and penetrating, which has been liberalizing us both, crumbling the walls from around us, and unhousing us, making great gaps in our theologic buildings, and turning us sometimes clean out of doors. There is not a doctrine of the old Orthodoxy, which has not been changed by modern naturalism; say, rather, there is hardly a pillar of it left standing with sufficient firmness to keep the roof from tumbling in. I doubt, even, if there is a distinguishing doctrine of Unitarianism, as it was held and preached when the controversy opened fifty years ago, which has not been undergoing a silent but sure transformation, traceable partly, though not wholly, to the same potent influence.

To begin with the church cosmogony, from which its whole

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system starts for a foundation. The old theology recognized two limits, called space and time, within which all its towers were built up, and all its drama was enacted. One of these limits lay about six thousand years backward, the other some millions of miles outward, to the remotest of our planetary orbits as then known. Herein took place the miracle of creation in six days, and on this scale the entire plan of the divine administration was supposed to proceed, — the federal headship of Adam, his fall and we in him, imputed sin and imputed righteousness, the resurrection, the judgment, and the last things, and so on to the top stone of the theological arch. Now, without assuming the nebular hypothesis just as naturalism had asserted it, it is very interesting in this connection to note the recent wonderful and exceedingly significant experiments in the analysis of the nebular light, giving us tidings from afar of God working now as hitherto.* These experiments authenticate the grand conception of creation, proceeding not by jets of arbitrary power, but always under laws, as uniform and withal as beautiful as those which govern the growth of a palm-tree or a spear of clover. Indeed naturalism has proved beyond question, that creation is none other than the primitive ethers crystallizing into firmaments; or, if you will, the magnificent flora of the skies, flowering forth not once for all, but through myriads of ages, out of the immanent life of the universe. The bud that came out yesterday into leaf amid the foliage of boundless woods, or the topaz ranging its particles by secret affinities till they become luciform, comes under the same law of creation, as the firmament which for a million of years has been crystallizing out of nebular chaos and turning into suns, with their daughter planets about them. Mr. Pritchard tried very hard to trace all the outlying races to a single pair, and then theology could bring them under the federal headship of Adam. Agassiz, on the other side, may be right or he may be wrong, but you must push the federal headship a good many thousand years back of Adam, or else the men who died, and went to fossil,

* See the Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1865, in the article on Celestial Chemistry, pp. 251–267.

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before his time, fail of their lineage, and indeed the outlying races tumble out of the plan of salvation together. Naturalism gives us man not manufactured in a day, but created out of nature by steps as gradual as those which led up from the outer courts of the temple to its inmost shrine. The mineral kingdom was the first rough sketch and foreshowing of the human; the vegetable and the animal were still nearer and more picturesque approaches, till at last the majestic human coronal appeared: as if Nature had said, "Man is too great a being to bolt into existence; but the universe, through its myriad cycles, shall first prophecy of his coming, and prepare the way for his advent." The old theology shows him made, potter-fashion, out of the clay of Paradise, and projected one day into being upon its surface. Naturalism brings him forth as the fruit out of the juices of the tree, secreted for that special end for long centuries and cycles; every stage of growth the continuation of a former one, from lower to higher, root and stalk and branch and leaf and consummate flower. The old eschatology burns up the world with great crackling and noise, and hence Edwards and the old divines drew the imagery of their most effective sermons of the judgment day. But naturalism discovers in matter neither the ultimate atoms of Epicurus nor the monads of Leibnitz, but forces rather which only give the ultimations of the Infinite Life. God did not make his works once; but he creates them every present moment from the breath of his mouth, so that their destruction would not be God acting, but God holding his breath; it would not be a ruin, but a vanishing; not a great conflagration, but a sudden death-darkness; the ongoings of nature's music one moment, the hush of an awful silence the next. Hugh Miller, therefore, makes the six days of creation the first six geological eras; Dr. Hitchcock makes its destruction the seventh, and adjourns it indefinitely. One removes the landmark of time at the first end, away, away into the infinite past; the other at the last end, into the infinite future. So the beginning and the end of things come under natural

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law, Orthodoxy itself being judge. They do not break it, but fulfil it, and are the effort of nature towards the most perfect organic life. The resurrection of the flesh becomes an absurdity and an impossibility, and altogether monstrous, unless you adjourn it from the churchyards to the forests that have grown over them, and drawn the sleepers into the life-currents that beat through all the veins of nature; into the leaves that flutter above the graves, into the ethers which they replenish, or the amber clouds that float at evening off into the distant heavens, and lie on the horizon as the bodies of them that slept, already risen and glorified. The local hell gets no fixture in natural space; for more surely than Lord Rosse's telescope resolved the nebulæ, the keen and educated sense of naturalism resolves the dark spots of nature, and finds nowhere a contrivance to produce pain. Pain is accidental to all her mechanisms, not inherent. The all-beneficent law runs even into the blotches and cancers on nature's face, and dissipates them, and leaves her blooming and fair. The local heaven vanishes too. The method of the spectrum analysis, which examines a star-beam by a new celestial chemistry, can tell you what sort of a world it came from, what are its elements, and what are its conditions of life, mineral, vegetable, animal and human; and it reports the star-men — if any there be — just like ourselves. They are not spirits, as Dante describes them, but flesh-and-blood people, who build their own fires, plant their own corn, grind their own grists, cook their own dinners and eat them, and must look to another existence higher than star-life, before they sublime into spiritual beings, and become glorified.

Finally, the God of the old naturalism vanishes before the relentless chase of the new. His place is neither on the heights of Olympus nor beyond the thunder-clouds. Naturalism has been there and looked and tasted and handled and smelt and analyzed and classified, and did not find him; and the retreating God, as Dr. Hedge so admirably describes, no longer exists on the plane of natural life, but is resolved into natural law. Naturalism, too, reduces the old question about miracles to total insignificance. There can be no such thing as the breach of law; for law is the supreme order, and we

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cannot suppose this to be broken in a single link without giving to our faith a shudder and a chill from atheism. The portents and the prodigies through which either gods or demons were supposed to break in upon us, resolve themselves one by one into the general harmony, till the presumption is that portent and prodigy have no existence except to our lying senses and our infant intelligence.

It becomes very easy to measure the contributions of naturalism to theological science and Christian knowledge. Its army claims to be the van of human progress; and so it is. They are the sappers and miners who clear the way. They remove old buildings, and heaps of ancient *débris* and rubbish. Our polemic preaching and exegesis may do something in beating down old errors; but compared with what naturalism does, it is as the fire-flies of a night, that beat against the walls, compared with the chemistry which crumbles them down and turns them into food for the clematis, the moss, and the ivy. The local God, the local heaven, the local hell, the old doctrine of creation by jets of power, of the divine government by special Providence and by miracle, the federal headship of Adam, with all its dependencies of imputed sin and imputed merit and vicarious atonement, the old eschatology with its dramatic scene of the resurrection and the judgment day, — all these disappear or are chased by the Day Spring into theological schools that close the shutters against it, or into old churches where they shut the blinds and read the Psalms and the Litanies by gaslight, at high noon.

But a most important question now arises, — Is naturalism as competent to build as to pull down? What has she to show in the place of these grand old structures which had housed the generations for so many centuries, and protected the childhood of our Christian faith? The answer must be short. She has nothing to show. In pulling down, all the chemistry of nature works with her. But when she builds, it works against her, and all her attempts at construction have been failure, ignominious and complete. We will show this as briefly as possible.

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The three prime doctrines of all religion are *the doctrine of God, the doctrine of immortality,* and *the doctrine of human regeneration,* involving the relation of God to man. These being darkened or lost, there is no religion left fit to guide the race or to purify it. Now let us see how naturalism construes these three prime truths of all religion, and what she makes of them.

1. She has driven the retiring Deity out of all the localities of nature. Has she brought him into nature again, or into life, through any other door? No: she has not and cannot; for she knows of no other door.

Kant, who followed all her methods with unrelenting logic, and is her faithful high priest to the utmost, makes all the inferences of natural religion to be perfectly null and void. Paley's whole method becomes worthless, and all his books are waste paper. You cannot argue from nature to God, because nature is given to us only under the forms of space and time; and space and time are simply forms of our own consciousness, and have no existence out of consciousness. You cannot reason to any thing beyond space and time, or conceive of any thing, because space and time are a part of you, and you color every thing by your own subjectivity, and are producing the *a priori* forms of your own consciousness. We can only know phenomena, or things as they appear to us; and whether these appearances answer to things as they are in themselves, or how, we can never know, and the investigation is perfectly futile, and a chase after shadows.

Having thus shut us in to sense, and locked the doors, what becomes of that supersensual world which devout men and women had been thinking of for six thousand years? Why, it vanishes like a waking dream!

Startled at his own conclusions, Kant hastens to remand us to our moral nature. Look there, he says, and you will find God. You will find him in the moral law, — the categorical Thou shalt, which there lies eternally upon the conscience. He falls back upon Descartes' method, and lets God into the world through the human consciousness.

But the question returns, Suppose the moral consciousness is phenomenal too, what then? What if the moral nature,

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like physical nature, is only representative, how do I know that the representation answers to the reality, or whether, indeed, there is any reality behind it? My speculative reason went from outward nature to something beyond it, from the exquisite traces of design to a Designer, and the beauty that broods around me upon landscape and hill, I thought must be the transparent shadow of an everlasting beauty, too dazzling for my naked eye. No, you say, that is reasoning from phenomena, from things that appear to things that are; and the whole conclusion is vicious and illegitimate, for I am only reproducing the forms and tints of my own subjectivity. Very well: if my moral nature is also phenomenal and representative, how do I know but my moral reason, as my speculative, may befool me and play me false, and that after all it corresponds to nothing which has its own qualities or the colorings of its own conceptions. I do not know; and a God of *moral attributes* I cannot authenticate at all from my moral nature, which gives every thing the forms and colors of my own subjectivity also. God retreats from me as fast and as far as before, and even vanishes clean out of sight. I may scale the farthest heights of the speculative or the moral reason, and look over into the vast Beyond, and nothing appears in the gaping void but the infinite darkness, into which the owls of atheism might hoot for ever without the smallest chance of a returning echo.

Frightened at this result, the naturalistic philosophy hastens to shift its ground, — Oh! the moral nature is not phenomenal but noumenal: it is not *representative* of God but *presentative*. Very well: then the moral conscience is itself God, for that is what it presents; and the essential Divine is transferred to the human consciousness and inclosed within the conditions of humanity, and God sinks and is lost in man. Man himself becomes God. The highest Theism is the most enormous Egoism; it is man lifting himself into the infinite, as Baur says;* or again, the soul swelling to the "circle

* In dem wissen um seine Endlichkeit, stellt sich das Subject über sine Endlichkeit es geht in demselben in sich selbt zuruck, um die schrauken seiner, Endlichkeit zu durchbrechen, und sich uber sie zum absoluten zu erheben. — *Dreieinigkeit*, vol. iii. p. 752.

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of the universe," — as Emerson says,* — probably the greatest swell that human nature ever accomplished; the limit, certainly, where swelling can no further go. And here we are impaled alternately on these two relentless horns. Say the moral nature only gives us phenomena, and we run dead into the abyss of atheism; say it gives us noumena, and we are clutched forthwith by an all-devouring Pantheism: and between these two we vibrate all the way from Descartes down to Comte, until Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel condescend to take us up, and toss us back into the protection of the old theology, there to mutter our creeds and pater-nosters without asking what they mean, or whether they mean any thing, — which probably they do not. And here we are turned out of house and home, and Truth herself runs, and grasps the horns of the old altars, for fear of being crucified between two thieves a second time.

I take Kant and his successors as simply representative of a whole phase of thought, and because they drive things to their conclusions honestly, and give us logic where others give sentiment and declamation, or filch the truths of Revelation, and send them up as sky-rockets which they profess to have manufactured from their own bitumen and saltpetre.

2. So, again, Naturalism is utterly impotent to formulate any doctrine of immortality.

It is perfectly clear that the idea of deathless existence cannot be proved from nature. Nature knows of no such existence. Nature is always dying, and she never re-appears in the identical forms which she has lost. Immortal existence being given, we can illustrate the doctrine from nature; we can embody and enrobe it, and for this she lends us her sweetest analogies, and her choicest beauty and bloom. But unless the doctrine is given from above and beyond nature, the analogies stop short at the grave, and the symbol becomes empty. The figure in which we imbodied and enrobed it is

* "The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love." "That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen." — *Emerson's Cambridge Address*, pp. 13, 14.

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only a figure; and so the robe is a shroud, and the body is a corpse. Nor can we prove it from consciousness. We are conscious of the present only, the now and here; to say we are conscious of what *will* be, is simple solecism of speech. Theodore Parker avows his consciousness of immortality. If he had avowed a memory of what took place before he had existence, and that he was present at the birth of his grandfather, he would not have uttered more palpable nonsense. I am conscious of wants, of unutterable longings towards an infinite future, and I hope they will have an endless impletion out of the affluence of God. And from these wants and longings and hopes, I come to a presumption and a tremulous perhaps; and that is all. But, granted the presumption, I get not the faintest whisper from nature or consciousness of the process and method of the immortal life. Naturalism is utterly impotent to construct a pneumatology; for she has not a shred to build it with, except what she borrows from flesh and sense, and these are worthless for that end, as we leave them behind us at the grave. Beyond that boundary, not only the reason cannot enter, but imagination even drops her wing, and falls dead, like the fabled birds, over the Sea of Sodom. She may spin theories of the immortal life out of her own subjective state; they will be just as likely to answer to the reality, as the house which the spider weaves out of her own bowels answers to the great world around of sky and forest and landscape. Hence naturalism hastens into one of two results: her immortality is not a conscious and personal one, but unconscious and impersonal, and on the plane of nature, — man melting back into the bosom of the All, to turn up somewhere else under a new phasis of natural life. What a priesthood of comfort must hers be by the side of a new-made grave! There, as the mother lays her first-born within the devouring vortices of nature, her tear is dried by the assurance that somewhere or some time it may turn out again as a pansy or a glow-worm. If Hamlet had only lived late enough to find comfort from Hegel and Shelling, he need not have feared what dreams might rise hereafter, for the sleep of death has no dreams to disturb any man's pillow.

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The other and last resource of naturalism is necromancy. Three millions are said at this moment to embark with the ghost-seers their main hopes of an hereafter, of which neither the old Church nor the new science could give them any tolerable authentication.

> "They call on dreams and visions to disclose
> That which is veiled from waking thought; conjure
> Eternity as men constrain a ghost
> To appear and answer; to the grave they speak
> Imploringly; look up and ask the heavens
> If angels traverse their cerulean floors;
> If fixed or wandering star can tidings yield
> Of the departed spirit."

And they call in vain; for the only spirit-world which necromancy has ever disclosed, is the nature-world, extended, but depleted of substance,—the pale mirage of nature inverted, and pictured on the clouds.

3. Just as impotent is naturalism to construct any doctrine of regeneration so as to go down with it as the candle of the Lord, into the deeps of human sinfulness, to explain man to himself and to cleanse him. Naturalism knows of nothing but development. She shows us no other way to perfection than that which conducts plants and animals to theirs; and thinks that men are to be grown like oysters and sunflowers. Put man under good climatic conditions, and Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper will unfold him under natural law as uniform as that which produces peaches and pears. But the great problem of every religion which has ever worked profoundly has been the spiritual evil in man, revealed in his deepest consciousness, and giving him eternal unrest, and sighs and prayers for deliverance. Not the light of nature solves this to us, but a light from above nature, shining down into the chaos of our own evils and passions, showing us the foes of our own household, making them to stand forth open and confessed and black in the light, and giving us a chance to grapple and slay them. Hence the Christian regeneration is not development, but a conflict and a victory, and a song of deliverance. The strong men of the world, who have done its highest work, have not

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been the sunflower developments, but the men who have come triumphantly out of this conflict, and have spoken words out of that deeper experience which went to man's deepest experience again, — the Pauls, the Augustines, the Luthers, the Swedenborgs, and the Wesleys. This terrible fact of inborn evil, naturalism can make nothing of; so she blinks it, or resolves it into physical causes. The experience of these grand old saints, the strongest and healthiest men the world knows of, whose words have cloven their way to our deepest needs, and who have come so serenely out of the fight with the Dragon under their feet, naturalism has no philosophy to explain. Oh, this consciousness of sin is a disturbance of the physical functions! and in place of conversion, repentance, and regeneration, she prescribes a change of diet or a change of air. She either makes it a morbid action of the spiritual nature, or remands the whole question from the spiritual nature to the digestive organs. The light of nature shines only upon the natural man, — the merest surface and cuticle of our real humanity; never into his profounder consciousness, there to resolve him, and set the angel and the demon in him face to face in divine light, and on a clear, open field.

Farther than this, and as a last result, evil is changed by naturalism into good, it being the rough rind of very healthful and delicious fruit. Sinners are saints, rather green and undeveloped, but fast coming into ripeness and perfection, if you only keep them under good external conditions, like melons in the sun. In the inevitable tendency of naturalism to swamp the divine in the human, and to merge God in the dumb forces of the universe, evil, as such, whether moral or natural, not only disappears, but becomes the form and phasis of the Divinity itself. It is only *Deus extensus*, as Spinoza says, or God becoming phenomenal. Or it is the Infinite coming to self-consciousness, as Hegel says, or God become human. The old Orthodoxy conceived of the Deity only from the supernatural and the superhuman; and so she divested him of every humane and lovely attribute. The new naturalism looks only from the natural and the human,

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and so makes him altogether like herself. The last word of the old supernaturalism was the demonization of God. The last word of the new naturalism is the deification of the Devil.

We come now to the ulterior question, whether the spirit of the age is the grand sweep of the divine current into its culminating period, or whether, like the spirit of every foregoing age, it is partial and preparatory, and on one side the *reductio ad absurdum* of the falsities and follies of the age, and a prophecy of things to be; and, if so, what?

What else can it be but a future close at hand, in which both the supernatural and the natural, both the divine and the human, both the spirit-world and the material, shall come to their full rights, and illustrate each other with a harmonization of both, such as the Church had never seen. All that naturalism pulled down was a clog and a hinderance, a false and artificial nature, such as priests and monks had formulated; not fit to be the symbol and the clothing of Christianity in her absolute perfection and glory. Nature, as the new science discloses her, is only adequate to give revelation her language and ritual; and Christianity breaks from the old symbolism, as she broke from the wrappages of Judaism, into a new forthgoing for salvation and blessing.

It would be presumption in me, to attempt to cast the horoscope of that future; only we may watch the signs of the new Orthodoxy, for they announce its advent already as clearly as the purple clouds of the dawn announce the approach of day. We need not trouble ourselves to change the character of the old theology, or refute its errors: it is changing fast as need be, by a power which comes to it through an internal way. It holds fast to its supernaturalism while we are letting ours slip; and it holds fast the great truths involved, and even puts them in diviner forms: and it does this with a plastic power which I do not believe we have yet brought to bear to the same extent upon our Unitarian dogmas. Dr. Bushnell's noble argument gives both terms their full emphasis, neither involving the nature-world in the spiritual, nor the spirit-world in the natural, but

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bringing each to its rights, in order that each may adjust and complement the other.

And how remarkable is the fact that naturalism, whenever she has attempted to antagonize revelation, has only assaulted the mere letter, touching only the rough rind, not so much as seeing the divine contents, or piercing to the ambrosial fruit. I presume we may take the late "Leben Jesu" of Strauss as its last and most skilful exploit in the way of negative criticism. Having sharpened its weapons to their finest point and keenness, and tried them thirty years whenever there was the least appearance of a seam or a flaw, Strauss gives us these six hundred pages to prove that both the gospels and the Christ are unhistorical. Mr. Norton's great argument seems to me to have anticipated nearly all his objections, and to have brushed them aside with a strength and scholarly ease which leave the historical argument perfectly impregnable. But all this aside as mere opinion, it is very evident, that somebody wrote the Gospels, and that somehow the Christ got imbodied in the literature of this world. This debate about proper names becomes utterly insignificant; and Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John may indicate unknown amanuenses or dragomen, for aught we care, when once we have a front view of the great truths they disclose, and that life, divinely human, where dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Proper names, says Swedenborg, are not known in heaven, but qualities only.

There was a man who started from Jerusalem towards Damascus, on a mission of persecution and murder, proud, cruel, and vindictive: he came from Damascus with a heart yearning towards all mankind, with the humility of a child, and with affections as tender as a woman's love. He went towards Damascus with an intellect narrowed down to a rapier's point, and harder than its steel: he came from Damascus with an intellect broadened and fused with divine fire, and with a logic so invincible, and with its links so warm with the Holy Ghost, that it moulded the thought of the world for eighteen centuries. What changed him?

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Epileptic fits, says Mr. Strauss.* He was liable to swoons, and seeing spectres, which he called his thorn in the flesh.

There was a time when the darkness of spiritual death covered the face of the world as with a pall; when men and women worshipped their own lusts in the groves of Astarte; and when the God who ruled the heavens and the earth, and whose image filled the niches of the temples, was an adulterer and a tyrant. Down through this darkness, like a new sun risen, not on midnoon but midnight, descends a form of divine and human perfections, transcending not merely the thought of that age but the ideals of all the ages; and along with it came a new influx of power, a procession of the Holy Spirit, which swept through the heart of the race in Pentecostal gales, taking man, prone in the dust, and setting him upon his feet, searching the styes of sensuality, and cleansing them, inaugurating a new order of virtues, creating a new world out of the old moral chaos, and, for the sinners and the harlots, giving to history the apostles' glorious company, the noble army of martyrs, and the saintly women in spotless robes. Who stands at the head of this procession of creative power, and this new order of heavenly years? A fictitious character, say these critics, which the age created out of its own seething passions and imaginations. The age first created the Christ, and then the Christ created it, — the process which naturalism prescribes for lifting ourselves into the infinite by main strength, and by taking hold of ourselves.

That system we call Christianity, in the centre of which is Christ in his divine humanity, giving us the moral perfections of God in their unclouded blaze, with a whole series of truth ordered and harmonized around this one; pertaining to the nature of man, his redemption, his regeneration, his immortality, his retribution, the procession of the Holy Spirit to implete his nature, and cleanse it, — that system which spans the age, and all the ages, like a firmament of lights to guide them out of darkness, comes of the forged books of a dark period, and the brain of a sick man who lost his wits

* Leben Jesu, p. 302.

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in epileptic swoons! The world will believe this, when they believe some crazy mechanic from Bedlam, who should come along and assure us, that, with his trowel and mortar, he built the splendid arches of the milky way.

But I must not pursue these reflections; for they lead us into a field of Christian evidence delightful enough, but which requires not an address but a treatise. I merely indicate the fact, that, while naturalism is potent to pull down false religions, she is utterly impotent to reach that supernaturalism out of which comes an absolute Christianity. Its whole argument proceeds on the assumption, that there is only one world, — a nature-world; and that all the work of God and man is only within its narrow beats and circulations. Granted a spirit-world of causes, and a nature-world of phenomena, and Strauss's criticism becomes worthless and even contemptible.

Not only this. There is not a doctrine of Christianity which the new science, instead of damaging, does not serve to shape and formulate with fresh beauty and universality. What new significance is given to the facts of the gospel histories, when you construe them, not as exceptional and miraculous, but as ranging under law, and conserving the supreme order as much as a sunrise, or a shower of rain! Granted a supernatural world above the natural, and always acting within it, to create it, and keep it young, and the facts of the New-Testament narratives simply indicate higher laws than we had dreamed of, coming full circle, and only searing our eyeballs because we had failed to see how radiant and profound and comprehending they are. The supernatural world, out of which came the angelophanies and the glorified Christ, in a light so great, that it dimmed the Syrian noon, and struck Saul of Tarsus stone blind for three days, and the Tübingen critics stone blind for a whole lifetime, is the only source to which we can track the stream of Christian history with any decent show of rationality; and so the immortal life is given to us, not as something we feel after in our groping consciousness, but given by eternal blazon and disclosure. The resurrection of Christ the third day,

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brings into open light a LAW OF RESURRECTION, under which all the generations have escaped the worm and the claiming grave, and the saints of all time have burst the cerements of the flesh, —

> "And passed through Glory's morning gate
> To walk in Paradise."

The heaven and hell which naturalism has chased off the plane of material things become more dread realities as the apocalypse of man, and the scenery of his spiritual life, and of an eternal world lying open to the eye of faith in splendor and gloom such as the old Orthodoxy has never described nor dreamed of.

But I must not pursue these illustrations, which might be extended through the whole circle of Christian doctrine. I turn to you, fathers and brothers of the ministry of Christ, with one beseeching word. You propose a new and more efficient denominational action. You mean to organize a Broad Church to do its work in these sorrowful times, — to sow the deserts with the seed of truth, and make them blossom anew. Remember, I pray you, that a Broad Church does not mean breadth in material space, and that Christian catholicity and comprehension do not mean the swooping-in of all classes and characters, four-footed beasts and creeping things. It is *spiritual* breadth, not spacial; it is catholicity of ideas, not of surfaces; it is enlargement of affection, not of ecclesiastical geography; it is wholeness of doctrine, not agglomeration of mobs and multitudes. A naturalized religion is the most narrow, the most partial, the most one-sided, the most shallow, and therefore the most exclusive and uncatholic, of all religions. It halves the universe horizontally, taking only the lower base as its own, shutting itself in there, and seeing nothing else. It knows only the nature-side of things: it knows the Divinity even only by first swamping him in nature and in man. That other half, which transcends nature and sense and consciousness, ascending above and beyond them all, "by those bright steps which heavenward raise their practicable way," she does not know

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and, by her methods, she never can know. She halves the building, and takes the lowest room, leaving out the ascending stories, whose outlook commands the land of Beulah and the Delectable Mountains. Call it the low church, one story high, spiritually sectional, or cut in two, truncated. Do not call it broad or high or catholic, where half is put for the whole, and the lower half too.

Now bear in mind, that among the people thrown to-day upon the care of Christendom are four millions of Africans, emerging, thank God! into the prerogatives of manhood and womanhood, and, as we pray God, into the rights of citizenship, needing to be educated, guided, elevated, refined, and Christianized. They are Oriental in their whole make and temperament, and they live in the supernatural, and breathe it as fishes breathe water, and would die out of it as soon. What sort of a figure should we make, going to them with a Christianity cut in two, with the supernatural half thrown away! Then, again, are the millions of mean whites, North and South, and rich and poor, who do not know the meaning of an oath or of moral distinctions, or of a spiritual nature in man, which outvalues and outshines his worldly trappings. The church of this age, which God will own, has a missionary work to do among them. These men have had natural development enough, God knows, — only they developed towards Satan and his angels by that process, till they fixed an eternal blot on the civilization of the age, and well nigh put it out in a sea of blood. It matters not how many of the men of the age we swoop into our lines, unless we have a theology profound and strong enough to resolve them to their lowest consciousness, till the brute and the demon in them are seen renounced, crucified, and cast out, in order that the angel may have room to unfold. It signifies not to get multitudes into our camp, unless we can wash them, and clothe them, and equip them, and give them weapons to use, and powder and ball to put into their rifles that will hit somewhere. One of the good things, and the very best things, said at the national conference was, that we have something else to do besides liberalizing Orthodoxy; even to go among

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the slaves of self, of lust, and of worldliness, with a gospel which shall convict, convert, and cleanse them, and present them to the Head of the Church, clothed in white, and in their right mind. But we cannot do this by preaching sentiment, or preaching rhetoric, or preaching our intuitions, backed only by our puny individualism. To do this, we must have organized truth as well as organized numbers, — a Christianity neither halved, nor nebulous, nor antagonizing itself, but sheltered and urged by the majestic authority of the Christ, and the best experience of eighteen hundred years; and of a Church so broad and so high, that it includes all the truth of the past, and all the germs of the future, — which has outlived all the changes of society and all the wrecks of empire, while still "we hear within, her solemn voice and her unending song!"

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER.

TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER, 1671.

Dear Redeemer, we are here
On thy word and thee attending.
Grant me thoughts intent and clear,
To thy heavenly precepts bending;
And, from all uncleanness sifted,
Let our hearts to thee be lifted.

All we think, and all we know,
Is with doubt and cloud surrounded,
If thy Spirit do not show
Light revealed and mercy sounded.
Thoughts that to all good would win us
Thou thyself must prompt within us.

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Ray of Wisdom glorified,
Light from God's own light appearing,
Make us prompt on every side;
Open heart and mouth and hearing,
Praying, singing, and confessing, —
Let them all draw down a blessing.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

O God! To thine all-seeing ken
The night and day are one;
The blackness of earth's deepest den,
And flaming of the sun.

Both lend to eyes of mortal race
Their sweet and mingled aid;
And blest in its alternate place
The shining and the shade.

For us a cloud is on the sight,
And nature's face is hid;
Alike untouched by figured light
The eyeball and the lid.

So it hath pleased thee, God! Be each
Sore plaint and passion still;
And holy thoughts kneel down, and teach
Submission to that will.

From all our diminutions, Lord,
Let trust and love increase;
And all our hinderances reward
With patience and with peace.

Oh, clear the mind! Be more and more
The invisible revealed;
And spirits brighten at the door,
When all without is sealed! N. L. F.

June 8, 1865.

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THE SINNER'S PEACE, THROUGH CHRIST, BY FAITH.

PAUL says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Justified by faith! Peace with God through Christ! What are we to understand by this? What facts, if any, of our moral or spiritual life correspond to this? Did these expressions of Paul get emptied of their meaning, when the circumstances of the dispute between the Jews and the Gentiles became obsolete as a point of difference? or are there still substantial realities underneath these expressions? This last question may be answered either affirmatively or negatively, according to the personal experience of the party answering. It is but stating the case as it truly stands, to say that some do and some do not find that these expressions of the apostle stand for something real in their experience. I regard the early dispute between the "circumcision and the uncircumcision" as but the occasion for Paul's doctrine of justification being stated.

That dispute did not give rise to the doctrine, although it may have given occasion for its being stated just as it was. The need of justification has its root much deeper in human nature than any mere local or external circumstances can place it. There was a fact in Paul's own spiritual history or experience, which corresponded to and gave rise to his expression, — "being justified by faith." We may be able more or less accurately to describe this fact, if not able fully to analyze it. We can describe it only in so far as our own experience corresponds and harmonizes with that of Paul. Nor is it such a difficult thing as some persons think. For in the essentials which go to make up human nature, and a genuine Christian experience, in what did Paul differ from any one of us to-day? In not one particular.

That which destroys the harmonious relation which originally exists between God the Father, and all of his children, was the same in Paul's case as in ours.

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It was the same giving way to that dark spirit of evil, which, from below our consciousness, and independent of our will, rises up in all our minds, — the same bending before the tempter which gave to Paul the consciousness of guilt, and alienation from God, and produced the feeling of the need of being justified. Temptation, in principle, is the same in every age. Sin is the same. I can see a great spiritual truth in that oft-scouted exclamation of the newly awakened soul, to which is brought home the exceeding sinfulness of sin as seen in the tragedy of Calvary, — "'Twas I that did it!" There is really more truth in this than is generally admitted. Our sin, whatever *form* it may take, is, in principle, the same with the sin of those who nailed Jesus to the cross. Our *guilt* may be a matter of more or less; but the spirit is the same, — the God-defying spirit.

In Paul's case, as in ours, it was a revelation of himself as he was, and of the high and holy ideal which he was by God intended to be, which gave to him his deep sense of unworthiness. He sees, with unutterable delight, the beauty and the glory of his soul's possible attainment; but, in the penetrating light of this vision, he cannot help being appalled at the sight of his sin-stained and unworthy self. He may be told that God is good, merciful, kind, ready to forgive; but he knows also that God is just, and he himself is sin-stained, if not still sinful. How can Paul, or any one in the same moral condition, be made to feel that God can be just, and yet accept such a soul?

The law demands perfection. In Christ is seen that perfection realized. He was tempted, yet was without any stain of sin. Such an one only is it possible that God in justice can justify. Such, at least, is the judgment of the quickened conscience. The sinner sees, clearer than ever before, the utter disparity between himself and the Holy One of God. He can feel no moral ground in himself, or of himself, upon which he can seek acceptance without doing violence to his own sense of justice. And here let me say, that I do not regard the difficulty as on the side of God. It is altogether in man himself. God may be standing ready

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with open arms to receive the penitent; but the penitent must be forgiven, and accepted, if at all, on ground which will do no violence to his own ideal of God's character of justice. The sinner does not feel that the sense of alienation is removed by mere virtue of his having ceased to sin, and desired to be forgiven. His sense of justice upbraids him with his unworthiness and guilt; and he asks, Why should I be accepted of God? I who have had opportunity of virtue, and have neglected it! I who have had light, and have sinned against it! God loves me, it may be; but he is just, and I have sinned, and deserve not to enjoy his love. And the soul might beat about, seeking peace and finding none, for many a day, if God himself did not come to the rescue. The soul turns to its ideal of life, finds that actualized even more perfectly in Christ. Here is a life such as God requires: at once it approves itself to the soul's sense of justice; but nowhere else can such beauty and holiness be seen, and yet it is what God seeks of all. And to meet this very difficulty in the way of the sinner's peace has God thus, in Christ, come; not, however, to remove any obstacle on the divine side, but a real one on the human side. And the soul, turning its eager eye of faith on the actualized perfection of God, as seen in the life of Christ, — culminating as it does in the tragedy of Calvary, when for the sin of the world, that it might lose its domination over the lives and hearts of men, the spotless one of God freely gives himself up to death. Here, indeed, is something which fills up the soul's ideal of what God requires. This he can approve, and be just. And the soul longs to be that thing of truth and beauty. Oh that I were like him! And the soul that admires him, — the Holy One, — forsakes sin, and desires to be like him, and by faith holds him before the eye of the spirit, has, by a law of God, born within it, a spirit kindred to the one which is the secret of all the perfection which is seen in Christ; and which, because it is perfection, and promises to give a ground of acceptance with God, attracts the soul as nothing else can; and peace at last is won.

Now, a partaker of the spirit which gives value to the life

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of Christ, makes it, indeed, what it is: the obstacle to a consciousness of acceptance with God is, in part at least, removed. The soul can now see, that, in virtue of the spirit which is now in it, capable as that spirit is seen to be of producing a life like that manifested by Christ, — the soul can feel that God can accept it; not, indeed, in virtue of what it has done, but because of the spirit which it is of, and has identified itself with. That spirit, the soul sees and feels, is of God: it makes him who has it one with God. Alienation from the Father — the chief part of punishment — no longer exists: the other consequences of sin, the soul knows it cannot escape, and has no desire to escape; but these are now felt, in the new relation to be, not punishment, as before, but the merciful agents of purification. The soul feels justified, not by the merits of Christ placed over to its account as a balance for its own unworthiness, but by the spirit made its own by faith, and the grace of God.

God, in his great mercy, has set forth an object to our faith, which if we accept in the true spirit of penitence and trust, a kindred spirit is generated in us, and is the ground of our acceptance, of our justification. We are justified, not by deeds of the law, but by the spirit, by which alone is the fulfilment of the law. That spirit we make ours: so far as its possession by us depends on us, we make it ours by faith: by faith, then, we are justified. Thus have we peace with God. Not that God needed or required all this to remove any obstacle to our peace which existed in him, but that we might be enabled ourselves to feel at peace with him.

The need of the tragedy of Calvary originated with man. Nor does it affect the force of this to say that God knew beforehand that the need would exist. It does not, in fact, exist till man has alienated himself from God by transgression. The need existing, the Father sends his Beloved One to call home the wanderers, that he may bless them with a realization of his great love, and that they may experience that peace which a revelation of themselves shows them they so much need. Through Christ that peace is ours.

G.

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THE ANGEL TO THE BELOVED.

An angel knocketh at the door,—
The same sweet face I've seen before;
All busily I sit and sew;
All fondly group the home ones few;
Scarcely the faintest breezes move;
We feel the breath of holy love.

The angel glideth to our side;
To her pure presence open wide
The inmost souls of all within:
She sits again where she hath been.
Do we not know and feel her near,—
The beautiful, the wept, the dear?

Sweet love dispels our sadness now;
No shadow dims that radiant brow.
From sunny lands in yonder home
To stricken hearts she here hath come.
We listen to the thrilling tone,—
The silence answers, "'Tis her own."

"Bear up in patient, cheerful faith,"
The gentle spirit, joyous, saith.
"Those ye call dead love not the tears
With which the mourning cloud their years,
But, hovering o'er the grassy sod,
Point upward to the living God.

"Labor and trust, and plant the flowers
Of peace and hope o'er life's swift hours,
Making a link both strong and true
Between my new-born life and you;
My own immortal, happy state,
Where o'er my love I watch and wait.

"Bend humbly at the holy shrine;
Drink in a stronger life divine,—
A consecration high and pure;
Love that through ages shall endure;

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And make my memory evermore
A life and light within your door."

Lo! oft she sits beside us now,
And wipes the anguish from our brow,
And opens sunlight and sweet peace;
Lets beauty in as tear-drops cease;
And fills our cup with hope and joy,
Which earthly ill can ne'er destroy.

***

LETTER ABOUT SWEDENBORG.

[A friend who embraces Swedenborg's philosophy, but repugns the Swedenborgian sect, sends us the following, in correction of what he deems our erroneous impressions, stated or implied in our article on the Church of the New Age. We give it as the view of one whose intuitions are remarkably broad, deep, and clear, and whose spirit is one of most Christian catholicity. — s.]

And this brings me again to the defence of my beloved counsellor and philosopher, Swedenborg, against what I deem the erroneous impressions you have received of his sexual condition. And here, too, allow me to state what seems to me to be the specific character and the unique worth of Swedenborg's philosophy to mankind. In his works, the fundamental truths of, first, The Divine Man; second, The Grand Man (*Maximus Homo*); third, The Societary Man; fourth, The Individual Man; and, fifth, The Perpetual Influx *from* the first *to* the last through the intermediates, by which all live, move, and have their being, — have taken, in the mind and works of Swedenborg, for the first time in history, pronounced, positive, *scientific form*.

There is no truth small or great in his pages, save perhaps that of discrete degrees, which cannot be found more or less perfectly announced in the works of other philosophers, of the "fathers," the saints, the seers, of earlier times. But in their hands and in their minds, these truths were at war with that young Hercules, — science. They sacrificed, most religiously, the latter to save the former. Swedenborg, with his

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broad scientific culture and open spiritual vision, saw simultaneously in both worlds, and harmonized their existence. Receiving his illumination, the Word is fulfilled, — There shall not be war any more: nation shall not lift up sword against nation; and there is nothing to hurt or destroy. It now remains for men, in their individual and collective experience, in their spiritual and natural experience, to realize the harmony of this order. The key-note, the pass-word, of this new age is universal harmony, — harmony unbroken, between the senses, the reason, the spirit, revelation, and the Lord. Our salvation is the realization in our experience of this truth. Our choicest illumination is a deep consciousness and intuition of its reality. Our redemption is delivery from the discord and unhappiness and evil arising from states antagonistic to this harmony; is, therefore, a state of soul and body induced by the full reception of the divine Influx alike in our inmost and outmost being, harmonizing all with all by that sweet utterance, "Peace, be still!" Our peace *is* this harmony reigning within our conscious experience. Harmony is heaven. Discord is hell. Of this new movement in human life, — in history, say, — Swedenborg was the John the Baptist. He trod the scientific wilderness, feeding upon its locusts and wild honey, and, clad with its coarse raiment, proclaiming the coming of the Lord even into this new state of the human mind. But there standeth one in the midst of the disciples of this age, whose shoe-latchet Swedenborg is not worthy to unloose. Swedenborg must decrease. He must increase. You will see by this where I locate Swedenborg. He has no ecclesiastical consequence to me whatever. But, as a philosophic theologian standing firm upon a scientific basis, he is a master to whom the world does not know the extent of its debt. Descending now from this higher land, where we see Swedenborg in character, all grandly costumed for the noble part the Supreme Manager had given him to perform, we come to his private life. Here I am disposed to defend Swedenborg; not because he was or pretended to be a saint, but because he partook of our common human nature, and was a sinner. The sinners, you know, are the

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true saints. (*Vide* James.) And Swedenborg did not here hesitate to record himself in the worst possible light. He wrote down, as items of philosophic interest to him, if not to others, the minutest movements alike of his spiritual nature in the hour of *extase*, and of his sensual existence in hours of its greatest excitement. His dreams, his imaginations, his impulses, his thoughts, as things curious, yet common, which sprang from the soil of his nature, he faithfully catalogued; somewhat as a true botanist records with equal interest the noxious weed and the blooming fruit-tree. The modern or ancient saint has a fancy, that the regenerate man is released from all symptoms of human frailty, and would not accept instruction from a man "of like passions with" themselves, if they knew he was such. But, that this is a fallacious style of thought, we may readily conclude, from the fact, that a self-hood is the background upon which God creates his highest angels. Nor do I believe that any man can heartily accept the new order of things which is now working its way to predominance, unless he has had the consciousness of that self-hood thoroughly wrought out in his experience. Standing upon the platform of the "religious conscience," we might condemn Swedenborg's frailty (granting it all for the present purpose); and, indeed, from that same stand-point we might, could, and would condemn ourselves and the entire race to the everlasting abyss. But the man of the new age is a man of philosophic cast; and philosophy unfolds a new department of thought, catalogues the evils of human nature anew, and regards them with a view to their conquest or utilization by other than religious methods. In fact, the religious culture of the past is not equal to the task of regenerating us. No exclusively religious culture is. It is partial, obstinate, self-righteous, and inimical to any thing spontaneous or tender in our lives. It is most potent where an actual sight of interior truth, as applicable to the inner or outer life of the hour, is most wanting. Give me philosophic insight into my life, and how much more tenderly and calmly, and with how much more of human dignity, does that insight mediate between me and God, than ever did my bare religious

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instinct. When my inner sight fails, I fall back naturally upon that instinct, but not till then. Now, I mean to say, that Swedenborg, regarded, not from the stand-point of Augustine, or of the emasculated Origen, but from that of the live thinkers and workers of the present time, will receive nothing but cordial good fellowship and a most fraternal regard. Brotherton, who was at that time in a very religious mood, and much in vogue with the "spirits," could not be expected to appreciate him. Wilkinson, who had the larger, freer, and happier mind, could see differently. Swedenborg is the first man I know of who was transparent with spiritual life, and yet free from the egotism of saintship; and I cannot but think that you will yet come to regard him with less severity, because you will come to consider him apart from the ancient standard of saintship, as a man who had passed that phase of life, and entered upon a higher, — one in which the religious conscience was subordinated to a superior spiritual and rational condition. I therefore indorse, without hesitation, Swedenborg's "Scortatory Love," as a true and celestial philosophy working out, or trying to work out, the most good in low states and with humble material. I also defend his sexual experience on philosophical grounds, whether his dreaming or his waking imaginations, as natural, and occupying their proper place in him, and as by no means damnatory. I also pray that it may not be the means of making him the butt for the small shafts of enthusiastic religionists, to whom his enlarged philosophy and fine spiritual development might otherwise be of incalculable service. Regarding his own sense of his uncleanness, too, I have a word that I would like to say. We circulate, in our various states, through the *Maximus Homo;* finding ourselves now under the biting influences of the gastric juice, and again undergoing the fetid castigations of the digestive organs, before we are prepared to ascend to higher places and nobler uses in the organism. The sense of one's condition in some of these transitions can hardly be such as to exalt self-esteem. Yet such is the order of our lives. As for myself, I am just now about as thoroughly stagnant as I can be. I am looking for the dawn of a bright,

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new day upon this night-condition. I do not regulate the rising and the setting of the spiritual suns any more than the natural. R. N. F.

LOWLY SERVICE.

THE work appointed thee
Do with thy might,
Small though that work may seem
In man's dim sight.

Strive thou, nor vainly ask
A loftier place;
Adorn thy humble lot
With Christian grace.

Win thou thy patient way
To nobler powers:
From seeds the forest grows,
The year from hours.

God seeth not as we;
The sparrow's fall
Is noted by the eye
That guideth all

The mighty worlds, that keep
With silent force
While countless ages roll
Their solemn course.

By little deeds of love
Thy soul may climb,
As glide the fleeting years,
To heights sublime.

Thy taper's tiny ray,
If used aright,
May shine through endless years,
An orb of light.

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER IX. — TRANSITION.

It was nearly four weeks before I saw Arthur again. Some business connected with the settlement of an estate, confided to me, had caused my absence, and we got into the fierce cold and snows of winter before my return home.

Meantime, as I learned, there had been a medical consultation at his house. The best professional advice of the county veiled the result of examination by reporting, that there was no immediate danger, and that, possibly, a warmer climate might be serviceable. Of course, there was a fixed grasp of disease.

The suggestion of a voyage met with no favor from Arthur, who received in like manner another proposal, from some friends in the city, that he should pass the winter with them, where a more uniform temperature might be secured. He preferred his home, the sight of those who had been his daily associates, the companionship of his books, and the invisible presence of the venerated and loved who made that home sacred.

For my part, I felt that both right feeling and good sense had led to this decision. The front square chamber of his house, with its sunny exposure and cheerful views, offered the greatest attraction; and it had been fitted up with reference to his wants. There for several days he had been installed.

I did not see so much change in his appearance as I expected. His face had more pallor, and his eyes were more sunken; but he met me with his usual smile, and cordial shake of the hand. He entered at once into conversation, asking particularly, with a little twinkling of fun as I thought, how I succeeded in parrying the designs of a man who, as he knew, had given me trouble.

Neighbor. — Oh! he proved a thorn in my side to the very last. It is almost inconceivable, with how many obstacles, and with how

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much spite, he has opposed a settlement of this case. And, what is worst of all, his selfish schemes are always clothed with the garb of religion.

Arthur. — Ah, well, neighbor! it is something to remember that hypocrisy is not a common vice of our times.

Neighbor. — What is your explanation of the fact? that all the coin of the land is so base that counterfeiting does not pay?

Arthur. — Quite on the other hand; it is because the genuine is too well known by all. We have learned to assay the metal, and trust less the image and superscription. It is only in times which ascribe an exaggerated importance to professions and forms, that we offer a premium for hypocrisy.

Neighbor. — Well, I am sometimes surprised that the unworthy lives of its friends have not driven religion away from the world.

Arthur. — And, therefore, the stronger must be your inference that it has a divine power in itself; as we learn from that pretty Italian story of which you may have heard.

Neighbor. — I wish you would tell the story, as I do not know what you refer to.

Arthur. — Its chief interest arises from its being one of the tales with which the Italian novelists, two hundred years before the Reformation, lashed the vices of the Papal court. It says, that in a circle of merchants in Paris, in the fourteenth century, was an excellent and estimable Jew, who had often been urged by his friends to become a Christian, as it pained them to think that the soul of so wise and good a man should, through defect of faith, go to perdition. Abraham had been so much importuned on this subject, that finally he resolved to go to Rome, to study the religion at its fountain-head: a decision which his companions with all earnestness opposed, as they knew that what he would see there, so far from promising to make a Jew become a Christian, was far more likely to force a Christian to become a Jew.

But Abraham was not to be turned aside from his purpose. So he mounted his horse, made his long journey, kept his eyes and ears wide open, and, after many months, was welcomed back by his friends in Paris, who assembled to hear his decision.

He told them, that, in the capital of Christendom, he found no holiness, no devotion, no virtue, — but luxury, avarice, lust, instead; and that it appeared to him, that, if the pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, had been intent on driving religion out of the

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world, they could not take any course more effectual than that now pursued. "And yet," said he, "this religion from age to age is advancing, and with every generation is becoming more clear and commanding; nor can I now fail to see the reason of this, — there must needs be an Almighty Spirit as its foundation and support:" and upon this he was immediately baptized with all demonstrations of joy.

Such is the story, written, as you perceive, in a particular interest, and possibly having slender foundation in fact. Yet Abraham's inference was not much out of the way, after all.

Neighbor. — I thank you for the story, which is new to me. I think the inference is one which few, under such circumstances, would be wise enough to draw. But, Mr. Arthur, I have been thinking, when I see you here, interested in your studies, and surrounded by your books, how many resources you must have for the confinement which, as I understand, is prescribed for you.

Arthur. — Oh! my confinement is not absolute. I contrive to get a ride every pleasant day. Yet, neighbor, what you observe is very true. A plenty of books, and a taste for using them, are things to be thankful for. How wonderful that the great minds of the world may come to my chamber, and whisper their best thoughts into my ear! Their dominion for ages seems to turn into a hollow pageant the pomp of wealth and of power, seen only for a day.

Neighbor. — That reflection, a friend tells me, came very strongly to him in Westminster Abbey, in going from the Chapel, where the Kings and Queens of England are nothing but dust, to the Poet's Corner, with those who still "rule us from their sceptred urns."

Arthur. — Ah, yes! and the exalted conception this gives us of the soul of man seems some foreshadowing of its immortality.

Neighbor. — But it is haunted by a scruple. The mass of human beings give us no high conception of their nature. It is only a few mountain-peaks of humanity, that lead up your thoughts to immortality; what shall we say of the uncounted multitude on the broad plains, in the low vallies and dark caverns, of life?

Arthur. — Let us say, that all minds are of one family; and that the growth of a helpless infant, in a few years, to become a Plato or a Milton, may be more wonderful than the growth of all pure souls, after a little training in the other world, to a point far higher than that where Milton or Plato stood.

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Neighbor. — So I believe, Mr. Arthur; but I think we might be more sure of it, if we knew what death is.

Arthur. — Though that be true, neighbor, and true also that only by passing through the change shall we know what it is, still how many things offer us obvious and, if we will but ponder them, far-reaching suggestions. So that we need not be like children trembling in the dark, but may have the calmness of a sure trust.

Neighbor. — I think so, too; and I regard it as one token of an advanced Christian culture, that much of the old superstitious fright has given place to a more composed and tranquil submission.

Arthur. — How I should love to live in the times when a higher Christian consciousness shall appropriate and use the softened modes of expression struck out in the first exultation of the Christian faith, — that death is "abolished," "swallowed up in victory;" is "not tasted" by the believer, who is "delivered from its bondage;" that "Lazarus sleepeth," and the departed have "fallen asleep in Jesus!" And then, you know, a generation or two later, in the days of persecution, when believers lived in the Catacombs underneath the city of Rome, they recorded on those marble tablets, — thousands of which have been preserved to our day, — that a "father had gone in peace;" a mother had been "borne away by the angels;" a child had been "taken in the arms of the Good Shepherd."

Times of great trial summon up those more courageous virtues that mate and master the fear of death, which seems to become excessive and morbid amid the soft indulgences of life. Doubtless that fear is not too strong for the purpose for which it was bestowed, as is manifest not only from repeated instances of suicide, but from the readiness to rush to war, and to engage in perilous business occupations; from the ease with which any strong passion sets it aside, and the general recklessness as to health: still, when we have but little else to think of, this fear unhappily assumes appalling proportions, as to a child does the taking of medicine, or the extraction of a tooth.

Neighbor. — If we look to nature, we see that the things which are common to all are benignant, — life, sleep, the sun, the air, water; so that it was a short, but not unwise, inference of one who said, "Death cannot be an evil, because it is universal."

Arthur. — Yes; and, if we look again to nature, we see that all her processes are gentle. In her general plans, there is nothing

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abrupt and violent. By what kind approaches does night succeed day! By what imperceptible gradations does one season of the year follow another! See, how gently youth grows up to manhood, and manhood attains to old age! Is death an exception to this plan?

Let us remember, that, by our violation of the physical laws of our being, death often comes more abruptly and painfully than nature intended. And let us remember another thing, — that we see death only on one side. If to survivors, left with the shell of the flown bird in their hands, the transition seems startling, let us ask, how does it seem to the freed? What if a consciousness of their change, lost in this world in slumber, dawns on them, in the world to come, as does the morning light with us when one awakes out of sleep? "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," perhaps as gently and kindly as any of those other processes of nature here referred to.

Neighbor. — If we call death the passage from one condition of existence to another, may we not say we have already died two or three times? We died once when Infancy expired, and we went upwards into the life of Youth. We died again in Youth, when its tastes and pleasures deceased; and shall die again, when the ambitions and passions of Manhood shall be buried, and we shall pass on to the future state of Old Age.

And through these successive periods, though preserving our consciousness of identity, we have not only experienced marked physical changes, but have actually inhabited different bodies. I suppose it would be deemed extravagant to say, that, in a vast number of cases, the final departure from this body is attended with no more pain than the passage of one of our earthly bodies to another.

Arthur. — It would be contrary to the common impression; but I believe your remark is literally true. You and I have seen one die as gently and unconsciously as that; and has not almost every family some parallel remembrance? Even where there is a departure less easy, in the immense majority of cases it is only a sense of sinking and exhaustion that is felt, — something not harder to bear, probably, than many a day's illness that has awakened no anxiety.

We are often told, you know, that signs interpreted as indications of suffering — such as the rolling of the eyes, and the contraction

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of the muscles — are merely mechanical motions, unaccompanied by consciousness. Of course, death does come, at times, amid great physical agony; but, if you ask aged physicians, they will tell you that they can remember but few such cases in the whole of their experience.

Shakspeare, who noticed every thing, has alluded to the absence of suffering in death, in lines which have often been misunderstood: —

> "The sense of death is most in apprehension:
> And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

That is, neither suffer much, for the reason given in the first line.

Neighbor. — But, Mr. Arthur, this seems to be a subject which you have studied; and, if I may judge from your earnest manner, it has interested you. It is what we all sometimes think of in our serious hours; but seldom, I suspect, is it a topic of conversation.

Arthur. — In case it be not unwelcome to you, I hope you will not be unwilling to talk more and plainly with me. You are quite right as to my interest in this subject. For weeks it has had a strange fascination. It seems to clear and soothe my mind to have this quiet talk with you. I have read what I can find in books, but have not met the satisfaction I expected. Medical attendants mark the phenomena of dying, up to a certain point; and then all investigation is suddenly arrested, and they know no more than a child. I thank them for what they have taught me as to the almost uniform exemption from suffering. It seems to show that the All Good follows us to the very last; and it proves that dying is no exception to the gentle processes of nature.

Neighbor. — And that is a great deal. After all, the accompaniments of a dying-bed stamp the chief horror upon a dying hour.

Arthur. — You remember the ancient saying quoted by Lord Bacon, "The array of the death-bed hath more terror than death itself;" — *pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.* But this horror, as you call it, is felt only by the surviving. The dying does not share it. How commonly it is said that he was the most composed person in the room. Nay, more than this, usually the dying shed not a tear, have a look of tranquil peace, and often say, "Do not weep for me; I am happy."

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It is the company of friends around that feel the horror; and even with them, it comes not from the thought that a soul is about to have a new birth into a higher and diviner life, for that would give calmness and strength; nor from the rending of earthly ties, for these ties are not suddenly snapt asunder. The dear mother and father are father and mother still; and the sweet child is not lost, but is taken perhaps closer into the heart.

Of course, I do not imply that in the grief of surviving friends there is not much that is beautiful to our humanity.

> "On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

Nor am I anxious to show, that in that grief there is a great deal that is sympathetic, conventional, and from impaired self-control, induced by watchfulness and anxiety. What I mean to say is, that all this is not such a necessary accompaniment of death as to force us to take from it our idea of what dying is. For example: could we fashion anew bad customs and unwise opinions, and learn to regulate our instinctive feelings more by reason and Christian faith, I can conceive that the scene at a dying-bed should always give tranquil, courageous, and even cheerful impressions of death.

Neighbor. — Are you not talking too much for your strength, Mr. Arthur?

Arthur. — Not in the least. It will do me good. There are several points we must not omit to view. In treatises on the phenomena of death, I have been struck with the fact, so generally noticed by them, that the dying, probably, retain their consciousness much longer than bystanders suspect. As the flood of life withdraws from the extremities first, it follows that, for a while, the hand, the tongue, the eye lose their power before the mind wholly ceases to use the body, which thus becomes a sort of mask, within which consciousness is retained without power of expression.

It seems there is a peculiarity about the ear. Sounds are heard after the eye becomes glazed, and the hand and tongue motionless. Instances of unexpected recovery are recorded, where patients distinctly heard friends around the bed speak of them as "nearly gone," as having "but a moment longer to live," and had no power over a muscle of their body. How interesting to trace the departing as far on his mysterious voyage as we can possibly discern him!

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And in what condition do we find him there? I speak of the case of those who have no self-reproaches; and the answer is, happy — happy beyond the power of words to express; happy as if some beatific vision passed before them, infinitely winning, so that they have no wish to turn back to earth, their last adieu to which, they give in that sweet smile so often seen on the faces of the dead.

I know how some may explain all this, — that it is but a projection of life-beliefs into the sickly fancies of a dying hour. For my part, I think the uniformity of these results points to a cause somewhat higher than such a philosophy is apt to reach; and it is inexpressibly assuring to look upon them as tokens how near that Love comes to us which has made us, and given us the blessing of life, and is now to unveil before us those higher felicities of which we have so many prophecies in our nature.

Neighbor. — This taking away, at last, all fear of death has always seemed to me one of the marked expressions of the divine goodness. We see the important office which that instinctive dread fulfils while we are in health. It is a sleepless sentinel, guarding the boon of life against the thousand foes that might end it untimely. But to have that fear equally strong when there is no use for it, because our hour has come, would be an unnecessary bitterness at the bottom of the cup of life. How kindly is it taken away! It is as if a miracle was wrought in favor of each dying person; that is, a natural law seems to be suspended, or rather overruled by some higher law, at the very moment when the reason for its operation no longer exists, and to prolong it would inflict useless suffering.

Arthur. — It is, as you say, a miracle; but it belongs to that large class of miracles which, by being common, excite no wonder. The uniformity of this taking away the fear of death is very striking. Let me give you a sentence from a book I have read with great satisfaction. "Physiological Inquiries" is written in the spirit of a reflective, Christianly culture, by one* who kindly gives us the benefit of his observations, after a long and most eminent professional career.

"As to the actual fear of death," says the writer, "it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to

* Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, of London, Surgeon to the Queen, deceased in 1862.

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us when it is intended we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended we should die. I have myself never known but *two instances* in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death. The individuals to whom I allude were unexpectedly destroyed by hemorrhage. The depressing effects which the gradual loss of blood produced on their corporeal system seemed to influence their minds, and they died earnestly imploring that relief which art was unable to afford. Seneca might have chosen an easier death than that from opening the arteries."

I have seen similar testimonies from aged physicians, both as to the extreme rareness of a fear of death in the last moments of life, and that the exception has occurred in cases of bleeding to death. But how remarkable are Sir Benjamin's words! Two instances only in thousands of death-beds! What a proof, not only of a merciful intention, but of an actual interposition, according to an uniform and established plan!

Nor must I pass by one other thing which this same writer has suggested. It is, that the last few moments of life are not the time to observe the power of religious principle and feeling. "There is no doubt," he says, "that a pure and simple religious faith, and a firm reliance on the Being who has placed us here, contribute more than any thing besides to disarm death of its terrors, deprive the grave of its victory, and smooth the passage of the humble and sincere believer to the termination of his worldly career. Nevertheless, according to my own observation, and what I have heard from others, the influence of religious feeling is, for the most part, not so much perceptible at the moment when death is actually impending, as it is in an earlier period, when the individual who was previously in health, or believed himself to be so, first discovers that it is probable he will die."

That is the time to mark the action of our will. After that, our will itself seems to be in the hands of Him who made us.

And here you may like to hear what this same writer says on a point we were just now thinking of, — the retention of consciousness after the loss of ability of expression. He says, "I have been curious to watch the state of dying persons, and I am satisfied that, when an ordinary observer would not for an instant doubt that the individual is in a state of complete stupor, the mind is often active, even at the very moment of death."

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After Arthur had read the above extracts, he rose to replace the book on the shelf, and I seized the opportunity to make signs of departure. To tell the truth, I was afraid he would talk to utter exhaustion. What made me feel still more solicitude, was the earnestness of his manner. The subject had taken possession of him; and I saw at once, by the deep tones of his voice, and a fiery glance of his eye, how profoundly he was interested. I could not help catching some of his enthusiasm, even if the subject of our talk had been uninviting to me, which it was not. Indeed, who can be indifferent to it?

Muffling myself warmly, and with a promise to see Arthur again in a few days, I was soon trudging through the snow, following the half-trodden path across the fields to my house.

IDEALIZING OUR FRIENDS.

I SEEM to have dodged all my days with one or two persons, and lived upon expectation, — as if the bud would surely blossom; and so I am content to live. What means the fact which is so common, so universal, that some soul that has lost all hope for itself, can inspire in another listening soul an infinite confidence in it, even while it is expressing its despair?

I am very happy in my present environment, though actually mean enough myself, and so, of course, all around me; yet, I am sure, we for the most part are transfigured to one another, and are that to the other which we aspire to be ourselves. The longest course of mean and trival intercourse may not prevent my practising this divine courtesy to my companion. Notwithstanding all I hear about brooms and scouring and taxes and housekeeping, I am constrained to live a strangely mixed life, — as if even Valhalla might have its kitchen. We are all of us Apollos serving some Admetus. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

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THE CHILD-SOUL.

A LOVELY boy, whose tender life
Five summers had not seen,
Who little knew how much to us
Earth's sad revealings mean, —

On his light prattle most intent,
With playthings round him spread,
Sitting upon the chamber floor,
Thus musingly he said, —

"I'll plant a root of Paradise
Within my garden-ground;"
Not thinking, in his artless soul,
He spoke of truth profound.

These words, so sweet and beautiful,
Fell on a loving ear,
Which just had listened to the tones
Of blessing whispered here, —

Low from a dying father's lips,
On this, his only son,
Before his own pure spirit passed
To join his parted one.

O childhood! what a depth is thine!
Unconscious, though inspired;
Rich prophecies and living thoughts,
With heavenly radiance fired!

Yea, "plant thy root of Paradise"
Within thine early home;
And let it bud and blossom sweet
For all who hither come.

And deeply in thine ardent soul
Implant the good and true,
That the unfoldings of thy life
May blossom ever new.

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In thy fair garden, noble boy,
Let nothing come to blight;
Nor weed nor mildew overspread
A plant so pure and bright.

Oh! ne'er forget, in life's career,
The word so truly given;
But ever in thy bosom keep
A plant all filled with heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ENJOYMENT.

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES C. PARSONS.

"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." — 1 TIM. iv. 4.

THERE can be no doubt of the general principle which Paul intended to convey by this language, and I shall therefore make the text the foundation of a sermon upon

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ENJOYMENT.

Religion has always had more or less difficulty in vindicating its views of life, and saving itself from the dangerous extreme to which its followers have been liable to carry it.

This is especially true in regard to pleasure. Pleasure is, of course, by its very definition, the natural object of desire. It would be a contradiction in terms, to suppose that a man would voluntarily choose pain rather than pleasure, sorrow rather than happiness, when there was no third element to be taken into account. The natural instincts are prompted by no other motive. As far as the animal life is concerned, which is the first life of us all, the gratification of the senses is the impulse to all action, — to all sowing and reaping. When no higher life has come into view, no thought of duty, of immortality, — pleasure has its full sweep. "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."

But just so soon as the higher life, or religion, begins to assert itself, then there is immediately felt to be a drawback

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upon pleasure. Duty, in its very nature, is self-denial. There can be no longer unrestrained indulgence. A choice, which, in itself, is some degree of pain, must be made between what is allowable, and what is not allowable. After the choice, must oftentimes come struggle to overcome that still lingering desire for the kind or degree of enjoyment which the conscience condemns. So a new element is introduced into life. A shadow, not necessarily of sadness, but at least of seriousness, has fallen upon it. He who undertakes to deny this, and to represent a religious life as free with the same kind of freedom which was felt in the natural or animal life, takes upon himself a dangerous responsibility. A religious life must be a hard life, in some sense, — cannot be one of pleasure, in the literal, common acceptation of that term. He who accepts it, and has been lifted upon its higher plane, must accept all the consequences of his choice. With the honor, so also must come the weight of his higher range of capacities. He must be content to have pleasure no longer, till the end of existence; and, if he be a true disciple, he *will* be content; for he will seem to see a nobler and immortal satisfaction awaiting him.

It is one thing, however, to say that we will not have pleasure as the end of existence, but quite another thing to say that no pleasure shall be the end of existence. Yet that is the extreme to which the religious conviction has always been liable. Enjoyment is supposed to be incompatible with a devout life. It is either too profane for one who is in communion with sacred realities, or too idle for him who now knows no law but duty. Gratification is condemned; or if there be any yielding to it, which, in the providence of God, can never be entirely avoided even by the most abstemious, it has been looked upon as sin. Feeling that self must be denied in some ways, or degrees, of indulging its propensities, we are next prompted to deny the very propensities themselves, — to curtail our God-given natures. From the Eastern religions, this habit of thought exerted its influence upon the early development of Christianity. We find allusions, in the Epistles, to the opinions of those who thought the gospel

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demanded the giving-up of all the delights of life. Some, in later days, even went so far as to inflict actual self-torture, and withdrew themselves from the society of mankind. Such were St. Anthony, famous for his struggle, in his retirement, with the Evil One in person; and St. Simeon, surnamed Stylites, from having passed many years on the summit of a lofty pillar. This view of life was supposed to have been intended by Christ himself, as when he says, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee."

But, without claiming any such unwarrantable authority, religious and moral persons have frequently been disposed to countenance a hostility between holiness and pleasure. We remember how the poor boy, whom Dickens so well describes, after taking his mother and little sister to the theatre on a certain evening, and experiencing the only unalloyed enjoyment he had ever felt, wakes up, the next morning, with a remorse of conscience, as if it were a sin to have yielded so much to innocent indulgence. And how commonly it is felt, that, unless a man can justify himself for giving up a portion of his time to mere enjoyment, by stating some positive end he had to accomplish in so doing, such as renovating his wearied frame for new labors; unless he can show that he used pleasure as a solemn duty, and for a useful purpose, — he is faithless to his responsibilities, and wilfully wasting the time of his probation.

Now, I have no hesitation, in the light of Christianity, in saying that such views are founded upon a false conception of the ends of existence, and of the education of the soul. And when I say, "in the light of Christianity," I mean, in this connection, in the light of the soul's immortality, and its endless career of progress. When we come to ask ourselves, What is the object for which this life is given; what is the end to be attained, to which all the employment of our faculties must conspire, — whence comes the authority to answer that *work* is the end of existence, and that all is wasted, which does not conduce to that?

Let us see what powers man has, — what he can do? He can do three things: he can *know* and *act* and *enjoy*. Come

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to classify his powers, and I think you will find neither more nor less than these three. His power of knowing, is the *intellect;* of acting, is the *will;* of enjoying, is the *sensibilities.* The first finds its object in the truth, which will never be exhausted; the second, in duty, which will always exist; the third, in beauty and love, which shall not fail for ever. Attempt now to state either of these as the end of his being, as the result for which the other powers were given him, and you are attempting to speak of the beginning or end of a circle.

Shall it be knowledge, and all the toils and pleasures of life be to help him to the truth? Shall it be action, so that all the acquirements of his intellect, and all his recreations, shall but give him the means for nobler deeds? Or shall it be enjoyment, and shall we believe that attainment in the truth, and faithfulness to duty are required, that we may pass at last into a condition of positive happiness? Such questions bring no satisfaction, because each one will be answered in the affirmative by different individuals, as they have been thousands of times. How various are the opinions as to the occupations of heaven! With many it is to be a realization of the purest pleasure; and they can well afford to lose the paltry enjoyments of time, if they may attain to the unending happiness of eternity. Others long for, and expect to reach, not rest, however blissful, but unclogged and glorious action. Others still, revel in visions of soaring through the universe on immortal wings, exploring the wonders of nature and of Grace.

Are we not forced, then, to the conclusion, that such is the wholeness of man's nature, no one of his powers can be specified as exclusively the end of his being, nor yet simply as a means for something else.

> "Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
> Is our destined end or way."

They are all the end, and all the means. Education, growth, fuller and fuller life, is the process, of which there is no end. Life, including the exercise of all the faculties, is the object

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of existence; and that object is to be realized every moment, as truly, if not as extensively, as at any time in the future. Whatsoever department of our nature we may be lawfully exercising at a given time is as good for its own sake, without referring to any ulterior purpose, as if we had reached the ultimate of our existence, and yet it proves to be the means only for the exercise of another faculty, and the attainment of a higher life; and, whenever we come to settle upon it as a finality, a voice is heard, saying, "Arise, and depart; for this is not your rest."

It is entirely a false assumption, therefore, which sets aside enjoyment as trivial, or as a waste of time which should be employed for higher purposes. Who shall say which is the higher purpose? Who shall say that time is wasted upon that which is as much an object of eternity as any other? Who shall say that he is not fulfilling the design of his being, who is occupied in the pure gratification, for its own sake, of that capacity of enjoyment which God has given him, and to supply which He has arranged all the economy of his creation? I will not say that the long delight of summer hours, when I lie and gaze my fill of the blue sky and white clouds breaking into beauty over leagues of shimmering sea, is convertible to no use, when I know how all my nature is enriched by the nourishment of loveliness through unseen channels, — but I will not ask for what use. I will claim that I am fulfilling my destiny, in an employment no more idle than work, or more profane than worship.

Let me rather accuse that man of waste of time, and neglect of opportunities, who has known no end but work; and, while he has but one life to live in this glorious creation prepared for him from the foundation of the world, where the heavens march over him day and night with pomp and splendor, and the rhythmic music of the seasons flows on around him from year to year, has irreverently turned his eyes from his Maker's panorama, and set God an example of reproof, by hurrying on the work of the universe! The education of his soul, — what has become of that? For this is the demand that will be made at the last, ay, is made every day, — not how

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much work have you done, nor how much knowledge acquired, or how much happiness received, but how much are you educated, how much developed are all the faculties which were given you? We were put here to have life, and Christ came that we might have it more abundantly.

Will the poor man say that he has no time or means for enjoyment? "No time!" Why, every day is a little life rounded with a sleep: it is an epitome of eternity, and in its little rim it is possible to include all that we can ever hope to be or to do. In every day, if we would live rightly, there should be some work, some knowledge, and some enjoyment. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus; and, to however greater a degree it may some day be realized, it will never embrace any other elements than exist within any twenty-four hours of this present time. "No means!" do you say?—when you have five clear senses, and breathing lungs, and a loving heart; when it is for you the way-side flower blooms, and the sun sets in glory, and the stars go home with you at night; when friendship and love are yours, and the latest-born of all God's beautiful creatures plays around your fireside!

How few of us, whether children of toil or of leisure, know what it means to *enjoy!* There is reckless dissipation enough, where the deluded devotees of pleasure drain its goblet to the dregs of disgust; there is a dreary task-work of recreation where a prescribed round of amusements is followed with faithful perseverance to get good therefrom; there is a gross gratification of the senses in bodily comforts: but how few, even of those who claim to love beautiful things, and do cast a casual glance at them, can tell what it means to relinquish themselves to the enjoyment of a lovely tint, odor, taste, or sound, and drink in a pure delight from the bottomless wells of being! How few there are, that, with clear senses and pure taste, quietly extract the sweets from every day's surroundings!

There are, indeed, creatures of God's hand not intended for the nourishment of man, and instincts not natural, but acquired and depraved; but neither retribution nor remorse

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came ever to him who should drink from the lawful joy of the universe, with thankfulness to the Giver! From the evidence, then, of the nature which is given us, and the world which was created for us, and the immortality which is before us, we see that it is a mistaken view of piety or of duty which places enjoyment among even the trivial concerns of life.

We do not find, to be sure, that it is the end of existence, mortal or immortal, as some have falsely believed. For, when religion has received the allegiance of the soul, it knows no end in life, but following the guidance of the Almighty's hand from day to day; and, if that Hand leads the soul onward through the path of suffering, it finds its highest satisfaction there. The noblest life that was ever lived was a life of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet, because it was thus subordinated to the eternal right and truth, do I believe that it was also in harmony with eternal beauty, and reaped such enjoyment from the world as was never before known of man. I believe that in the breast of Jesus there dwelt not only the higher joys of the spirit, but the keenest delight of the senses, and nerves sensitive to delicious thrills; and to him no thrill was so delicious as to profane the thought of thankfulness to God. No seasonable enjoyment was reckoned a hinderance in his life's mission. The odor of costly ointments about his head was esteemed no waste.

So, although we are not to strive or to pray that all things may conspire to our enjoyment, but that we may know God's truth, and do his will, yet let the enjoyment keep pace with the rest; for complete life, which is the fulfilment of our being, consists in the constant, contemporaneous, and increasing use of work, of knowledge, and of enjoyment. Whatever be the circumstances of the time, a cheerful delight in its pleasures is our privilege and our duty. That grief which deprives us of any healthful nourishment of life is sinful, and there is no affliction which shall forbid the upright to participate in the joys which are ever near. Let us believe, and so live, that we may have integrity without austerity, and piety without gloom.

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FORETASTES.

Through the gate of long delay,
Turning for me, day by day,
Oh, how slowly! lo, I come,
Father! to my promised home,
Into the city, through the gate
Where I patient sit and wait.

Oh, what wafts of happy air
Reach me from those mansions fair!
Nearing which, I seem to see
Angel forms float down to me,
Out of the city by whose gate
Patient still I sit and wait.

Looking back, my soul discerns
Nothing gone for which it yearns.
All the sweetness of the Past
Yet for me shall be recast;
All its tears be swallowed up
In the gladness of the cup
Angels shall hold out to me, —
Cup of Immortality.
I shall drink a draught more sweet
Than this brook beneath my feet
Measures to the fevered sip
Of the traveller's parchèd lip.
Angels' bread my food shall be;
And, for fruit, the healing-tree
Shall let down its leaves to me!

All I missed below shall there
Clasp and crown me: I shall share,
With the noble and the good,
Wealth of sweetest brotherhood;
Lean the Master's breast upon
With the well-belovèd John;
Sit with Mary at his feet;
Rise with Martha to compete
(Competition, oh, how sweet!),

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And in acts of zeal outvie
Even *her* loving ministry;
Run with Peter to fulfil
Some swift errand of His will;
Strike — albeit untouched by ire —
Old Isaiah's harp of fire;
Walk with martyrs, — such as trod
Seas of flame to reign with God;
Talk with prophets and with seers;
Wander through the mazy spheres
With the wise of every clime,
Ripened from the womb of Time.
Oh, the glory and the bliss!
Marvel was, and marvel is,
How our souls can bear to be
From such goodly company
Shut up to this narrow state,
Still content to wait and wait,
Sitting by the sullen gate
Slowly turning, day by day,
On its hinges of delay.

Yet the good Lord knoweth best,
Giving his belovèd rest
In his own best time and way;
And, withal, the long delay
Sweetening with his present love,
Sweet as that enjoyed above;
Differing in its degree,
Yet akin in quality.
Oh, my waiting soul, be glad!
Soon the victory shall be had;
Angel hands, the other side,
Soon shall ope the portal wide;
Angel forms, unseen of thee,
Soon shall bear thee company
Into the city, through the gate:
Yet a little longer wait!

C. A. M.

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RANDOM READINGS.

CYPRESS LEAVES.

UNDER this title, I once described for the "Miscellany" the scene at a burial-service near New York, where the accomplished lady who summoned me to attend the funeral of her only sister, her only friend, indeed, upon earth, had herself passed away silently into the spirit-land with the dearest thing she had under heaven. As her cheeks were yet warm and rosy, the company of mourners retired, after a brief prayer, to assemble again the next afternoon, and bear the re-united orphans to their mutual rest. They were the sole survivors of a French nun and an English army officer.

Every pastor has had similar experiences. Three there are which impressed themselves peculiarly upon me. One did so simply by its solitariness. A young English mechanic, of some intelligence and religious culture, had buried his child on the voyage to America; and, immediately upon his arrival, his wife followed the babe, leaving him utterly alone in a lonely land. He and I were the only mourners. There was no peculiar peril about the disease to keep people away, and no lack of neighbors in the compact streets of Brooklyn; but so it was: his bitterness was made utterly bitter by a show of heartlessness which I could not understand then, and cannot now. I am no advocate for crowds of idle gazers at a funeral-service: I am sure it does not help the flow of a minister's sympathy: I know that a prayer of feeling may not be profitable to mere lookers-on; and, where despairing views of the hereafter taint the exercises, I feel it a duty not to cloud over my faith by needless attendance. But this English stranger peculiarly required sympathy: his load was greater than he could bear alone: his house was indeed desolate. Literally could he say, "No man careth for my soul!"

Last autumn, at City Point, I was called from the Sanitary service to what might be called a romantic duty. A faithful, devoted nurse asked me if I was willing to attend the funeral of a black infant. I assured her that I had come there to meet every such occasion, as far as my failing strength allowed. She prom-

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ised to call for me as soon as the evening shades released us each from our duties to the living. And so, before nine o'clock, this kind-hearted woman escorted me down a deep glen towards the Appomattox, where hundreds of half-clad negroes sat on the bare earth, beneath the roar of the heavy artillery; and the solitary torch she uplifted, gave me sufficient light to read a few Scriptures; and then a prayer was uttered, which flowed from my heart's depths, and was received by them in the profoundest silence, — and then, having come together as shadows, we melted soon into the shadows again. I felt that the little one was kindly delivered from many bitter trials through which his race are working their way slowly to the table-land of Christian freemen. But then it was these young parents' all, and more dear to them now that families were to be torn asunder no more; now that their son might be taught; now that his existence might be made a blessing to his relatives, and an impulse to a developing race.

The last service of the kind that I have known, was a few weeks ago, over the noble remains of one of John Brown's original band. His name was David Cunningham. A handsomer man of color, a better proportioned frame, or more regular features, I have seldom seen. Every thing about his house was neat as possible. Every word of his neighbors' testimony was exceedingly gratifying. They said, without being asked, that David was even better than his word; was prompt even to anticipate their wishes where a kind deed could be done; that his only fault was, he would give himself no rest; that the immediate cause of his brain fever was the overwork prompted by an unusual number of returned soldiers requiring to be fed at the Encampment in Rochester. I felt honored in being called upon to render him the tribute of a white man's regard. I could not help speaking of the reverence I bore such fidelity to a humble trust. I did not fear to anticipate the joy with which he who had been greatly faithful over one talent would be welcomed to his reward. I cared not to inquire what church he had attended, for I saw him passing into the Church not made with hands. I was not anxious to know how much creed-religion had been distilled into his brain, so long as the gospel of practical righteousness had written itself out in his daily life. When they asked me to ride with his friends to the distant grave, that there too a few words of peace and promise might be said, I felt that this too was not a cross, but a

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privilege; and seldom have I returned from any professional duty feeling so grateful for the opportunity to do a good which most ministers declined, and which none could have entered upon with heartier relish. F. W. H.

NO MORE HOLIDAYS NEEDED.

It is a great misfortune to the Greeks, and to the Athenians in particular, that they have so many saints in their calendar, and so many festivals in their honor, to interrupt the usual business of life. They lose about a quarter or a third of the time in putting on their best clothes, gadding about the streets, gossiping in the coffee-houses, getting tipsy on execrable wine, and singing noisy songs in the streets, in honor of the blessed saints and martyrs who swarm in their ecclesiastical history. The sensible men here are gradually diminishing the number of their idle days; and the sober part of the tradesmen and men of business find their advantage in attending to their affairs, while the rest are dissipating time and drachms, to the impoverishment of their purses and the damage of their health, in the bacchanalian orgies of Orthodoxy, — Orthodoxy here denoting the Greek Church, the Oriental Orthodox Church, — the national Church of Greece, of the Greeks in Turkey, and of the Holy Russian Empire. In the short time that I have been in Athens, I have found the university closed three or four times; and, on inquiring the cause, have been told is was the feast of St. Demetrius, St. Spiridon, or some other apocryphal vagabond who had the luck to get his name inserted in the calendar. I suppose our students would like it, if I could introduce some of these Orthodox observances at Cambridge on my return.

To speak seriously, I cannot share in the regrets of those persons who lament the absence of festivals and amusements in our country. What I have seen of their effects in Europe, east and west, has given me a strong distaste for them, and the worst possible opinion of their influence upon the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the people. In the first place, the loss of so much time to productive industry, in the midst of poverty, is a serious consideration against them. In the next place, the waste

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of money, in small sums to be sure, but swelling, in the aggregate, to immense amounts, helps to keep the people poor, and to make them poorer. And, finally, the frivolity, dissipation, and low habits everywhere encouraged by these festivals, crown the climax of grave objections to their observance, which, I think, must strike every reflecting person who travels, with his eyes open, through these countries. You will never again hear me lamenting the want of amusements in America, or finding fault with the serious countenances of our American people. The weekly rest of Sunday, Christmas, Thanksgiving; the anniversary of our Independence; and one or two other holidays for the interchange of friendly salutations and the re-union of scattered families, — are infinitely better than all the festivals in the calendars of the Catholic and Oriental Churches. — *Familiar letters from Europe, by Felton.*

HEAVEN BETTER THAN THE ALMSHOUSE.

Change is change. No new life occupies the old bodies, — they decay. *It* is born, and grows, and flourishes. Men very pathetically inform the old, accept and wear it. Why put up with the almshouse when you may go to heaven? It is embalming, — no more. Let alone your ointments and your linen swathes, and go into an infant's body. You see in the catacombs of Egypt the result of that experiment, — that is the end of it. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

HEALTHY WORK.

To speak or do any thing that shall concern mankind, one must speak and act as if well, or from that grain of health which he has left. This "Present" book indeed is blue, but the hue of its thoughts is yellow. I say these things with the less hesitation, because I have the jaundice myself; but I also know what it is to be well. But do not think that one can escape from mankind, who is one of them, and is so constantly dealing with them. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

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GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REPEATED accidents, while climbing the steep heights of the Alps, have raised much discussion in English papers. The Alpine Club, of course, fosters the taste for summer excursions of this sort; but the loss of many valuable lives has for a time checked the mountaineering. Still, it is said, the climbing mania will run its course, and come to an end only when it is thoroughly vulgarized.

THE rage for betting at horse-racing, so common among English *men*, has recently extended to English *women*. The London "Book Seller" has an article on the manufacture of "ladies' betting-books," which, it says, "is in a very brisk condition." It expresses the hope, that "some philosopher would investigate the rise and progress of *horseyness* among young ladies in the nineteenth century."

THE "London Review," in an excellent article on "Sea-bathing," says, that immortal honors might be won among the sharks no less than among ice-blocks and avalanches. It gives the following advice to all who have the bringing-up of children: "Parents who love their offspring should teach them, whether boys or girls, in early childhood, to stem the river, and buffet the briny wave. Let eggs and bright coins glitter for them at the bottom of the lake, and reward their diving feats. While they think only of the baubles and the sport, they will be gaining incalculable treasures of health and courage, of suppleness and strength of limbs. When the storm bursts at sea, they will be calm while others tremble. Let none who cannot swim, suppose that their education is completed. The ladies of Paris are wise in their generation; and, though far less given to voyages and travels than we are, they turn to good account the *écoles de natation* on the Seine."

THE young heir to the throne of Russia has just attained his majority, in his case reached at the age of sixteen. It is the custom in Russia, that the heir should then take the oath of fidelity to the country. This is an event celebrated with great pomp. Letters from St. Petersburgh to French journals, describe the fêtes of that city. Illuminations and triumphal arches attested the enthusiasm of a loyal people.

A HAVRE journal records the death of Joseph Mencion, Chev-

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alier of the Legion of Honor, and the bearer of numerous medals of distinction. What gave him these marks of honor? He was an intrepid mariner of that port, who had frequently, at the risk of his life, saved the drowning from death. The number of signal services of this kind amounts to no less than thirty, evincing a courage and self-sacrifice surpassing that of many a renowned hero.

THE Papal Government is in debt to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, of which sum two-thirds, it is said, were contracted by the present Pope. He has been enjoying, this summer, a residence at a property lately given to him by the chief of the family Caetani, which, it is said, will yield him an annual revenue of twelve thousand dollars.

THE city library of Dresden has a large number of interesting manuscripts relating to the life of Dante. On the 14th of September, there is to be a meeting in Dresden of the admirers of the great poet, to examine those documents, and do honor to his memory.

A CONGRESS of German authors has been called to meet at Leipzig, on the 19th and 20th of August, to consider the subject of literary property, and promote the interests of German authorship.

FROM the accounts given in Italian papers, we infer that the effects of the cholera in Ancona and Malta have been greatly overstated in English journals. The mortality in both of the cities above named has not been, up to the close of July, at a rate to excite alarm. At Constantinople, the proportion of deaths had been larger.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Turin "L'Opinione," writing in Rome, in July, gives a brief account of the Pope's proceedings in case of capital punishment. His Holiness has extreme reluctance to placing his name to an order of execution, sharing in this the feeling cherished in other quarters. By a fiction, not uncommon in papal matters, he is supposed to sign if he does not object when the order for capital punishment is read to him. The writer adds, that Pius IX., when these papers have been read, has been almost always silent, — *quasi sempre zitto.*

BRIGANDAGE still flourishes in Italy; but it is no longer the brigandage of large and formidable bands, but of petty robbers, in small numbers, who are not unfrequently dispersed by any

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show of courage. A gentleman, lately travelling in the diligence, boldly assailed a band of brigands, killing two of them, and frightening away the rest. He was left master of the field, the diligence precipitately retiring in one direction, and the robbers in another, and was fearful that the brigands would return. He succeeded in reaching Rome in safety, giving an example of that manliness and resolution which alone are necessary to extirpate the whole race of lawless robbers.

THE BEST PERSUASIVE.

If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

Pursue, keep up with, circle round and round your life, as a dog does his master's chaise. Do what you love. Know your own bone: gnaw at it, bury it; unearth it, and gnaw it still. Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story. Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God, — none of the servants. In what concerns you much, do not think you have companions: know that you are alone in the world. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

GOD REVEALED IN US.

Plato, with serious, yea, sad countenance, the butt of jeer and scoff from the wits and comedians of his day, went about teaching those who hung upon his lips, that in every human soul were ideas which God had implanted, and which were final truth. And Jesus Christ, with a countenance more beautifully serious, more sweetly sad, said to those Jews which believed on him, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; *and ye shall know the truth*, and the truth shall make you free." It may seem to men who grope about in the dismal cavern of the animal nature,

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— the sense and understanding, — wise to refuse the light, and reject the truths of the pure reason and the God-man, and to call the motley conglomeration of facts which they gather, but cannot explain, "philosophy;" but no soul which craves "the higher life" will, can be, satisfied with such attainments. It yearns for, it cries after, yea, with ceaseless iteration it urges its supplication for the highest truth; and it shall attain to it, because God, in giving the tongue to cry, gave also the eye to see. The spiritual person in man, made in the very image of God, can never be satisfied, till, stripped of the weight of the animal nature, it sees with its own eye the pure reason, God as the highest truth. And to bring it, by culture, by every possible manifestation of his wondrous nature, up to this high Mount of Vision, is one object of God in his system of the universe. — *J. H. Jones.*

SOURCE OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Instead of the method now condemned, there is one taught us in the Book, and the only one taught us there, which is open to every human being, for which every human being has the faculty, and respecting which all that is needed is, that the person exercise what he already has. The boy could not learn his arithmetic, except he set himself resolutely to his task; and no man can learn of God, except he also fulfils the conditions, except he consecrate himself wholly to the acquisition of this knowledge, except his soul is poured out in love to God: "for every one that *loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God.*" We come then to the knowledge of God by a direct and immediate act of the soul. The reason, the sensibility, and the will, give forth their combined and highest action in the attainment of this knowledge. As an intellectual achievement, this is the highest possible to the reason. She attains then to the Ultima Thule of all effort; and of this she is fully conscious. Nor is there awakened any feverish complaining that there are no more worlds to conquer.

In the contemplation of the ineffable Goodness, she finds her everlasting occupation, and her eternal rest.

Plainly, then, both reason and revelation teach but a single, and that the *a priori* method, by which to establish for man the fact of the being of God. — *J. H. Jones.*

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LITERARY NOTICES.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. By JOHN STUART MILL. In two volumes. Boston: William V. Spencer.

This publisher renders an important service to the reading public in presenting a name which has become endeared to the friends of human progress, especially on this side the water. John Stuart Mill is a writer both popular and profound, imbued with the purest spirit of philosophy and philanthropy. We rejoice in this his last work; for, though not adopting his theory of perception, or his explanation of necessity, we consider his refutation of Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel as most complete. We thank him especially for his noble vindication of our moral judgment in relation to the divine attributes. He shows that justice and goodness in God are the same in quality as justice and goodness in man; and he riddles the pretentious fallacies of Mr. Mansel, who tries to show that the nature of God is unrevealed and unrevealable, and, following Sir W. Hamilton in a high strain of metaphysical nonsense, tries to darken counsel by words without knowledge. Mr. Mill uses English which is always clear as a mountain brook; and his broad common sense flashes sunlight over his page even in the most abstruse discussion. The reader should not be deterred by the abstract nature of his problems: it is good to follow a clear and vigorous thinker, and get away from the easy and shallow reading that floods us so much, for the tonic it gives to our intellectual and moral powers. S.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by FRANK MOORE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865.

Mr. Bright's face does not justify his name; but the speeches do. They gladdened our hearts during the dark days when our hearts were ready to be *dis*heartened; and it is good to have them in this beautiful and abiding form, — the utterances of a truly

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earnest and eloquent man. Pity that there were not more such in England, — more who could put principle before the pounds to be earned by the encouragement of piracy! E.

Letters to Various Persons. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The reader will find several extracts from this interesting volume amongst our Random Readings. One thing we cannot forgive in Thoreau, — his real or affected indifference to our great struggle. How absurd to be studying a bat's wing or a bit of moss when civil war is waging, and such a civil war! The recluse is wiser now, we doubt not. E.

Froude's England. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street.

Our little notice of these fascinating volumes in the number for July contains some unfortunate errors; but we are not so sorry as we might be, because this mishap gives us an opportunity to record again our high appreciation both of the matter and the manner of this fresh history. It is no dry chronicle, but rich in thought and alive with feeling. The opening pages in the first volume, upon feudal England, and those in the second volume, upon the Protestant Reformation in our mother-land, are singularly interesting. It is a luxury to hold in the hands such comely and shapely books. E.

Alfred Hagart's Household. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Author of a "Life Drama." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The story is touching and well told, and all the better because it is not highly stimulating. It will be a pleasant and useful addition to our Sunday-school libraries, and is well entitled to a place amongst "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." E.

Essays in Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

Arnold belongs to the advanced school of English thought, and yet is no narrow intellectualist. A feeling is a fact to him as well as a logical conclusion, and he has a healthy sense of realities in religion and literature and art. A man of large, rich culture,

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spiritual, moral, intellectual, his criticisms are always helpful and suggestive, and eminently high-toned. It is worth our while to know what such a man has to say of "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," of "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," of "Spinoza" and "Marcus Aurelius;" and, if he disappoints his liberal friends sometimes by refusing to admit that their denials are good food, we like him all the better for his hunger and thirst after realities. E.

Prospectus and Specimen Pages of the Library of Old English Divines, under the Editorial Supervision of WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Union Theological Seminary, N.Y.

Every scholar knows what a delight it is to be able to take from his shelves a volume of Taylor or Leighton or South, and how much nourishment can often be derived from a single page of one or another of England's classic sermonizers. Of course, much of the substratum of their preaching has been weakened, if not destroyed, by modern science: but a true religious genius never commits itself to any thing transient; its words are ever large, catholic, prophetic, good for the ages to come as well as for the present day, true in spirit and idea even after they have become false in letter and fact. We hope that the publishers will be encouraged to go forward with their enterprise. Our congregations would do well to place a complete set of the books, which we hope will be rapidly forthcoming, in the parish libraries. The sermons of their ministers would witness for the wisdom of the gift.

E.

The Young Lieutenant, by OLIVER OPTIC, fully sustains the writer's high reputation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles received have been accepted, and will be published in due time.

☞ Correspondents who send letters to me will please direct them to *Wayland*, not Weston.

E. H. SEARS.

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Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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"The Church heareth none but Christ."—MARTIN LUTHER.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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THE BIBLE, AND HOW WE SHOULD USE IT.

How does the Bible strike a devout and thoughtful reader? What is it found to be by the experience of one who uses it for his edification? What place does it fill among the means of spiritual growth and nourishment? What can we affirm of the Bible in these relations? In other words, what are the facts to be accounted for by a theory of its origin and the manner of its production?

It must be admitted, that the Bible is a very extraordinary book. It has exercised a wonderful power over the spirits of men, such as no other literature has ever approached. Whatever we may think on the question whether it is inspired or not, we must admit that it is very inspiring; and perhaps in that fact may be the profoundest and most satisfactory proof of its inspiration. It manifestly proceeds from the deepest springs in the human soul; and it reaches to what is deepest and highest in man. It appeals directly to spiritual intuition. It everywhere asserts or assumes spiritual truths. Man's spiritual nature, his connection with God, God's universal providence and government, the supreme and everlasting obligations of righteousness, — these are the fundamental ideas of the Bible. They pervade all its parts, — history, poetry, prophecy, didactics. Therefore the Bible breathes a purifying, elevating, strengthening influence. Compared with it, other literatures are superficial. Go from the perusal

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of a Greek philosopher to converse with a Hebrew psalmist or prophet, and you find yourself in an entirely different and far higher region of thought and feeling. You see that the Hebrew has a clear, permanent, perhaps even passionate perception of great truths that the Greek rarely approaches, and with the dimmest and vaguest apprehension. Take as an illustration the 119th Psalm. It has been criticised as an inferior specimen of Hebrew poetry, — as a wearisome repetition of a few simple thoughts. That is the judgment which intellect and taste are perhaps obliged to pass upon it. But, in another point of view, the constant iteration of those petitions, "Teach me thy statutes," "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments," "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies," are pathetic and eloquent. They express the earnest longing of the heart for exalted excellence, and a clear recognition of God as the source from which influences may and will proceed to help it to the attainment of its desire. Imagine this psalm to have been found in a collection of ancient heathen writings. It would have appeared strangely out of place. It would be unaccordant with the tone of Greek literature. These deep, spiritual yearnings do not belong to the ethnic character. But in the Old Testament they are perfectly natural and harmonious. Only the Hebrew mind and heart dwelt habitually in that region of thought and feeling. Therefore the reading of this book is edifying. It nourishes and strengthens the spirit. It quickens and helps the religious life. This is a fact of experience. I do not say that it is true of every word and sentence. This edifying matter is mingled with material of a different character. The book is to be read with discrimination and judgment. We are to read it with readiness to receive edification as it shall come to us from the letter, but not with a feeling of obligation to make every part of it equally profitable. Whether or not a writing shall kindle and inspire our souls is a matter of experience, not subject to our wills. We cannot by any efforts of ours make the Book of Joshua and the Gospel of John equally edifying In its general tone and spirit, the Bible speaks directly to the

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soul; and everywhere there occurs in it particular passages that so speak with wonderful power. The appreciative reader is often surprised into edification by passages from which he least expected it. The Bible is a storehouse of such passages, suited to all conditions of life, states of character, stages of spiritual progress, moods of mind. That which has no peculiar significance to one man may be exactly adapted to the wants of another; and a passage that I pass by with indifference to-day may be the very word of life for me to-morrow. For this reason the Bible should always be spoken of with respect and reverence. We should carefully avoid disparaging and depreciating it, by a supercilious treatment of any portion of it for which we may not happen to have a present use. It may be said, that the power with which the Bible addresses the soul and awakens spiritual consciousness is in part due to the sacred associations that have been for ages gathering about it. This is undoubtedly true. But this is a part of its rightful influence. It is the cumulative effect of a power that legitimately belongs to it. What other book could have so maintained its place, and exercised a growing influence over the souls of men, and have been valued in proportion to their spiritual culture? I preach from the Bible, not merely because it is the book that has been handed down to me as the book to be preached from, but because it is the only book from which I could preach. I know no other book so full of spiritual truth, uttered from the profoundest depths of experience, and illustrated by history and biography, written with such clear recognition of the presence of God in all history and human life. There are many good books that we may find experimentally to be more edifying than certain portions of the Bible; but they are good and edifying because they are written in the spirit and tone of the Bible. They all revolve about the Bible as their centre and sun.

> "Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

The Bible is the parent of a peculiar school of literature; and I think it may be said with truth, that there is not a

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single book outside that school to which the Christian man would think of resorting for edification.

In these remarks, I have not been setting forth a theory of the Bible, or attempting to determine *à priori* what it might be expected to be, or what it ought to be, in order to its answering any purpose for which it may be supposed to exist. I have stated what I understand to be facts, established by general experience. If these facts have been correctly stated, if they are facts, they cannot be affected by any investigation of the origin, contents, and history of the book. Neither is there any thing in these facts to deter us from a free criticism and interpretation of the book, or from examining and treating it by the same rules by which all other books are examined and treated.

Let us look next at the production, contents, and form of this book. It does not purport, like the sacred writings of some nations, to have been dictated by a voice from heaven, and written down by human amanuenses. It does not at all resemble a modern "Body of Divinity," — a complete and systematic exhibition of religious and moral doctrine, couched in exact terms, and susceptible of and demanding strict interpretation. It is composed of works of different authors and ages. It consists of history and biography of an exceedingly lively and dramatic form, of bold lyrical poetry, of impassioned rhetoric, and of didactic writings of the Oriental type. They are all productions of the Eastern mind, and are characterized by the glowing imagery and hyperbolical expression which mark the Eastern style. Each writing is specially adapted to the circumstances and the time and place of its production, and reflects the feelings of its author. They therefore require, for the elucidation of the truth they were intended to convey, liberal canons of interpretation adapted to their peculiarities.

As the word of the new dispensation was manifested in the life of Christ, so the word of the old dispensation was manifested in the national life of the Hebrew people, and especially in the lives and writings of their eminent and representative men. The Hebrews were appointed by God

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to be a source of religious inspiration to the race. To this end, the elements that compose human nature were mingled in their great men, in different proportions from those in which they are commonly found. A singular prominence was given to the spiritual element. They had a larger endowment of the capacity of spiritual perception, and the faculty of spiritual action. They could clearly recognize the infinite, the invisible, and the eternal. The eye of their soul was open. They lived as seeing Him who is invisible, and sought a heavenly country, and followed an inward guidance, not knowing whither they went. And when they spoke and wrote as they were moved by this spirit, their word was with such power that it penetrated the souls of other men. In like manner, the Greeks were appointed to be a source of æsthetic inspiration to the race. To them was given a singular perception of beauty, a passionate love of it, and a peculiar faculty of reproducing it in works of art. It is a God-given faculty. No man can bestow it on himself, and no processes of education can insure its existence. It always comes unlooked for, and often appears in the most unlikely places. Accordingly, we speak of the inspiration of genius; and we use the word both in a passive and an active sense. It is inspired into its possessor; and he, through his works, inspires an inferior degree of it into sympathizing and appreciative spirits. Such genius carries with it a certain authority. Men pay a deference to him who possesses it. They instinctively feel him to be their leader. The presumption always is that he is right. But the submission to that authority should be free and intelligent; else the true inspiration, which it is the highest office of genius to impart, is lost.

I conceive the inspiration of genius to be the same in kind as the inspiration of the men of the Old Testament. I have no objection to the title which has sometimes been given them of religious geniuses. I think that it exactly describes them. Eminently endowed men have been the richest gifts of God to the race. They are the chief means of human progress. Their value is proportioned to the importance of that depart-

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ment of culture which they are severally qualified to promote. Therefore the highest place among these divine benefactions must be assigned to those who have been the lights and guides of mankind in the attainment of religious truth. How much better could the world have spared the influence of Greece in literature and art, than the ministry of the Hebrews to its spiritual culture. We the more readily acknowledge an influx of the spirit of God in the case of religious genius, because it is an inspiration of that which is highest in man, and which cannot be enlarged and replenished except from a source outside of and beyond itself: and it carries with it a greater authority, because the ideas and sentiments it inspires are those that rightfully govern in the soul; but, in this case as in the other, submission to its authority should not be servile and mechanical. In this also the noblest function of the inspired man is to inspire his brethren.

It was the mission of the Hebrew to teach the world great religious truths. "The conviction of the unity and spirituality of God was peculiar to the Jews among the pioneers of civilization. Greek philosophers had no doubt come to the same conclusion by dint of reason. Noble minds may often have been enabled to raise themselves to the same height of generous emotion. But every one knows the difference between an opinion and a practical conviction; between a scientific deduction, or a momentary insight, and that habit which has become a second nature. Every one also knows the difference between a tenet maintained by a few intellectual men far in advance of their age, and a belief pervading a whole people, penetrating all their daily life, leavening all their occupations, incorporated into their very language. It was the fact, that this belief was not the tenet of the few, but the habit of the nation, which made the Jews the proper instruments for communicating the doctrine to the world. They supported it, not by arguments, which always provoke replies, and rarely, at the best, penetrate deeper than the intellect, but by the unconscious evidence of their lives."

Whilst the Hebrews existed as a nation, they were a living

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manifestation of divine truth. Now that they have no longer a place among the nations, they have left a vivid reflex of their national life and character, and of their religious thought and feeling, in their literature. The Old Testament is a complete collection of that literature. It is composed of all that remained of it after the return from the captivity. We have no intimation of a single Hebrew writing extant at that period, and not included in it. No nation has left the world a legacy comparable with this in value.

Respecting a book like the Bible, occupying such a place as I have considered the Bible to occupy among the means of man's spiritual education, — a book that proves itself to be a religious power in the world, — many *à priori* questions may be naturally asked, and many strange questions have been asked; such as these: —

Shall it be composed, like other books, by the natural powers of man; or shall its writer or writers be supernaturally endowed for the purpose?

Shall it set forth truth in a systematic form, addressed to pure reason, requiring exact and literal interpretation; or shall it illustrate truth by history, poetry, and eloquence, — address imagination, passion, feeling, — use popular forms of speech, requiring free interpretation?

Shall it be all written at one time, or at successive periods? If the latter, shall its contents be original, or shall it be compiled from previously existing documents?

Shall its historical portions be contemporaneous with the events related, or shall it have been written at various distances of time from the periods of their occurrence?

Shall its history be absolutely accurate in its minutest particulars; or shall it be subject to the same errors and discrepancies, and exhibit the same amount of average accuracy, as other history?

In its allusions to natural phenomena, shall it adapt itself in each successive part to the conceptions of the age for which that part was immediately intended; or shall it always, in every part, express the absolute truth as it will appear

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when man shall have learned all that he can know of nature (so that it will not be perfectly intelligible till then); or from what intermediate point shall it look on nature?

Shall its word on spiritual and moral subjects contain nothing but pure and absolute truth, so that the reader will have no occasion to exercise upon it his own powers of discernment, but will have nothing to do but to accept it; or, mingled with the highest thoughts and feelings of the best men in their most favored moments, shall there be found the errors, imperfections, wrong sentiments, of their age and country, so that it will be constantly necessary for the reader to use his reason and moral judgment in discriminating what is false and evil from what is true and good?

It is perfectly evident that these and such like questions are not to be solved theoretically. They are questions of fact, to be determined by a free and thorough examination of the Bible. The question is not, what sort of a book God might have given us in the Bible, or what sort of one we think he ought to have given us, but what he has actually given us. The Bible is a great and interesting fact, eminently worthy of serious and reverent investigation. It ought to be investigated in the spirit of modern philosophy; not by trying upon it a succession of fanciful theories, but by simply looking into it, and seeing what it really is. For want of due observance of this obviously right method of treatment, the Bible has been repeatedly set in opposition to the progress of science; and when science has proved triumphant, a most unjustifiable violence has been done to the letter of Scripture to make it seem to express the last results of science. When the Copernican system was first promulgated, the mistaken friends of the Bible zealously maintained, that it asserts the direct contrary; and, when that system was demonstrated and universally accepted, they as stoutly insisted that it asserts nothing else. An attempt has been made to show that the firmament in which the sacred writer manifestly supposed the heavenly bodies to be set, only means the apparent concave of infinite space, although he expressly describes it as water tight. A similar torture is inflicted on

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the text in order to make it speak the best-established conclusions of geology.

It has been considered necessary to maintain the absolute verity of every minute particular of the Bible history. Instead of freely admitting that it contains errors, inconsistencies, and contradictions, such as necessarily occur in all histories, and do not materially impair their credit and value, and would not interfere with any beneficial purpose the Bible was designed to answer, its defenders have thought it necessary to assume the enormous burden of maintaining, that, from the beginning to the end of it, there is not a single departure from historic truth; and have made the dangerous admission, that, if there were, it would destroy the value of the Scriptures as a revelation. As a corollary from this method of treatment, absurd expedients have been resorted to for removing the difficulties of the history: and a grievous wrong has been done the Bible, by maintaining that it must not be examined by the same rules as other books; that it is wrong to seek out and to mention difficulties and mistakes in its history; in other words, that the Bible should not be studied too closely for fear of finding in it fatal imperfections.

Again, overlooking the fact that the Bible is a series of religious writings, extending over fifteen centuries, designed for men in various stages of moral and spiritual development, each specially adapted to the education of the generation it addressed, and therefore having a modified value and use for all succeeding generations, so that even some things that are relatively right and true to one may be relatively false and wrong to another (as Christ said that there were things in the Mosaic law not absolutely right, but the best the people could bear), the Bible has been treated as if each one of these revelations were an absolute and final exhibition of divine truth. Hence two evils have resulted. The highest views of truth have been too much swayed and modified by the lowest; and the Scriptures have been exposed to such cavils as are founded, for example, on the national and anthropomorphitic views of God predominant in the early

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Hebrew writings, — for which views, revelation has unjustly been made finally responsible.

Again, assuming that every portion of the Bible was written by men under plenary inspiration, it follows that every feeling and sentiment they express is absolutely right. Yet many things are found in them, which, if they were found anywhere else, would be pronounced at once to be discordant with the highest sentiment of the cultivated Christian. What can be done in such cases? One of two things: either the conscience must be mystified by trying to persuade itself that such sentiments are somehow or other right; or the intellect must be mystified by adopting some of those typical methods of interpretation, by which it is attempted to express spiritual nourishment from the imprecations of the Psalms and Lamentations, or from the amatory eclogue of Solomon.

Views respecting revelation naturally arrange themselves about one or the other of these two types: 1. That a revelation is nothing but an external authority, of which the special function is to tell men how, upon their peril, they shall feel and think, and what they shall believe and do; that we have no power or right to judge of what comes to us as an accredited revelation from God; that we have only to exercise our faculties in the interpretation of it, and that by the strictest rules; that a revelation is an authority set up above the natural faculties given to man whereby to discern truth and right, and that it supersedes or suspends their jurisdiction. 2. That a revelation promotes the spiritual and moral life of the soul, by strengthening, enlarging, and stimulating the faculties by which truth and right are naturally discerned, and so enabling them to see and accept truth and right of themselves; that the revelation made by the word is not merely in the word itself, but in the soul which it moves and quickens; that the word, applied to the spirit of man, calls forth and reveals to its own perception what is within it. A full consideration of these two types of opinion opens a wide field of discussion. Let it suffice here to say, that, from a mere statement of them, it appears that the last-named is the higher and nobler view; that it ascribes to revelation a loftier

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function, and a more vital and intimate influence over the soul; that it is a sort of revelation more worthy of God to bestow, and better adapted to the spiritual nature and wants of man.

It is the assumption of the former of these views, that has necessitated a revelation produced by what is called plenary verbal inspiration, and of which absolute historical and scientific accuracy is an essential attribute.

The sum of the whole matter is, — Read the Bible with all your faculties in activity; read it with a humble, docile spirit, ready and desirous to receive holy influences; then be assured that whatever you meet with, that touches your soul, is a message of God to you to-day. What does not so touch you is not a message to you to-day, but may be a message to you to-morrow: it may be a message to another to-day. Therefore let all Scripture be ever treated with reverence.

C. P.

THE MUSES:

THE OLD FABLE, AND ITS CONSTANT MEANING.

Coleridge, in the beautiful passage which he interpolated in his translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, laments that —

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty
> That had her haunts in dale or piny mountain
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished:
> They live no longer in the faith of reason."

He adds, however, —

> "But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

And the philologist (not necessarily the dry creature he is so commonly supposed to be), who converses with the mind of humanity as expressed in the very history of language, will go farther than the poet had occasion to, and recognize that

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not only in the faith of the affections, but even in the faith of reason, — of which language is the "express image," — the spirit of that truth which the ancient poesy and piety sought to shadow forth still lives, or at least, where it might seem dead, only slumbers, expectant of resurrection. The Muses themselves, it may be, live no longer, save in the faith of fancy; but the essential quality, the living spirit, which, by the evidence of the very invention and perpetuation of the name and its derivatives, the soul of man yearns to have enter as an element into its philosophy and even its religion, — *that* only sleeps in the enchanted chamber of language.

Lord Bacon, in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," undertakes to give a spiritual interpretation (he probably did not claim it to be *the* spiritual interpretation) of some of the names and offices of the classic mythology. Thus he entitles one chapter "Pan, or Nature;" another, "Orpheus, or Philosophy;" another, "Proteus, or Matter." He might have added to his list another chapter, to be called, "The Muses, or the Harmony of the Liberal Arts."

Let, then, the old Muses accept the philologist as the first in order of the ushers through whom we presume to *re-commend* them to this sharp-eyed generation, — the philologist, who finds in the very words, the most homely and homespun, of our every-day speech, disguised soothsayers, — the philologist, who, exploring, with a rapture that seems lunacy to the "outside barbarians," the riches of the "central kingdom" of learning, discovers, in the dust of old libraries and lexicons, in the mouldy cellar of dry and seemingly dead roots of languages (preserved there for ages, like the fruit-bearing seeds unrolled from the mummy-cases), living germs of curious and even practical truth and wisdom. Words have been called "fossil-poetry." This fossil foliage of traditionary language — the fossil garden of philology — has this miraculous quality, that, when the breath of thought passes over it, the charmed vegetation rustles again as of old, and thrills and whispers as in the freshness of its prime.

There are five words in our language, including the name of "Muses," in which something of what title darkly inti-

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mated to those who first used it still survives. We call diversion of the mind *amusement;* deep meditation we call *musing;* a collection of objects of curiosity we call a *museum;* and the art and science of harmonious numbers we call by eminence *music.* Now, what common element can there be in words, at first sight so heterogeneous, by which we can trace them back to a common origin? A critic of the class whom the German students call Philistines might dispose of the matter summarily enough by suggesting that music was a mere amusement; that musing was also merely the mind *amusing* itself in an idle manner; that a museum is a place of learned lounging; and that the votaries of the Muses are simply vagabonds. But there is another theory of the case, by which the tables may be entirely turned. There is another point of view, at which a wiser criticism places us, from which we shall see quite another picture. Let us invert the optic glass, which the stupid or wilful, or possibly waggish, interpreter, claiming to hail from the district of common sense, has held up to us, wrong end foremost, and we shall have a totally different perspective. If we will just begin on the serious side of the subject, *this* is the conclusion to which good sense will bring us, — that all these several and apparently, at first sight, unrelated words into which the syllable *muse* enters, contain a more or less remote reference to the Muse of classic fancy, faith, or fable (whichever one chooses to call it); that, instead of disparaging the musings of the mind as a mere amusement, in the lighter sense of the word, a true and thoughtful criticism will rather exalt the idea of amusement, bringing back recreation to its original significance, — the *re-creation* of the spirit, — whereby amusement shall be seen to be properly an earnest, as musing should rightly be a religious, thing, a kindler of devout fire; that music, too often regarded as a mere pastime, is, in truth, a divine mediator between the soul and the senses, between the actual and the ideal, the finite and the infinite; that when a German student calls his study chamber a museum, and himself a "son of the Muses," the language which he uses is not merely the language of fancy, but involves a deep philosophy as well as poetic geni-

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ality; and that, finally, the common reference to the *Muse*, in all these various terms of our familiar speech which have been enumerated, points, not only with the shadowy finger of Tradition, but with the clear index-finger of divine Wisdom, to that harmony of all the liberal and refining arts and studies of life, as connected by the pervading bond of the musical, the rhythmical, the poetic element, which the very idea of the Muses, as entertained and developed by ancient poetry and religion, happily suggests.

It would be a narrow piety and a shallow philosophy, which should incapacitate or indispose any one to discern, amidst the fanciful conceptions and creations of the ancient mind, merely on the ground that it was a *pagan* mind, the suggestions, the scattered and struggling gleams at least, even if not the orderly shapings, of a divine beauty, truth, and wisdom.

"Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven,"

undoubtedly, frail and fallible men have too often been in all ages, even in their highest aspirings; but even Paganism had a light which, if it "led astray," did so because of the quality of the atmosphere it entered, and which assuredly was, in itself, *not* a lurid glare from the nether pit, but "light from heaven." Indeed, who shall dare to say, that, in some respects, even amidst all its errors, the pagan mind did not discern or feel a ray of the eye of God, a broad revelation of the soul's ideal, through intense, though intermittent, communion with the "universal Presence," a vision of the harmony of the higher studies, which modern science and philosophy and piety have too seldom even aspired to attain.

Let us consider for a moment the part which the Muses play in the domain of ancient mythology. It may seem singular, that, of the nine Muses, there was no one distinctively identified with the very art which is named after them, music. One reason seems to be, that they were all geniuses of minstrelsy; for they constituted a choir, and were under the leadership of Apollo, the god of music *and of medicine*. But what is chiefly to our purpose to notice, next to the religious

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nature attributed to the functions of the Muses, is, that these Muses, these musical beings, had in charge not merely those accomplishments which have been commonly regarded as intended for ornament and amusement chiefly, — the fine arts and light literature, song and dance, poetry, eloquence, and fiction (though some of these have always been recognized as having a more serious aspect, poetry toward the ideal, and eloquence toward the business, of life), — but they also presided, at least through one of their number, over the grave domain of history, and, through another, over a certain department of the sciences, — those which called man up to hear the music of the spheres; to behold the dance of atoms, and feel, until he could become himself a conscious part of it, the harmony of creation. Clio and Urania may be regarded as respectively celebrating the divine manifestation in the procession of human events, and in the movements of the universe. And when we add to these the two further facts, that the poets often invoke the Muse, in the singular number, as if any one of them could represent the whole, or as if the ardent votary passed up through the distinct personalities to the common musical nature running through them all; and that, on the other hand, the priests of history and of science are found referring and appealing to the whole circle of Muses indiscriminately, each for his own province, as if all moved together on every occasion that was worthy the intercession of one, — when we consider all these things, we are prepared for a glimpse of the meaning of this branch of the ancient mythology as yearning to intimate that musical bond which permeates and unites arts, letters, and sciences, — all the various forms of human learning and intellectual culture. Whether the ancients thought an astronomer could be *undevout* without being mad, or not, it is clear that the classic languages provided that the genuine astronomer and historian, and the genuine scholar in any field, should be, at least, a man poetically inspired. The mere fact that the name of the Muses came to stand for a synonym of learning, — that what we are apt to call the dryest sciences, mathematics, morals, and even theology, came under the head of *Music*, — is a volume in itself.

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One of the most beautiful passages of Virgil is that in which, at the close of one of the books of his poem on the art, science, and poetry of farming, after that memorable eulogium on the life of the husbandman, "*too* happy if he knew his own blessings," he makes that sublime transition, and invokes the Muses as the powers that preside over natural philosophy. (Of course, we do not pretend to reproduce the majesty of his Romam numbers, or to give much more than the meaning of his words.) "But as for me," he says, —

"Me may the darling Muses whom I love
And serve, their pious priest, all else above,
Accept and show me heaven, each path and star;
What Sol's eclipses, Luna's labors are;
Whence earthquakes come; what heaves the ancient main
Up from its bed, and lets it sink again;
Why winter suns, wheeled seaward, dip from sight
So soon, and what retards the lazy night.
But if the curdling blood around my heart
Bid me from nature's mysteries stand apart,
Then welcome rural scenes, the field and hill,
The valley threaded by the winding rill;
Hæmus and Taygetus shall be my themes;
Inglorious let me love the woods and streams.
Blest were the man, indeed, who once could know
The cause of every thing above, below;
Inexorable fate and every fear
Could trample under foot; and on whose ear
Should die, faint murmuring, and be heard no more,
Devouring Acheron's remorseless war!
But fortunate is also he who knows
The rustic Gods, that haunt the woods, and those
Who love the margin of pellucid lymphs,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Sister Nymphs."

The author of the Georgics, were he living in our day, would hardly be the man to give in to the shallow apprehension, that the penetration of modern mind into the causes of all things, on the one hand, or the mechanical improvements of the age through the application of science to art on the other, are going to dislodge the Muses from their throne or their temple. As to the keenness of man's insight to detect causes, he would have owned by this time what he seems already to have had a presentiment of, — that finite sagacity,

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however aided by telescope and microscope, can never do more than magnify the unfathomableness of the mystery that hangs round the innermost essence and cause of all; and that, even if it were possible, conceivable, that the very mechanism of the heavenly spheres of cause and power, infinite as they must be, should be laid bare to the observation of some inner eye, not the less would the sons of God continue to swell the majestic song with which of old they greeted the coming-forth of the Lord into creation, — the hymn which that creation itself, indeed, is for ever silently uttering in the ear of God.

The light of our best philosophy, thrown backward on the position of the pagan poet, shows that what the spirit within him struggled to express, when he apprehended that the blood around his heart, chilling with holy dread, would forbid him to penetrate nature's last secrets, was just the truth; that the ultimate essence of things is intimate, and therefore unsearchable; that what the Muses had for their most august function to reveal to him was, that poesy is the flower and spirit of the ripest philosophy. And this idea, developed by the culture of a later age of Christian wisdom, would have led him still to see, that his office, which he so magnified as priest of the Muses, was not only not obsolete, but more glorious than ever.

And as to the alleged prosaic tendency of the levelling inventions of this age of comforts and contrivances, he would have found new themes for the Muse in the victories of mind over matter, in the presentiments awakened of even newer and finer mediations between the worlds of nature and of spirit, and in the prophetic echoes which his quick ear would have heard, in the tick of the telegraph and the rumble of the rail-car, of the coming of those Saturnian times of equal justice and national simplicity and human brotherhood.

Not less than this, we may infer from the Roman poet's devout and harmonious association of song and science, would have been his feeling of the indestructibleness of the interest represented by the Muses. And now let us turn for a moment, in another field of learning, to another apparently tri-

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vial, but really somewhat significant fact. When the Greek historian Herodotus divides his History into nine books and heads, each with the name of one of the Muses, shall we interpret this to mean that he suspected himself to be, after all, only a fabulist; that he felt himself to be writing for the amusement of his readers; that he was only *telling a story*, — like the naughty boy whom his mother, by that phrase, accuses of *fibbing*, — shall we, in short, let that tacit appeal to the authority of the Muses suggest the most remote connection between the Father of History and the *Father of Lies?* Of course, not; but it may *not* be a matter of course that we shall do what we ought to, namely, discern here another hint of the great truth so extensively and often intensely working in the ancient mind, of the universality of the office of the Muses. Herodotus reminds us by the very titles of his books, that, *if* "truth is" often "stranger than fiction," fiction is also often the truest history; that, at any rate, that is higher truth which must be sung than that which can only be said. He reminds us, in a word, that history is also, in the original sense, a *Museum*, a hall of the Muses. And what we may regard as the twofold, but what to him was the simple, reason of his arranging their names at the head of his chapters, was, that he felt the writing of his history to be not only a poetic, but a pious task. He regarded history as epic and romantic, and all history as sacred, — none *profane*.

The facts of ancient mythology on which we have been building, may be commonplace to most of our readers; but we can hardly think, that the use to which we would put them is common. The name Muses, which has grown so familiar to our ears as to have lost almost entirely the savor and sanctity of its primitive significance, once denoted the inherence of the musical element in the divine nature, that all the liberal studies derived therefrom their inspiration, that it was the bond of union among them, and that this golden chain which connected them altogether attached them all to the skies.

If it is old fogyism to have a sort of faith in the Muses, we confess ourselves so far old fogies. They may have fallen

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asleep: but we may find, some day, Christian names for them; and, by that time, they may be ready for resurrection.

We are too prompt to assume, that, because we have a better theology than the ancients had, we have a better, or more, religion. It may be that our theology is an advance on theirs, if it has felt the softening and enlarging influence of the gospel humanities; but this *if* is emphatic, and there is something about the spirit of their studies in which the ages called Christian might well take a lesson from pagan antiquity. The peculiar and touchingly beautiful use of the word *pietas*, in the Latin language, comprehending at once all the holiest relations of earth, and the reciprocal relations between earth and heaven; expressing not only the affection of children for their parents and for each other, but that of parents toward their children; not only the reverence of men for gods, but the respect of gods for men; not only the devotion of the patriot to his country, but the care of the country for her children; and the extending of this piety to the Muses themselves, — such things tempt one to ask whether there is so much of the musical in *our* piety as, according to the Christian faith, there ought to be. The ancient pagan may have worshipped an *unknown*, but not an *unfelt* God. To him *all* things were *full of Jove*.

Schiller having been moved by his feeling of the contrast between the graceful, genial side of the ancient mythology, and the unpoetic, unlovely misrepresentation of religion in much of modern creed and character, to pour forth his sorrow over the dead gods of Greece, in that melodious eloquence for which he is so remarkable, Mrs. Browning takes him to task, in one of her most beautiful poems, of which we give a few stanzas, chiefly for the sake of showing how, in one of them, she lends us an expression, implying more than she perhaps intended by it in mitigation of her sentence.

"O ye vain, false gods of Hellas!
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down the old chalice
Whence libations ran of yore.
See! the wine crawls in the dust
Worm-like — as your glories must!
Since Pan is dead.

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Get to dust, as common mortals,
By a common doom and track!
Let no Schiller from the portals
Of that Hades call you back,
Or instruct us to weep, all,
At your antique funeral.
Pan, Pan is dead."

But this is the passage we particularly refer to, —

"By your beauty, which confesses
Some Chief Beauty conquering you;
By our grand heroic guesses,
Through your falsehood, at the True, —
We will weep not . . . !"

Protesting against the word *falsehood*, if it implies that the ancient mythology was all *intentional* imposture, we ask, ought not the ancient classic poets to be thanked for *putting* us upon those "grand heroic guesses" at the meaning they so beautifully symbolize? Yes: until our wisdom and religion have more of the musical than they yet have, we *ought* to weep for the gods of Greece.

But we were to speak for the Muses in special, and not for the gods in general. And particularly we were to remark upon the meaning and moral of that unity in plurality which marked the ancient conception of the Muses, and which we take to signify that all the various departments of art, science, literature and life, which they were supposed to rule and represent, are intimately united by one poetic and musical bond.

Upon the interior harmony of the sisterhood of what are called the fine arts, which has been so much illustrated, and which the familiar phrases "speaking pictures," "frozen music," and so much other popular language show to be felt by the common heart, we shall not dwell.

In passing from the fine arts to the refining studies generally, to that learning and labor which the ancients summoned up under the term "humanities," we go out over a bridge formed by two, at least, of those very arts, — eloquence and poetry; whereof the one has a side turned to the so-called practical ends of life, and the other toward the equally practical, only interior, spiritual life; and under the bridge, as

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we cross, murmurs that eternal river of music. Not only as a performer, but as a learner; not only as an artist, but as an aspirant, — is the inspiration of that music which alone makes poetry eloquent and eloquence poetic vitally needful to man.

If the first teachers of mankind, the earliest lawgivers, historians, moral and natural philosophers, theologians and theoganists, delivered their instructions in verses, they did it not (as we have been told) merely for the sake of impressing them on the memory. Not for the sake of *im*pression, but for the sake of *ex*pression, did they utter poetically what it would have been a misrepresentation of the truth to utter prosaically, *singing* their conception of that truth which is the infinite beauty, and of which the spirit, the life, is the soul of an infinite harmony. Orpheus, who was fabled to have raised the walls of Thebes to the sound of his lyre, was at once, according to the tradition, singer, statesman, and sage; and the tradition foreshadows the oneness of poesy, philosophy, and life.

No one, as we shall venture to say, is in the best sense a classic scholar, unless he brings with him from his study of the ancients a conviction how much more we need to recognize than is commonly done, in our pursuit of truth, the sacred place and function of that element which ancient genius and piety sought to express by the figure and fable of the Muses.

Take the highest study, — religion. What is faith itself, the great principle of religion, without imagination? It may lay hold upon a dead body of words, but it cannot grasp the life of the spiritual. And is not this what the Hebrew Scripture means by *prophesying with the harp*, the musical enunciation of truth which is too deep to state, too vast to define? But what, after all, is religion, true and thorough, but the electric chord, wherewith are darkly bound truth to truth, soul to soul, and all to the infinite centre?

Charity and catholicity will come in the train of the Muses, when men learn to feel, that, in the very nature of things, the *infinite* is incapable of *definition;* that it is vanity and vexation of spirit to think of demonstrating the invisible things of the spirit; that what one can demonstrate, however

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it may *suggest* the spiritual reality, his very demonstration has already proved not to *be* the reality in itself.

These thoughts on the ancient fable of the Muses and its inner meaning might have been followed out to a vastly greater length in the direction of curious speculation and practical wisdom; but we leave them here, trusting that they will pleasantly remind more than one reader of his obligation to those old pagans, and to our elders, their interpreters, who set us upon climbing that classic hill, which, though a hard hill, perchance, to youthful feet, has proved to so many not only a mount of Remembrance, but of Prophecy; not only a Parnassus, but a Pisgah. C. T. B.

I DO not say that a man should search and learn nothing in natural arts and sciences. No: such knowledge is useful to him; but a man must not begin with his own reason. Man ought not only to govern his life by the light of outward reason, which is good in itself, but should sink with that light into the deepest humility before God, and set the spirit and will of God foremost in all his searching, so that the light of reason may see and know things through the light of God. And, though reason may be very wise in its own sphere, and help a man to much knowledge, yet must it not arrogate such wisdom and knowledge to itself as if they were in its own possession, but give the glory thereof to God, to whom alone all wisdom and knowledge belongeth.

For this is the true faith in man, viz., to die from himself, — that is, from his own desire, — and, in all his undertakings and designs, to bring his desire into the will of God, and arrogate the doing of nothing to himself, but esteem himself, in all his doings, to be but a servant or minister of God, and to think that all he doth and undertaketh, is for God. For, in such a disposition, the spirit of God leadeth him into true uprightness and faithfulness towards his neighbor. For he thinketh thus with himself, "I do my work, not for myself, but for God, who hath called and appointed me to do it. I am but a servant in his vineyard." He listeneth continually after the voice of his Master, who, within him, commandeth him what he shall do. The Lord speaketh in him, and biddeth him do what he would have to be done by him.

Behmen.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXXII.*

ICH RUF' ZU DICH, HERR JESU CHRIST.

I CRY to thee, O Christ our Lord!
Oh, hear my supplication!
And graciously this day accord
The sight of thy salvation.
The upright faith I keep in mind,
So that always striving,
In thee living,
I may to all be kind;
The gift is of thy giving.

And let me not in my sure trust,
O Lord! be disappointed;
Nor be the scoff of men unjust,
Who heed not thine Anointed.
And, when I die, on thee alone
May I be strongly founded,
And not grounded
On merits of my own;
My sentence then were sounded.

And make me from my inmost heart
To enemies forgiving,
Forgive me on my own poor part,
And grant a holier living.
Thy word shall be my heavenly food
To feed the soul's want fully,
Teaching truly
How I with heart renewed
May praise and worship duly.

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* Through an inadvertence, the Hymn from the German in our last number was not numbered, as it should have been, "The Thirty-first." — E.

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May neither fear nor fond desire
My soul from thee dissever;
But still a constant mind inspire
In grief and gladness ever.
From thy free grace the blessing flows,
Which none can reach by merit,
Or inherit;
A true and sweet repose,
When we give back our spirit.

I lie yet struggling in the strife;
Set help, Lord Christ, before me!
Within thy grace alone is life;
To strength let that restore me.
Grant in the evil hour to me,
When flesh and heart are failing,
Might unquailing;
And that at last through thee
I may be all-prevailing. N. L. F.

XXXIII.

HERZLIEBSTER JESU, WAS HAST DU VERBROCHEN?

JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630.

O DEAREST Saviour! what law hadst thou broken,
That the death-sentence was against thee spoken?
For what wert thou so tortured and reviled,
Thou undefiled?

In mockery robed and crowned, as a false actor,
Scourged like a slave and like a malefactor;
They led thee, amid scorn and malediction,
To crucifixion.

O matchless love! O love beyond conceiving!
That thou shouldst give thyself for our relieving!
What shall I back to thee, Redeemer, render?
What offering tender?

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In thankfulness thy goodness will I treasure;
Love thee supremely, and not worldly pleasure;
Do thy will only; all wrong feelings quelling,
Wrong thoughts repelling.

Thou wilt not disregard thy servant wholly,
But view with gracious eye his service lowly;
Thy spirit strengthen daily thy poor debtor.
To serve thee better. N. L. F.

THE MORALE OF SHAKESPEARE.

The appearance of Richard Grant White's exceedingly interesting and valuable work upon the "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare" moves us to ask, and helps us to answer, the question, "What shall we say of the great poet and dramatist as seen in the light of the Gospel?" Mr. White has evidently given us a very faithful picture of this marvellous man, refusing to adjust the facts, so far as there are any facts, to a preconceived theory. He has steadily resisted the strong temptation to find in Shakespeare what we think should have been in him, but what manifestly was not. He has reminded us again of what ought to have been already sufficiently obvious, that it is wholly aside from the purpose to quote the words of one and another character as expressions of the author's own thought. He lived in lives the most various and the most opposite. He speaks to us not only by many tongues, but out of many hearts. His creations are not himself. He hides himself wonderfully in the exercise of the creative act; it is he and yet not he that speaks. Quote him, and you may show him to have been any thing. If there is any exception to this statement, it is in the words which he puts into the lips of his fools: otherwise he lives and speaks indifferently in saint or sinner, in believer or infidel. Not from detached passages at all then can we gather up any moral estimate of this most gifted of the sons

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of men. We must look at his work as a whole, and we must look at the man's life so far as we can gain glimpses of it aside from his written words.

1. Shakespeare's work as a literary artist is religious and moral, as nature, especially man's nature, is religious and moral. Take creation, as we see it, *as a whole*, take the being of man, *as a whole*, regarding not detached parts only but the general effect and impression, and the character of the element which preponderates or plainly ought to preponderate, and they witness clearly and eloquently for truth and goodness, for righteousness and love. These glorious and gracious realities are not all that nature brings into the light of life. Evil stands forth as well as good, darkness as well as light, passion as well as affection, the flesh as well as the spirit, the devil as well as the sons of God. There would seem to be no pains as far as nature is concerned so to emphasize the right and true, that there can be no questionings, much less no captious questionings. We are left at liberty to ask, "What mean these wild beasts, these pestilences, these snakes and poisons, these abortions, these lusts?" We may still ask, "Why does not Nature moralize in a most unmistakable way, so that we may be able to see and say that it is pervaded only by a good and loving God?" We may still ask, "Why are any sent into the world with so low a moral organization?" And yet how the Truth utters herself in nature, and in the children of nature! How utterly impossible is it to close our ears against her sweet, her commanding, her awful eloquence!

> "Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
> The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
> That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
> The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass."

Nature does not make light of, but echoes and re-enforces, the utterances of our own higher natures. It would be a libel upon creation should one, pointing to some of its strange works, say that they preach immorality, or that nature knows neither evil nor good. It would be a libel upon the constitution of man should one say that in doing vileness he follows

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his nature as truly as in doing good. On the whole and in the main, God is not without most eloquent witnesses, even in the unconscious creation, and in that human being which is made up of such opposite and conflicting elements, and out of whose depths there flames up at times such a lurid light.

So Shakespeare, "holding the mirror up to nature," displays the glory and beauty of the truth, displays them as nature does, the good speaks for itself, the evil speaks for itself, and the better cause hath the better argument. "To the pure all things are pure," whether in nature or in nature's darling. Making allowance for the peculiarities in the tastes and usages of his times, the dramas of Shakespeare can scarcely be called unclean, even in their most objectionable portions, save as nature is unclean. We find in him nothing so offensive as much which defiles the pages of Dryden, or even of Pope. Dryden, we are sorry to say, seems to take pleasure in the animalism which he depicts: not so Shakespeare. We are not excusing uncomeliness. We are thankful that, as the ages go on, and the world improves, it drops more out of sight, and, it is to be hoped, out of mind: we only say that, in the great dramatist, it is an offence chiefly to those who are prepared to be offended. And then the weight of his spiritual and moral truth, the wonderful help which he brings to all that is highest and most divine in us, the matchless discourses which he preaches to his audiences in words so plain and so moving! How much of a most healthful stimulus the world would have lost, had the plague which visited the larger part of the houses of Stratford visited the home of Shakespeare also, and taken the child away! It was not in the plan of the wise Providence, that there should be such waste as that. Many who have stigmatized him as a profane player have only wearied and vexed the world with their dull dogmatizing and moralizing, and everlasting commonplace, whilst the ages never grow weary of listening to his living and loving wisdom. Modern society is largely indebted to the words of Shakespeare for its moral culture. We do not mean that he carries us to heights which had never been reached before, or that he is in any sense a

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moral pioneer or explorer; but he does make what was ours already more truly ours, and digs from common fields the richest treasures.

2. Turning now to the life of Shakespeare, as distinguished from his works, we encounter a strange moral phenomenon. Our experience is very largely one of severe disappointment. How can we say less than this: "He was a great writer, but he was not a truly great man." Making every allowance which the largest and sweetest charity can suggest, recognizing the fact that we know very little about him, admitting that the circumstances of his household were singularly unpropitious, we cannot find upon his life the stamp of real greatness, of the truest wisdom. Perhaps his case is so very peculiar that we ought to deal with it as exceptional. He seems to have been *conscious of nothing*. He set no value, as is well known, upon his great dramas, was careful only of his far less valuable poems. He was quite content, and asked nothing besides, when his plays had been made to yield the utmost pecuniary return. He wrote for this reward, gained it, and asked no more. Perhaps this intellectual unconsciousness may be pleaded in explanation of his moral unconsciousness; but at any rate, however we may explain it, it seems to have been the fact, that we know nothing of him which betrays a high sense of duty, that nothing heroic comes to us in the story of his life, that we have along with the most wonderful writing only the most ordinary living, such as we may hear of any day in the commonest literary hack. Of obedience to conscience, consecration to humanity, communion with God as the chief ends of life, he seems to have had little practical experience. His spirit went into his written words: if they had perished nothing would have been left for us: they were not to him messages which God had given him to convey and utter,— only so much composition for so much money; and, when the money had been earned and laid aside, he cared no more for the precious sentences. As we say, this indifference is so strange, that it amounts almost to an apology for a life so commonplace. We can hardly judge by common mea-

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sures a man who could do the greatest things in utter unconsciousness, even without any desire to be admired and praised. Still the fact remains, that the elements which make up the hero and the saint never came into the light of that wonderful life. His youth was not, so far as we can learn, exemplary. His hand if not his heart was foolishly bestowed. He wrought with no high sense of his vocation. He ought to have magnified and redeemed his calling as an actor of plays: he was only ashamed of the vocation, if not of the plays also. He was a good son, for aught we know he was a tolerant husband, though his resource in this respect would seem to have been a protracted absenteeism: he was kindly, thrifty, just, sweet-tempered and companionable, no sensualist, though, not superior to the foolish and convivial excesses of the day, he came to his end in all probability by a fever induced by over-indulgence at the table.

Plainly, the man was one and the words of the man were another. We must class Shakespeare amongst the great geniuses, not amongst the great examples. "Great men are not always wise." There is a certain commerce of the intellect with divine things which yields golden words, but not immortal deeds. The splendor of the intellect must not blind us to the poverty of the moral being. Godlike the poet was in his thoughts and imaginings, but very, very manlike in his doings. We say it not to degrade one who has been almost worshipped to mortal degrees; but for the truth's sake, and also to emphasize by contrast the high estate of religious and moral heroism. We say it because so many, forgetting the heaven-wide difference between living and speaking, between deed and word, are so ready to name Shakespeare even in connexion with the greatest name that is named on earth, in connection with him whose work and whose life were one, what he spake the parable of what he was, his speech the commentary upon his pure living. The least in the kingdom of heaven — the least who is born into a divine consciousness, and who, knowing God, can only love and serve God — is greater than the greatest child of earth. And how should even those who are called gods, and

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who in some good sense *are* gods, bow down and worship that sovereign Lord who rules the world, not by such eloquence as mere scholars and learned men prize, but by the power of truth, — truth unto life, unto pure and peaceable living in the sight of God and man. "Not by might, not by wisdom, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "There is but One Name whereby we may be saved." E.

"TO FILL THE MOMENT WORTHILY IS EVERLASTING LIFE." — DR. F. H. HEDGE.

O TIME! thou fleet, delusive dream,
Creature of space and rolling orbs,
Thou art, art not; for all thou art
Another vaster truth absorbs.

Time is of matter. Strike that out,
And hours and days, and months and years,
Measured by travelling planets, cease:
The measure gone, time disappears!

But though the universe should fail,
No dial mark the passing hour,
Still would the soul its periods make,
Still chronicle, with startling power,

Each passing thought, each flitting shade
Of feeling, human joy or woe, —
Inscribed in fadeless characters,
As onward we for ever go.

Lord, what a sum is one day's life!
How years and ages thus record
Their crowded wisdom in an hour,
And fortunes tremble on a word!

Now is the moment; now the point
In the soul's state for ever rife;
While heaven's eternal heights proclaim, —
Now is the everlasting life! W. M. F.

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A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

"Help one another."

"SINCE our conversation a few Sundays ago, on the subject of 'overcoming difficulties,' I have thought it would be well occasionally thus to put aside the regular lesson for the day, and take up some subject more intimately connected with our every-day experience; and I have thought I would like for our present lesson to try what good we may draw from the words, 'Help one another.' I think we are all of us far too little aware of the obligation we are under to do all that we can to aid those around us, those at least beyond our own family circle and immediate friends. We may not be altogether as narrow in our ideas of duty in this respect as was the little Scotch girl in the story, who, when asked to lead home to its parents, whom she knew, a little wandering child, turned away with indifference, saying, 'It's nane o' my brither;' but we have far too little of that large charity which makes us to see an object in every human being within the sphere of our influence. The relations of kindred and friendship, designed to be the means of enlarging the affections, are too often permitted to narrow them, making many to imagine that they have no obligations beyond these limits. The parable of the Good Samaritan seems to me a standing rebuke of all those who would thus narrow the compass of their responsibilities."

"But it is natural, is it not, Miss Ellis, that we should love our friends, and do for them more than for others?"

"Certainly, Agnes, but not to others' exclusion, provided we have the opportunity of extending to them any manifestation of our good will. And we cannot live as we do, surrounded by others, without having such opportunities often. We may not have the means of giving much, that is, in the way of money, or the things which money represents; yet still, there are many things that we can give, there is much we have the power to do. To give a cup of water at your

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door is to help another, a few flowers from your garden to some little child. A kind word that makes another feel pleasanter and happier is doing good, or a little act of kindness that takes but a few moments of your time. It would be impossible for me to mention all the ways in which we may help those around us. They are more almost than we can think. What we need generally is only the feeling that inclines us to assist them."

"I am afraid I haven't this feeling, Miss Ellis, as much as I ought. I acknowledge that I have frequently had opportunities of helping others when I haven't had the inclination. It seems to me often too much trouble.

"And sometimes, Agnes, you have perhaps gone so far as to ask yourself whether you would be likely to have any return for your good offices, and have given or withheld them accordingly."

"Yes, I think I sometimes have."

"It is acting from the largest, most disinterested feeling when we give or do good, as we may express it, 'hoping for nothing again,' but as a stimulus to induce us to put forth our efforts, trusting that we may in time arrive at this larger feeling. I think we may take for our encouragement the words, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.' We must act at the moment as far as possible without the hope of reward; but we are permitted to believe that there is no action in any degree disinterested without some meed of return. Sometimes, it may be, it is only in feeling, in the satisfaction which follows the act; but often it is in the shape of some substantial benefit. You can doubtless, all of you, remember instances in your own experience of this. I think, Margaret, I once heard you speak of receiving a valuable gift in return for some slight favor."

"Yes, a lady visiting at our house wanted a few inches of embroidery to complete the pattern for an article she was making. She could not buy any like it except in Boston, and she was very anxious to finish the article to send the

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next day to a friend as a birth-day gift. I looked at the work, and thought I could imitate it. Drawing the pattern, in two or three hours I finished enough to complete the article, which was sent the next day to her friend. Her gratification at thus being able to finish the work was sufficient remuneration to me, but it did not satisfy her. After her return home, I received from her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works."

"A long time ago, I read a story that comes to me as a striking example of what we are now considering, that there is no kindness without its reward. A traveller who was crossing the Alps was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller for a time struggled on. But at last his limbs were benumbed, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked again in this world.

"Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself; for he too could scarcely move: all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

"When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up; and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer. He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And, all the time, he spoke cheering words in his ear, and tried to comfort him.

"As he did thus, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness

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went off: he no longer wished to sleep: his limbs returned again to their proper force; and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape. Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

"Sometimes an act of kindness long since forgotten by the one who performed it is returned after an interval of years, no opportunity having occurred in that interval to show that it had been remembered. A friend of mine told me the following, which I will relate to you as an instance of this: While visiting at the house of her sister, she received such unusual attentions from a man-servant belonging to the family, that she remarked it to her sister, wondering at the cause. Her sister told her that, seven years before, he had met her in the street, and inquired of her the direction to a house he wished to find; which she not only gave him, but went a little out of her way to put him in the right course. This simple act of kindness was never forgotten. Learning her name, he had always remembered it; and, now that he had the opportunity of doing something in return, he had shown her the civilities she had remarked as so unusual, prompted by the remembrance of an act which she had forgotten as soon as performed, but which he had treasured during seven long years.

"Another instance occurs to me in the life of Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, the rebel Vice-President, the man so strangely seduced from the advocacy of the noblest principles to acquiescence in the doctrines and policy of the rebel leaders. When a poor boy, without home or parents, or any one to protect or guide him, he one night reached in his wanderings the house of a wealthy planter, who kindly took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with a blessing. Years rolled round: Providence led him along; he had reached the legal profession; his hospitable host had died, and his widow was in danger of being reduced from affluence to poverty by means of false claims being made against her estate. Obliged to resort to the law in defence of her rights, she sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him; and that counsel

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proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and cared for by her and her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to that of the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted: he gained it; and the widow's estates were permanently secured to her.

"'I have said that the recompense for an act of kindness might sometimes only be realized in the satisfaction which flows from the act itself; but, in addition to this, I think we may feel that no act of this kind is ever without some good result to him who is the object of it. We may never know this; but I think we may be permitted to believe it. We have the following from Douglas Jerrold:—

"The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted boy, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of the Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his little cottage: he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He had come into his garden to gather a flower to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy; and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations,—it was streaked with red and white,—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke one word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation is long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.'

"This is by no means a solitary instance of this kind: I believe, indeed, there are few who cannot remember some little kind word or act of another in their childhood which has filled them with happiness, which has followed them in some way for good. There are many, I am confident, who remember such acts only to know that their thoughts and feelings have been permanently influenced by them, that they

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have even contributed to the formation of what was best in their characters. I can recall instances, in my own past, of little kindnesses that I think have helped to awaken in me and to keep alive the same feeling toward others which prompted the performance of these acts toward me. No good word or act or manifestation of any kind is ever lost; we may be sure of it: let us then, my dear pupils, not stint our kindnesses, confident that they shall return to us, or blossom and bear fruit in other hearts, each one a seed from which good influences will never cease to flow. And, while we have this faith, let us at the same time strive to make our actions truly and purely disinterested: it is possible, I believe, often, if not always, wholly to lose the thought of self in our interest in others; and our action becomes then truly noble. I remember the reply of a boy, who, having saved another boy from drowning at the imminent risk of his own life, was asked how he came to rush into such danger. 'I could not bear to see him drown, and I forgot all about myself.' Self-forgetfulness! How truly noble is it! How does it win our admiration! How worthy is it, indeed, of our truest reverence!

"I give you, in closing, the following fable from Krummacher:—Two travellers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travellers immediately sprang up, and ran to offer his assistance. But the other strove to detain him, saying, 'Why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?' His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrances, but hastened to the fire; the other following, and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning house, crying, 'My children! My children!' When the stranger heard this, he darted into the house among the burning timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. 'He will surely perish,' cried the spectators. But after a short time, behold! he came forth with scorched hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them to their mother. She embraced the infants, and fell at the

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stranger's feet. But he lifted her up, and comforted her. The house soon fell with a terrible crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said, 'Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?' 'He,' answered the first, 'who bids me put the seed into the ground, that it may decay, and bring forth the new fruit.' 'But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins?' His companion smiled, and said, 'Then should I myself have been the seed.'"

SWEETS OF ZION.

O Zion! how pure and exalted a pleasure
Thy beauty of holiness has to impart,
While evermore precious and permanent treasure
Thy sweet, sacred memories store in the heart,
For Christians in union and holy communion
The Dove that descendeth and dwells in the heart!

The altars, where Heaven enkindles devotion
And wings of the Spirit upbear as above,
The penitent tear and the pious emotion,
The blessing of giving, the labor of love, —
In memory's treasure the multiplied pleasure,
And usury sweet from the loaning of love!

O Zion! when we have ascended thy mountain,
And viewed the world's trouble and turmoil beneath,
And plunged in the crystal of Calvary's fountain,
And gales of the Spirit have given us breath,
We look over time with a prospect sublime
Of Paradise passing the Jordan of death!

And, when we descend in the valley we tread in,
And take up the burden of business and care,
Still memory traces our Zion's oasis,
And wafts over weariness heavenly air,
And waters indwelling for ever are welling
From springs of salvation perennial there! R. F. F.

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GOD IN CHRIST.

THE wants and aspirations of our nature furnish evidence, at once profound and forcible, of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The cry of Philip on that dark night in Gethsemane, before the crucifixion, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," — do not tell us about him, but show us, — is not this the uttered and unexpressed cry of every human soul? Then all revelations of God aside from this of the *incarnation* of the divine in Jesus, do they not manifestly fail to meet and satisfy our deepest want? So we believe, if for no other reason, because they are lacking in respect to that human element and character which peculiarly adapts the revelation of God in Christ to our need. For this reason the response of Jesus, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," embodies a most central and precious truth. He certainly means very much more than that he had merely taught them concerning the Father; uttering, as he plainly does, a clear, unambiguous statement of a fact. As such we would receive it, with no desire to explain away or tone down its obvious import. But it does not therefore follow, that our Lord was a full and perfect revelation of all the infinite attributes of God. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" but very different from this is the revelation of God in Christ. By the one, we may contemplate him as the omnipotent One who inhabiteth eternity, — may gaze upon the unimaginable glory in which he dwelleth, with the sublime mysteries which surround his eternal throne. But, had we no other knowledge of God (or way of access to him), it would be impossible to find satisfactory grounds of trust in him and love to him. For, so far from being thus led to look to him in the spirit of love and trust, we are but oppressed, and the aspirations of our hearts are smothered, by the unerring steadiness, the sublime and faultless precision, of law and order everywhere perfectly reigning. By our conscious weakness, more-

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over, is begotten within us an abiding sense of dependence on the beneficence and mercy of that incomprehensible Omnipotence which hath created and sustains us. We are struggling with difficulties; filled with doubts; burdened with cares; corrupted with sins, and smitten with remorse; and without the revelation of God in Christ. What ground of assurance have we that the Infinite Being who made and governs all things has any special regard for us, much less bears us in the arms of his omnipotent love? From what other source, we confidently ask, does the assurance come? As we turn our thoughts to the infinite heavens, the exclamation mounts to our lips, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" It seems as if we were unnoticed, and absolutely lost, in the infinite immensity of things; and therefore our pre-eminent need is to be assured that we are of value in his sight, and may share in the infinite blessedness of his love. It has been truly said, that our great want is that he "should for once touch, as no hand but his can touch, the springs of this all-encompassing order, and say in the sublime pause, 'I love thee: I will bear thee in the arms of my affection, and shelter thee beneath my providence.'" Nevertheless, with some, this is gravely doubted. It is even affirmed that such is not our need; that the supposition itself is a visionary assumption of superstitious minds; that nature and reason, with the witness of the soul, are sufficient to teach us to lean trustingly, in every emergency, on the arms of God. But let those who assert this stand by it if they will. It is not the verdict of experience, or sustained by observation. For, if we interpret the voice of that experience aright, it tells of the dominating rule of evil lusts and passions,—of the triumphs of temptation,—of deep depression and sore conflicts, in the midst of overwhelming doubts,—of disappointments which settle a thick gloom over the pathway of life,—of afflictions which no outward circumstances or consolations which man may offer can alleviate,—of dread voids in human loving hearts, and of dark and fearful desolations in happy earthly homes. To all this, and more than this, it bears universal and unequivocal testimony.

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And it is perfectly idle to offer to persons in these inevitable emergencies, considerations of the character suggested, as affording proper motives for reformation with adequate grounds of consolation, encouragement, and hope.

For then has this central truth of the gospel alone power to render the trust we need to exercise in God possible, to give to us our needed consolation, and to move us to the unburthening of ourselves in confessions the most sincere. Then any merely natural reasonings are indeed destitute of power, in the nature of the case, to satisfy our profoundest heart-longings.

We forcibly realize, then, our need of the peculiar blessings which this great truth of Christianity brings to us; and from our extremity comes the fervent heart cry of the disciples, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And, thanks be to God! to this perpetual petition of humanity there is ever a glorious response in the gospel. Of course (as we have said), God is thus revealed in a sense peculiar. We see "the blessed and only Potentate" in "the man Christ Jesus," — "the image of the invisible God" in human form. And how does this serve to enhance the value of the gospel, and deepen our appreciation of our Lord? How does it quicken us to newness of life in him, and fill our hearts with thrilling joy?

It hath pleased God the Father Almighty thus to assume our nature, that he might redeem us to himself. We see the Father in the Son, "God in Christ." In believing in him we believe in the Father, and in receiving him we receive the Father; and this not because, as one commissioned so to do, he has taught us concerning the Father, but because "*God was in him.*" By the works of God, we may in a degree comprehend his infinite attributes; and it would doubtless be impossible to obtain a better conception of their transcendent scope and sublimity than we are thus aided to form. But God in Christ is needed, nevertheless, to fill and tone our conception of his being and attributes thus formed, — to give to us the knowledge of the Holy Spirit, and of the all-pervading personal divine presence.

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We worship hence, as one has said, "not the cold intellectual deity of natural religion, — not the distant majesty of a speculative theism," but one ever-blessed God, the Father- — "in spirit and in truth." We cry Abba, Father, because we have the spirit of adoption and of sonship. And what an exhibition of grace! Between God and us are the unsounded depths of infinity, — the light unapproachable, before which angels veil their faces, as also the "clouds and darkness" which are for ever "round about him."

We cannot approach unto him; but, blessed be his holy name! in answer to the prayer of our benighted, sin-corrupted, trembling nature, he hath revealed himself to us in a way so infinitely sweet and tender, and so perfectly adapted to our great need.

Thanks for a revelation of himself *so* human as to perfectly meet and satisfy the wants of our nature, which else must have their birth and being in our consciousness in vain.

Thanks that we may see how to trust in God by being led with confidence to trust in the Son of God; how to love him by having our affections drawn towards the Son, whom to know is to love with all the heart; and how also to obey him by being taught to yield obedience to him in whom God was "manifest in the flesh."

Therefore have we in him an authority the need of which is strongly implanted in our nature and consciousness. We may assert the contrary of this; but facts will speedily render our assertions valueless.

The want exists: it forms one of the sources of the vast popular power of Romanism, — which is by its assumptions perpetually saying to tempest-tost and half-bewildered humanity, "Repose ye in the bosom of the Church. Here is rest, for here is authority, a finality;" and the appeal is powerful because it is addressed to a profound want in our nature.

On a certain occasion, one of the disciples said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? *thou hast the words of eternal life;*" and this we believe. The want exists, as real and definite as any other. But no want of God's creating exists in vain. Want,

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in his works, is ever met with abounding supply. Where, then, is the supply to this want, but in him who is "*the* way, *the* truth, and *the* life?" In what other direction, indeed, may be found its adequate supply? Where else can we go? Shall it be to the ecclesiasticism adverted to? "Other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ." Shall it be some system of philosophy? Philosophies ever change, and pass away. What is required is an authority divine, before which the profoundest philosophy, the greatest human intelligence, and most perfect culture, may reverently sit as listener and learner, and to which all may come with confidence for unerring guidance. And in him in whom we see the Father, who is "made of God unto us wisdom, sanctification, and redemption," is the absolute authority we need. Therefore, again, we have in our exigencies of responsibility and trial, assurance of God's compassionate love and care. And whose heart does not respond to this most conspicuous teaching and blessed assurance of our Lord? We see him a constant minister to the uneasy and heavy ladened, how he met and bound up broken and bleeding hearts; and we know that this is the Father's disposition of love towards us. We hear *him* say also, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy ladened, and I will give you rest;" and we know that this is God's invitation, not only because our Lord uttered it, but because we see it verified in him, and what we see in him verified is a verity of God. For God is in him.

When also, by the loss of those whose departure has left sad vacancies in our homes, our hearts are steeped in the bitterness of unalleviated grief; when the question is prompted, whether the Being who thus afflicts can be good; when words, however multiplied, are destitute of power to satisfy our anguish-riven affections, — it is then our privilege to see the Father's disposition of love and compassion towards us, because we see the same verified in our Lord. So also is met and answered the prayer in extremities, of our sin-corrupted hearts. When the voice of God in our conscience is putting to silence other voices, and, under an over-

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powering conviction of our sinfulness and unworthiness, we feel that we can only speak of the divine mercy, and that we have but this one hope left, we may then go to him who with the whole earnestness of his being sought to save the lost, not casting from him the worst sinner, as an humble penitent, and find in him our reconciliation with God, — may melt down before the moving fact of the divine love and mercy verified to us in him; and, in the words of Christ, "Go, and sin no more," may find God's word of forgiveness, not only to ourselves, but to all penitents of all time.

Thus may our hearts be lifted in swelling songs of gratitude, and love unfeigned, for the redemption brought nigh to us in our Lord Jesus Christ.

In this central truth of the gospel is contained also the explanation of the attractive, moving power of the cross of Christ. Other and good *men* have bled and died upon numberless crosses. But the cross of Christ has visibly a power far transcending that of all others, — a power which attracts and moves the world. And is there any other rational explanation of this, save in the fact, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;" and therefore that his cross is the cross of God in Christ speaking to the world of the divine compassion and love, the divine forbearance and long-suffering for its redemption?

We conceive there is not. And we thank God for a Saviour, and such a Saviour as the world needs. F.

THE GAIN FROM SADNESS.

Our sadness is not sad, but our cheap joys. Let us be sad about all we see and are, for so we demand and pray for better. It is the constant prayer and whole Christian religion. I could hope that you would get well soon, and have a healthy body for this world, but I know this cannot be; and the Fates, after all, are the accomplishers of our hopes. Yet I do hope you may find it a worthy struggle, and life seem grand still through the clouds. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER X. — TESTIMONIES, PROSE.

NOTHING in my country experience surprised me more than to find the winter so much more attractive than I had expected. Not that we had no discomforts, — what place is without them? Especially in stormy weather, and in muddy walking, we felt a sense of isolation; and the flesh-pots of Egypt, upon which we looked back, meant sidewalks and gas-lights.

For my part, I found many compensations. The keen pure air gave a sense of health and vigor such as I never felt before. I believe that when the ground is covered with snow, some changes, as yet undetected, are wrought in the atmosphere. It seems not unlikely that this should be the fact. What a different play-ground the winds have when, one day, they sport over an expanse, perhaps of an hundred miles, of wet and frozen earth, and the next day, for a like distance, frolic over a spotless carpet of glistening crystals! The air must have, one would think, some different properties on these two days. And one property of snow-air, I believe, is to exhilarate the animal spirits.

I used to suspect this when, in the city, I observed how hilarious the town was on a bright morning after a snow-storm. But I did not know how far this might be an excitement from contrast and local customs. From what I have seen in the country, I believe that not only the human system feels the exhilarating effect, but that it is shared by the brute creation. If any one doubts this, he might ask what farmers think when they turn out their stock on a winter morning, or observe how much the horses share the excitement of a sleigh-ride.

Formerly, I supposed that, in winter, the trees are deprived of their beauty. But, even after they have put off their leafy honors, how much is left to challenge our study

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and admiration! The singularly provident and graceful proportions of their different parts can be observed to much better advantage when their branches are nude. The ever-varied beauty of their spray, as seen against the clear blue sky, is something which my eye has only lately learned to appreciate.

When I see the trees in winter hold so securely, in the the most biting cold, that mysterious principle of life which no wit of man has yet detected, and quietly bide the time for bloom and growth, what symbols they are, I sometimes say to myself, of a sturdy and patient faithfulness!

The fairy-like and gorgeous scene beheld when, on some bright winter morning, the trees, shrubs, and grass are all bending under the weight of sparkling coverings of ice, has been often described. What would a native of the torrid zone think, were he suddenly introduced into enchantments that surpass all that the imagination had conceived? I have walked through the woods, in the rear of Arthur Ashton's house, when I have thought, that, if such a spectacle as they then presented could be seen but in one spot on the face of the earth, all the world would flock to it, and the old famous sights would be eclipsed.

If, with the common elements of air and water, such marvellous scenes can be improvised, what resources are in His hands, and what other visions of beauty may gladden our eyes in the great hereafter!

A heavy fall of snow makes a sort of jubilee in the country. Early in the morning, the farmer's teams are yoked to break out the highways. One can see them slowly making their path along the chief roads, the oxen wallowing in deep drifts, encouraged by the shouts of men and boys on the sleds.

The winter, to which in these pages I have before referred, offered a general turn-out of this kind. A snow-storm of unusual severity had raged for a day and two nights. The roads, in many places filled as high as the walls with snow, and occasionally with drifts eight and ten feet deep, demanded immediate attention. Men, oxen, and sleds were despatched

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at once from Arthur Ashton's, Uncle Ephraim's, and indeed from all the chief homesteads of the town; and, when they met at the forks of the roads, there was an exchange of many a joke, which, if at times lacking in wit, was abundantly compensated by laughter.

At the close of this scene, Uncle Ephraim proposed that he and I should go up, and pass an hour with Arthur.

On entering his room, he told us that he had watched our labors from his window, and it called to mind many like times he had enjoyed in former winters. "As I saw you," said he, "on the sled, struggling through the drifts of snow, which resembled an ocean white with foam, you seemed like a shipwrecked party on a raft, and your half-buried oxen were not unlike huge tritons you had compelled to serve you, though their progress was hardly as rapid as that of water-monsters.

Uncle Ephraim. — We got along as fast as we could, Mr. Arthur; for man and boy did their best while they were within sight of your windows.

Arthur. — The depth of snow appeared to me to be quite worthy of old times.

Uncle Ephraim. — Not much compared with what some stories of old times relate, though I have often suspected that, like a ball of snow, such stories grow by rolling. But, Mr. Arthur, as you sit there, in front of your huge pile of books, with a few wide open near you, you make me think of a husker in the barn, who has a heap of corn and baskets of ears before him.

Arthur. — Let me show you a few golden ears which I have husked out. They may not be of a kind which you and our neighbor here would have selected: I have culled those that make some nourishing bread for me. "How happens it," says a French writer* I was reading, "that some pretend that atheism frees us from every kind of terror about futurity? I cannot perceive that such a conclusion follows. A God, such as my heart delineates, encourages and sustains all my affections. I say to myself, He is good and indulgent, he knows our weaknesses, he loves to produce happiness; and I see the advances of death with

* Necker.

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confidence and hope. But every fear would become reasonable, if I lived under the dominion of a Power whose wishes and laws are unknown. I seek for some means to escape from it; but even death cannot afford me a retreat, nor space an asylum. A blind fatality surrounds me, and governs me imperiously. In vain I demand what is to be done with me. It is deaf to my voice. What a fatal blow to my happiness to abandon all my ideas of infinite wisdom, justice, and goodness; to believe that the universe is without a Father and Governor, and that there is no power in nature that I can invoke as a Protector!"

Uncle Ephraim. — A thought like that is no strange thing to me, Mr. Arthur; and I have wondered, too, how it could be supposed that we get rid of all fear of the future if we take away the belief in God. If I was on a long, perilous voyage, with all my interests embarked, I don't see how I should feel any safer if we lost the captain, compass, and chart.

Arthur. — In seeking to escape terror, which the writer supposes is the object in view, if there be men who find more in the belief of an infinite Providence, whence comes this terror? Not from that doctrine itself; for that, as you say, has a tendency to dispel alarm, and to tranquillize the mind: and, if it comes from distrustful relations which they have formed to that Being, of course the remedy is to be found in another direction, — not by denying him, which, try as hard as it will, the mind cannot entirely do, but by seeking that repentance and love which cast out all fear. But to one who has formed any acquaintance with himself, and with the Author of his existence, how strange it sounds to him to talk of escaping *terror!* He does not know what terror means.

Uncle Ephraim. — And yet, Mr. Arthur, there may be good men who feel that the separation from the body is an event so great that they can contemplate it only with solemn dread.

Arthur. — Perhaps they have become so wedded to the limitations of the body, that they can hardly conceive of existence without it. Let me read to you an illustration which the old Roman orator uses. "Suppose," says Cicero, "a person to have been educated from infancy in a chamber in which he could see objects only through a small chink in the window-shutter; would he not be apt to consider this chink essential to his vision? and would it not be difficult to persuade him that his prospect would be enlarged by destroying the walls of his temporary prison?" It is not strange, then, that the soul should feel an affection for the body, and an intimate dependence upon the body. All this is through

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the kindness of the adaptation of the dwelling to the tenant; so that at the bottom of a natural awe of death, which perhaps it is right and well we should retain while living, there may be a calm and deep conviction of the infinite goodness of Him who has so well fitted to us our temporary abode.

Neighbor. — I think another case is not uncommon, that of men who find themselves so happy in their present lot that they shrink from the thought of changing it. It is not that they fear dying or death, as such: they would be pained at the necessity of going to some far-distant country to pass the rest of their days, even if they knew they should be happy there, because that knowledge cannot be so vivid to them as the knowledge that they are happy here; and therefore what they would prefer is to live on, year after year, where they are, amid those friends and enjoyments which have given them such a keen relish of life.

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, for my part, I think they are nearer right than those who are for ever calling this a miserable life. If I had made the world myself, I should not think the language of some religious people a compliment.

Arthur. — I agree with you in disliking their disdain. I think it ungrateful and mawkish. If they carry the same temper with them to the future world, I do not see how they are going to find a heaven there. A contented and deep enjoyment of life, coupled with an habitual resignation to leave it when summoned, seems to me to be a much fitter homage to Him who has placed us here. You remember the line which has much true philosophy in it, "To enjoy is to obey."

But perhaps contemptuous expressions in regard to this present world should sometimes be understood by way of comparison. It is not so much because this life is scorned in itself, as that it seems of little value by the side of the conception of heaven. Without this explanation, much of our religious poetry, so called, appears almost impious.

Neighbor. — This national reluctance to relinquish the consciousness of present good for some mysterious, untried state, has been illustrated, if I remember rightly, by some author who endeavors to imagine what were the feelings of our first parents in their earliest experience of sleep. To lose all control over the body, to abandon consciousness, to enter into that dark state in which nothing was then known what the soul might meet, was there no starting back from all this, no trying to resist it, till wearied and exhausted nature would have its way? And that way was found,

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as death may be found, to be one of God's kind appointments for a fresher life.

Arthur. — Perhaps you are thinking of Blanco White's "Sonnet to Night." Another writer has gone still farther back; and, though his conception has less poetry, it is not without a good hint, and I will read it to you. "If a human being," says Ferguson, in his Moral Philosophy, "previous to his birth were qualified to reason, he might no doubt apprehend a total extinction of life from a separation of the cord that connected him to his mother; for how could he conceive his existence to continue after his supply of nourishment had ceased? He might indeed observe many parts of his organization and frame which seem to have no relation to his present life. For what purpose, he might say, this duct which leads from the mouth to the stomach? Why these bones, that each apart become hard and stiff, while they are separated from one another by so many joints? Why these jaws made to move on hinges, and these germs of teeth pushing to be felt in the gums? Why the stomach through which nothing is made to pass, and these spongy lungs, so well fitted to drink up the fluids, but which the blood, that passes everywhere else, is not permitted to enter? Such are the prognostics of a future destiny; and similar ones of a destiny still future may be found in the present life of man."

Neighbor. — I think it is Bacon who says, "It is as natural to die as to be born."

Arthur. — And Pope has expressed a similar thought, full of trust, in the well-known lines: —

> "Safe in the hands of one disposing Power,
> Or in the natal or the mortal hour."

But that was a low thought of Sir Thomas Brown, who said that the chief thing about death that troubled him was its destroying effect upon the body. "I am," says he, "not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof: 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our nature that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, wife and children, stand afraid, and start at us."

Uncle Ephraim. — His thoughts might have been fixed upon something better than corruption and the grave. But there seems to be much of the grub about some men; at least, they do not readily soar above the charnel-house.

Arthur. — Even if they would take the right view of the charnel-house, it would be something. The destruction of the body of

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our friend is not a sight for our eyes to behold; and therefore it is kindly made offensive to our senses, so that we lay the body away. But what takes place? The beautiful laws by which the elements receive each its own are executed; and some secret perception of the kindness and beneficence of this has given a meaning to those words of Job, "The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him," beyond what he himself, perhaps, comprehended. But Sir Thomas Brown said a better thing than that just quoted, when he observed, "We are happier with death than we should have been without it."

Neighbor. — Most persons think so who are near their centenary birthday. But were we delivered from all decays of body, still it would be true, that the sobriety and thoughtfulness induced by the fact of death deepens and intensifies life. Somebody has said that this would be a different world, if we loved our friends before they are dead as much as we do afterwards. So much does death quicken our affections.

And, then, what a reformer is death! Think of having all our prejudices, timid conservatism, and sanctified abuses, immortalized! A new generation sweeps them away. And a new generation, always coming on, keeps the dew of its youth upon the race. I do not wonder that Plotinus thanked God that his soul was not tied to an immortal body.

Arthur. — You alluded just now to Bacon. There is another sentence, in that brief Essay on Death, on which I have often reflected: "Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home."

Neighbor. — I have read in the "Life of Michael Angelo" some words of his on which I have often thought. "As Life is happy," said he, "why should not Death be, both being works of the same divine artist?"

Arthur. — I was pleased the other day in reading two lines from a poet who addresses Death in these words: —

> "'Tis the great glory land behind thee makes
> Thy face a gloom to all on whom thou gazest."

Uncle Ephraim. — I like those short, pithy sayings, in which a great deal is packed up in a small compass, — good for a long journey. I remember one I used to hear on my mother's tongue when I was a boy; she quoting it, as I believe, from Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," — a book more famous a generation or two ago than at present: "He that fears death charges God with

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tyranny." I could not briefly tell you how many times these few words have calmed my mind.

Arthur. — Luther, in his "Table Talk," has a suggestive sentence. He says, "The fear of death is death itself, and the only suffering of death; so that he who abolishes that fear from his heart, neither tastes nor feels death."

Uncle Ephraim. — Well, Mr. Arthur, you have shown us enough of your golden ears of corn to prove what a rich harvest you are gathering.

Arthur. — Wait a moment, Uncle Ephraim: let me read to you a little German parable. "Two fair angels walked over the earth. They were sisters, and they sat together on a bank of flowers. They were named the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death. 'O sister!' said the latter, 'what a welcome do you receive, so different from the treatment accorded to me! Faces turn pale with fright wherever I go; but you are invited, and received with joy.' And then the Angel of Sleep arose, and embraced her sister, and said, 'But will not the good, when they awake from your arms, bless you too?' And tears of joy stood in the eyes of both."

"AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN THE DARKNESS; AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDED IT NOT."—JOHN i. 5.

ONCE I musing was in spirit,
Why, the Light in darkness shone;
Why, amidst the early ages,
It by men was never known.

Though the world it had created,
Though within the mind it beamed,
Yet the Light none comprehended;
Prophets mused and sages dreamed.

Then to me a voice there answered,
"Why thy wonder thus express?
In the world that Light still shineth,
All mankind to save and bless.

It, in human form and likeness,
To its people came of old;
But by them it was rejected,
As in Scriptures thou art told.

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Yet a few beheld its glory,
  Dwelling with the sons of men;
And have left the wondrous story,
  Culled for all its life to pen.

And, though everywhere it shineth,
  Brighter than the orb of day,
Men and nations still reject it,
  Walking not in Wisdom's way.

But to all who love, receive it,
  They the sons of God become;
Dwelling with the Lord for ever,
  In his bright, eternal home." J. V.

SUMMER'S TALK.

"OUT in the woods to-day, Charlie, in stumbling along, turned over a stone. There was an ants' nest under it, with innumerable eggs. As soon as the insects found themselves disturbed, they began immediately to bear the eggs away to a place of safety. It was very curious to watch their industry and instinct."

"Yes; and do you suppose that those little creatures knew what they were about?"

"I suppose so; certainly: why not?"

"Do you imagine that they had a clear idea that those eggs contained their offspring? and that the next generation was in danger, and likely to be cut off? How could they learn the idea of offspring and generation? They had never witnessed birth, and succession of generations; they were never told by their parents, that they must provide for children. They cannot communicate with one another by words; and any feelings that they could transmit to one another must, without words, be altogether too indefinite to be shaped by them into ideas. And how long a memory do you suppose an ant to have? Granting that it had an idea, how long do

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you suppose it could retain it, to act upon it? No: I imagine that all that these ants knew upon the overthrowing of the stone that covered their nest was a sense of discomfort, and an impulse to move. Not more of an idea I suppose they had than a man asleep, who smells smoke, the house having taken fire, or who finds a strong light piercing his closed eyelids, and turns over, or makes some other unconscious movements, in his uneasiness in his bed before he wakes.

"You extend the domain of instinct a great ways."

"Yes; but no more than the reflection of all reflecting minds has hitherto done. With the slight means which the lower orders of animated nature have of communicating ideas, we cannot attribute much idea to them; for power, and the expression to others of power possessed, always go together. A solitary being might have ideas, and express them by action: as it was said, 'Let there be light; and there was light.' But social beings, if they know, must tell what they know. Thought is not for ourselves alone, but for others. Thought is a social power. We do not ourselves, even, seem to draw it out of our own minds, except as our minds are a medium for the great store of thought belonging to Intelligence above. And it cannot rest in ourselves and end there, any more than the light of the sun can be limited to himself, shut up in his own sphere, and not shine abroad throughout creation. Do you suppose the bees know geometry? that they can comprehend that the six-sided cell in which they lay up their honey is the most economical shape in which they can build out of the materials they have? Do you suppose the cat knows when she is going to have kittens? or that the mother-hen knows why she makes her nest, and sits so long and patiently upon it? To suppose such knowledge, supposes an immensity of ideas entertained in these little brains, — ideas, too, for which no origin can be found.

"And to suppose so much of idea, as the lower orders have in the preparations of nests, and care of offspring, would require us to suppose a power of thought, not only in a certain very narrow direction, here, where we see it exercised,

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but would require us to expect that the same power of mind could exercise itself in all other natural directions as well. If the bee is a geometrician, we should expect to find his geometry exercised as well in the general shape of his comb as in the particular cell. If the cat knows she is to have kittens, and has, I mean, a clear idea of kittens and kitten-hood, she might as easily pursue a vast many other trains of thought, and express them as well in the activity of life. And the hen, that broods over her nest and her chicks, if altogether conscious of her life and action, that is, if she has any clear consciousness of it at all to be compared to the ideas which we have of it, has an amount of thought that makes her quite a human being; and I should expect her as well to be a carpenter and a bricklayer and a farmer and the like. I should expect her to watch the labors of human beings around her; to see their mistakes; to give them notice of bad work they were doing; to let them know where tools were misplaced and lost; and, in fine, to become a very sociable and helpful creature. She certainly would not limit herself, with such an abundance of thought, to merely providing us with chickens and with eggs."

"Well: I admit you do no more than present the commonly accepted views of instinct. But is it not very difficult to point out the line where instinct ends and thought begins; that is, where the individual being is moved by a superior will and intelligence, and wherein he moves with conscious will of his own? And now, to think of it, do you suppose we of the human race have instincts covering proportionally as wide a range of life as the instincts of the lower order? and that we, too, are doing an immensity of work of which we know nothing?"

"Certainly: what reason have we to doubt that man is an unconscious agent, moved by the spirit of the Creator, for great works, — works, orderly and useful, and very beautiful and wonderful? He who rules unconscious nature, and fires the stars, and directs their courses, and piles the mountains, raises the tides, and tints the flowers, may easily be supposed to use conscious man and conscious angels in realms beyond

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their own consciousness. When I see the bee roaming at large our fields, at great distance from home, flying, swift, impetuous, erratic, without orderly direction, and yet returning safely at last to his hive, and bringing also the fruits of his day's rich enjoyment as a positive contribution to the family or nation; and a valuable one also to the pleasure or food of a race infinitely above himself, and of whom he can have no idea, not even so much an idea as we can have of angels, or of the Infinite One, — I pass easily to the thought of some great works that God, with his Infinite intelligence, is doing with the human race and with the nation and with each individual of us beside. The course of history looks as erratic as that of the bee, and yet not more so than the course of the planets before the true astronomy was discovered. Wanderings of nations, incursions from the East and North, topplings-down of empires, oppressions and wars and savage passions and luxurious indulgences and idleness, — nothing is for nothing; — all is for something. God allows no waste. There is nothing deformed, homely, ugly to him."

"And you suppose your life, with all its mistakes and with all its sins, he weaves into his beautiful plan?"

"I do. I wander for my will; he makes me work for his: I come home laden with honey, for mine and others' good, though I know nothing of what I have been about. I doubt not at all, that my instinctive life is greater than my conscious life; that I am, to a greater extent, an instrument of God's will and of his love, than I am the instrument of my own."

"But, responsibility; are we not responsible?"

"Certainly: whatever theories we have, or arguments we pursue, we never get beyond the consciousness and assurance of our responsibility, any more than we could get beyond the consciousness of being sleepy, by failing to understand the use of sleep, or reasoning ourselves into the belief that sleep was only a waste of time."

"And does the thought of human instinct have much religious significance?"

"Does it not? I follow the bee in its flight, thinking that

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the Infinite Creator is in it; and I reverence the Presence. I see the unconscious ant bearing off to safety its prospect of offspring, guided by the same God that draws the line for the planet to pursue; and it is not irreligion to contemplate it. And mysteriously, through all of good and all of ill, through births and deaths, through sins and obedience, I acknowledge the wise and good and infinite One, — safer with him than with myself; bounded by his power and design; circled in by his love, beyond which, by any possibility, I cannot rove.

E. B.

FREEHOLD, GREENE Co., N.Y.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF OUR SAVIOUR.

OUR esteemed friend and brother, B. F. B., sends "a few more words on Swedenborg's doctrine of the Incarnation," in reply to our remarks in the September number. If we were to print his "few more words," with a reply of equal length, it would occupy *twenty pages* of this Magazine; and, at the end of the discussion, our readers would be exactly where they were when it begun, and would have to go to Swedenborg, and judge for themselves as to its meaning. Our friend argues the question in the best spirit, and we are sorry not to print his communication. But we can do no more than state his main points and give his references.

He argues that Swedenborg uses the word "soul" in a twofold sense; that sometimes it means with him, what we popularly understand by it, our own proper mind and will, which we are conscious of; sometimes the *inmost* of our being, which is above consciousness, the *nexus* that unites us with God, and first receives the Divine Influx. This latter is meant by "the soul derived from the father." This Christ did not assume, because in him was the essential Divine in place of it. The former — soul as synonymous with conscious mind and will — Christ did assume; that is, our whole proper nature. Swedenborg posits the human

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under a twofold division of "mind and body," meaning by the body the spiritual body as well as the material. These, in full, Christ assumed. All our *paternal* tendencies to evil were in him as well as the maternal, because, though he had no human father, Mary, his mother, had; and, through her, all the paternal evils were derived to him. Therefore all the evils of the hells came into his consciousness to be conquered, and so the work of redemption was complete. To sustain these positions, and also to show wherein man differs from beasts, and why the former is necessarily immortal, and why the latter are not, — a question, by the way, which opens into a very interesting field of inquiry, — our friend makes various references to Swedenborg's writings. Let the reader consult them for himself, and read them in their connection. He would not even understand our friend's reasonings, if we were to print them, without reading Swedenborg. What the human is, and where it commences, see "The Arcana," 3245, 3787, 7179, 6158.

Wherein the Lord differed from every other man, see "Arcana," 2194, 2106, 3161, 1999, 5114, 6716, 1940.

How man differs from beasts, "Arcana," 1999, 5302, 2004, 5114. Concerning "the soul derived from the father," and whether it comes into consciousness, and how far, let the reader consult "Arcana," 6716, 4317; "Divine Love and Wisdom," 432; also a small work of same title, pp. 78–82. Also let him read with special attention a passage in the "True Christian Religion," No. 103, where *mind* as well as soul comes into consciousness derived from the father.

If the reader can make out what our friend B. F. B. says *he* does, and what we do not, that Swedenborg teaches consistently that Christ assumed our whole proper nature, paternal as well as maternal, and without contradicting himself, we rejoice in his success. Having grasped the doctrine, however found, let him use it to some practical results; and not only be drawn to his Saviour more nearly and tenderly, but to any despised and suffering brother that stands near him, since Christ hath taken that brother's whole nature upon it, redeemed it and glorified it.

What is true is of vastly more consequence than what Swedenborg said; and, whatever he said, the complete humanity of Christ is an undoubted doctrine of the New Testament, and one calculated to inspire his followers with unspeakable sympathy and love

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towards him, and all that bear his image and are made partakers in his nature. S.

INFINITE GOODNESS THE SAME IN KIND WITH FINITE GOODNESS.

[Amongst our notices of books will be found a few additional words about Mill's "Examination of Hamilton." The following paragraphs have so much interested us, that we cannot refrain from laying them before our readers: they discuss the following topic:— E.]

Mr. Mansel combats, as a heresy of his opponents, the opinion that infinite goodness differs only in degree from finite goodness. The notion that the "attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind, and hence that certain mental and moral qualities of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God" (the word *adequate* must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation), he identifies with "the vulgar rationalism which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth." And, in characterizing the mode of arguing of this vulgar rationalism, he declares its principles to be, that "all the excellences of which we are conscious in the creature must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is indeed more wise, more just, more merciful, than man; but, for that very reason, his wisdom and justice and mercy must contain nothing that is incompatible with the corresponding attributes in their human character." It is against this doctrine that Mr. Mansel feels called on to make an emphatic protest.

Here, then, I take my stand, on the acknowledged principle of logic and of morality, that, when we mean different things, we have no right to call them by the same name, and to apply to them the same predicates, moral and intellectual. Language has no meaning for the words just, merciful, benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If, in affirming them of God, we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are

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neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all. If it be said that the qualities are the same, but that we cannot conceive them as they are when raised to the infinite, I grant that we cannot adequately conceive them in one of their elements, their infinity. But we can conceive them in their other elements, which are the very same in the infinite as in the finite development: any thing carried to the infinite must have all the properties of the same thing as finite, except those which depend upon the finiteness. Among the many who have said that we cannot conceive infinite space, did any one ever suppose that it is *not* space? that it does not possess all the properties by which space is characterized? Infinite space cannot be cubical or spherical, because these are modes of being bounded: but does any one imagine, that, in ranging through it, we might arrive at some region which was not extended; of which one part was not outside another; where, though no body intervened, motion was impossible; or where the sum of two sides of a triangle was less than the third side? The parallel assertion may be made respecting infinite goodness. What belongs to it as infinite (or more properly as absolute), I do not pretend to know; but I know that infinite goodness must be goodness, and that what is not consistent with goodness is not consistent with infinite goodness. If, in ascribing goodness to God, I do not mean what I mean by goodness, — if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which, for aught I know, may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate, — and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this, — what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? If I know nothing about what the attribute is, I cannot tell that it is a proper object of veneration. To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change of phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion, the external evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind as effectually to convince me that it comes from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what ground of assurance have I of God's

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veracity? All trust in a revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same, in all but degree, with the best human attributes.

If, instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them, — convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say, in plain terms, that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do, — he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.

NOTES IN THE HOSPITALS.

I LITTLE thought, while perusing my "Notes" to you a few months since, that my function was so soon to be terminated by the close of the war. Amid the rejoicings at that event, there is now and then a tinge of sadness as we think of the privilege we once enjoyed of ministering to so many in their privations and sufferings. We cannot wish the war had continued merely to give us opportunities to comfort the sick and wounded; but still, many a heart has felt in it "the luxury of doing good."

The end of the war will close most of our hospitals, but not the sufferings of thousands of our poor soldiers, whom we can still bless, and who ought to receive a nation's gratitude and kind offices so long as life lasts. Too much can never be done to relieve the infirmities of the disabled, and furnish employment to those capable of work. Let the memory of their noble services and their unstinted sacrifices be ever green in our hearts, and we cannot prove recreant to our duty.

In my last visit to Readville, as I saw the various regiments wait-

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ing for their payment and discharge, it was a study in the great book of human nature. With some it was an hour of boundless exhilaration. Others were occupied with their physical wants alone. Every stranger was looked to as an almoner for the relief of their hunger. "You, man in black, give us something to eat," was the salutation on one hand; and I blushed to hear it said, "Massachusetts, our own State, does less for us than others we have come through." Let us, while these war-worn men are on the way to their homes, pour out of our abundance for their needs. "New York," said one to me, "did the handsome thing for us." — "Yes," replied another; "but Philadelphia, — did not she receive us in the most splendid style?" The neglect charged upon us was owing, in a large degree, not to a lack of generosity, but to a want of that system which for four long years made the "Union Volunteer" and "Cooper-shop Volunteer" saloons of Philadelphia instrumental of such immeasurable good to our soldiers.

It was touching to hear the narratives of hardships and sufferings endured by some of our men. Of the 11th Massachusetts Battery, containing originally one hundred and seventy recruits, eighty were at one moment taken from their post by sickness, wounds, and death. In the terrific siege of Petersburg, this noble band were for a long period living martyrs. During the intensity of that battle summer, not a drop of rain fell for forty days.

In one regiment I saw a youth who told me he was but sixteen, and had been nine months in the service. But, when I overheard him at first pouring forth a torrent of voluble oaths, it made me sad to think to how many the army — even when, like ours, under the best moral circumstances — proves a school of vice. This melancholy truth is now daily demonstrated in the record, furnished by our newspapers, of crimes committed by returned soldiers. I know well that the army was a receptacle of thousands hardened in vice of old. But I cannot doubt that they taught others, and especially boys and youth like the one before me, initiating them into the rudiments of crime.

But there is a bright side to the picture. For I found, in conversing with both officers and soldiers, many who manifested an incorruptible faith and virtue. They spoke to me of their pastors and their old church privileges with a beaming face; and anticipated, next to the joys of home, a return to their loved sanctuary.

Our publications were welcomed by not a few. When I gave a

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soldier a copy of that fine tract entitled "Mustered Out," "I want more," said he, after reading a little of it: "won't you give me enough for my mess?" — "Mustered out," said another, "that's the word;" and soon a whole group gathered around me, and I only regretted that my scanty stock was exhausted.

Now I encountered a bright colored boy, and I should have liked a circle of sceptics at hand — those who doubt the capacity of the negro — to hear his quick and sparkling answers to my many questions. If proscription, cruelty, and bloodshed must continue to be the fate of this race at the South, I earnestly hope the North will open to them a wide city of refuge. Give them *somewhere* a chance for education, and to show what the God of nature has done for them.

I met in the cars an officer who had been imprisoned for several months by the rebels. He said he could easily believe that sixty thousand had died, as has been stated, from the inhumanity of the rebel prisons. His picture of the filth and untold abuses of our poor soldiers, was fearful; and the horrors of hunger and starvation, — they could not be exaggerated. When he was released, a friend lay unconscious for the want of food; and he felt sure he could not have lived, judging from other similar cases, more than two days longer.

It was interesting to hear from military men opinions in regard to the true course with rebels and traitors. The judgment prevailed widely that the originators of the rebellion ought to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. "The civil offenders" — this was the decision — "ought to be hung." But for the military leaders, those of them who were merely instruments in the hands of a higher power, much charity was expressed. They were regarded as the embodiment of a gallant foe; and, said one to me, "we cannot, after all, but feel some respect for an enemy it took us four years to conquer." No doubt there is weight in this opinion. Many at the South have been honest in their devotion to the cause of independence; and they have fought for it with a good conscience, and used themselves, and countenanced in others, only honorable means and methods of warfare. In the great and arduous task of discriminating between such persons as those entitled to no clemency whatever, let us maintain, with equal hand, the claims of justice and lenity.

Amid the stern and cruel works of war, the marks of which we see in the tattered colors of these returning regiments, we may find

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some compensation in the courtesies produced among associated officers, in the re-union of old companions in arms, and in those friendships formed amid scenes of hardship, battle, camp and field trials, which can terminate only with life. If our civilians do their part with the noble self-sacrifice, and the wisdom, skill and success with which the army and navy have done theirs, the old flag will wave still and for evermore over a reconstructed and indissoluble Union. A. B. M.

CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

There is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distressed;
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower; —
That calm, to faith and hope and love is given;
That peace remains when all beside is riven;
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.

LITERARY NOTICE.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. In two volumes. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1865.

Mr. Spencer has shown an appreciation of the abiding worth of Mr. Mill's writings in the two enterprises which have given us, first, "The Essays," and now, these "Philosophical Discussions." The questions moved and handled in these last volumes are fundamental and vital. They enter very largely into the thought of our times. Mr. Mill entertains them in a healthy practical spirit, and under the guidance of a sound moral sense. His criticism of what we must call the suicidal moral scepticism of Mansel's application of Sir William's philosophy to theology is especially interesting and valuable, emphasizing, as he does, the great essential truth, that goodness is one thing in God and in man, and that to make confusion here is fatal. The volumes are admirably printed, and upon excellent paper; and they will be in request amongst all students and thoughtful persons. E.

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE

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VOL. XXXIV. NOVEMBER, 1865. No. 5.

THE GOOD MAN.

A Sermon on the Character of Francis Wayland, D.D., preached in the West Church, October 8, 1865.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

"A good man." — Acts xi. 24.

ON the Saturday evening before the last, just as, according to the old New-England notion, the sabbath was ready to begin, in the seventieth year of his age, the soul of Francis Wayland deceased from his mortal body, and passed through that gloaming we call death, to the dawn of its heavenly rest. It is not on account of an intimate personal relation that I speak of him here, but because he was a man good as great. Had he been my brother only in the universal human sense, it would be my duty to hold up to your emulation such an example and subject, indeed, of eulogy. But, as I have known him closely, and he is one of those in the world whom I have felt most, I am especially bound to bear testimony to his traits.

First, however, a word of his constitution. Let me note the hand his Maker had in him; for his nature was as extraordinary as his character was rare. He was a king by divine anointing, — one of the few whose aspect drew attention, and fixed every eye. From some persons, we know not how, by a sort of elemental energy, a thrill passes. A slight shudder,

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half of fear, half of strange attraction, goes through us in their presence. Besides Daniel Webster, I know not who else of our citizens was so charged for this galvanic shock, which his features conducted. His brow, at the orbit of the eye, might have served as an artist's model for Jupiter; and I am not surprised at the story, that, when there was presented to him an exorbitant bill in a foreign land, he looked from the paper to the chafferer, and, without speech, the latter fled in terror out of the room. The judgment-seat shone in his eyes for all who ever entered his company.

But the main point is his use of his native energy. What God willed in him, he willed for himself. The first quality I shall specify had a right to grow in such a soil. It was his justice. He wrote on moral science, and he was the majesty of the moral law in his own person. He walked and spoke and looked and did what he penned. In an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, I have observed in him no deviation from rectitude.

So full of it was he, that he impressed it irresistibly on others. Combined with singular courage and candor, it made him the governor he was. Born to command, of an impassioned soul, with inward fire to drive the bullet and edge the bolt of truth, his conceptions had in them a certain electric swiftness and military force; but righteousness was their range.

Nobody could doubt *he* was president. This gift, thus nursed into a virtue, was the secret of his extraordinary success in administration. I learn, from one of his best students, that, in Brown University, over which he presided for almost a score and a half of years, the new hand at the helm was felt at once.

An instantaneous magnetic stroke passed through the buildings. Every inmate was aware of a stringent and wholesome demand of new discipline. Six months had not passed, before the college had risen as by hydrostatic pressure. From no indulgence, but fidelity, ran for him his scholars' life-long love. It was this justice which made him such a foe of human slavery. In simple, searching periods,

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he pointed out its iniquities thirty years ago; though he was, from the same cause, anxious that the evil system should be done away only by means that were lawful and good; and his letters to Dr. Fuller were a valuable contribution to that end. He believed in equity. "Corruption wins not more than honesty," was his favorite quotation.

But he was no less kind than just. His ethics were set off with such a mien of strictness, that some thought him austere. But that was only the outside. His benevolence was deeper, if possible, than his conscience. He loved to see people about him happy, and to make them so. His glance, that could smite like a cannon-ball, could be gentle too. His voice, which could intone a divine authority, melted with a goodness more divine. I have scarcely listened, in another, to similar accents, which, in private converse, of social and domestic scenes, had a wonderful blending of softness and strength, resembling the mighty and mellow break of the surge on the shore. Mercy was the ground-swell ever heaving up. He was always aiming to bless somebody; and we cannot count the number of those he blessed. If visitors called at his house during his absence, he would, on his return, inquire, "Did you take them into the garden? Did you give them some flowers, and some fruit?" Benignity looked out of those keen eyes, and tenderness sat on the lips, which you marvelled could unite such sweetness with their force.

His mood was as perfect as his disposition was fine. I mean he was not, like some kind-hearted men, subject to irritation. Out of temper, he was, I think, never beheld. A hasty word, an uncharitable judgment, I never heard from his mouth. It was not because there was no heat in his soul. A tropical climate prevailed there; but he was a Christian, a great convert, of the Pauline stamp. He was so poised he never needed to be on his guard. You would as soon have feared losing the centre of gravity in the globe. He was a man of weight. "When he was in the city," said one, "we always knew it." All the potencies of passion were under his control, as a tame creature keeps not the track

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like one under the curb. The lion was unmistakable under that tawny skin and shaggy hair: but he had lain down with the lamb; and that lamb was the Lamb of God; and, if the lion's voice was heard, it was in no growl, prelude to the devouring leap, but the roar of indignation for a great cause injured or endangered, which made the land resound. He was meek; yet his patience under reproach was not that he lacked a quick sense of what was due to himself, but that he forebore to urge it. Sometimes a bit of friendly irony escaped. When one said to him, "I cannot ask you, with your views, into my pulpit," he simply replied, "Were it not as well to wait till you know I want to enter it?" But he was willing to be chastened, and told me he was of Dr. Freeman's mind, that a stout mortification occasionally did a man good. Yet no self-denial ever frayed his individuality. As the size of a pyramid or mountain is not incompatible with the definiteness of its lines, so, through all the breadth of his sympathies, stood the independence of his mind. Confessed leader of one of the largest religious denominations in this country, he never lost himself in the million of his followers. No recluse thinker or transcendental essayist was less conventional, or stood stronger on his own feet. He was like an embodied law of nature, a principle of light and life and elevation to his sect, while he was Catholic to all parties. I do not mean that he yielded his own opinions, or thought lightly of what seemed to him others' mistakes, but that, to his opponents, he was fair and humane, and, while his intellectual front arrested all heed, his heart was bigger than his head. I cannot see that the Rationalist ever got the better of the great Baptist in this way of good-will. He was of a boundless geniality. His metaphysics never interfered with his sensibility or his common sense. Dr. Channing was more broadly contemplative; but, knowing and admiring both the men, I must think he appreciated Dr. Channing at least as generously as Dr. Channing estimated him. Of the great man's consciousness, the latter had more.

Dr. Wayland's theology was baptized by total immersion in his religion. It was for action and not dispute.

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Not unfrequently I talked with him on doctrines, in which he may to me have seemed contracted, and I to him loose. We did not quite agree about depravity or the Trinity, or the vicarious atonement, or future punishment, or the letter of Scripture as obligatory; and he no doubt considered me in dangerous error, though he never gave me that doom downright. But no rigor of belief could cramp his charity. He preached once all day for me in my place, and, in his own town, repeatedly went to hear me preach; the only disadvantage in his attendance being that the pulpit was so overweighed by the pew. He was thoroughly himself, as God meant him, and could not be classed. He did not believe in human classification by external symbols or signs. He disliked clerical gowns and artificial songs and ritual worship, as he was himself no formal bishop or priest. He was less pleased with human learning in a minister than with the Holy Ghost; and, when one asked for documents to prepare for a service, he said, "Books will not help you: think what you have to say, and say it." Through whatever costume of circumstance or ecclesiastical connection, the bold, stalwart figure appeared of a personage too pronounced to be confounded with the fashions or tastes of ordinary personalities, or the overpowering Associations of which he was jealous. Yet he was of the people. Every drop of blood in his veins was in fellowship with the mass of mankind. He was democratic to the core, in his manners, habits, and thoughts. He never talked *down* to the community, or to any audience. He never put himself above his race. He knew nothing of better blood, but only of the *one* blood. By his instincts he hated, as by his vows he opposed, all tyranny and caste. He was an advocate of freedom and of free trade. It was this wide communion with humanity which moved him to open collegiate degrees, not only to the learned professions, but also to the useful arts; while this enterprise of his old age, anticipating improvements yet to come, proved the fresh spring and indomitable activity of his peculiar mind. Yet his sagacity was as marked as his originality. Nobody could say of his philanthropy, whether it took the form of politics or

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education, This is visionary, a piece of moonshine. As well say it to the sun in the ecliptic! The gravity of that brain, huge as it was elastic, sturdy as it was speedy, and, like the locomotive-wheel, made heavy because it was to go fast, forbade the imputation. So he had great influence with conservative, as well as radical folk, spite of the touch of romance always in him. Indeed the penetrative sight was as manifest as the adventurous aim. He was open-handed, lavish of his means; but his bounty was shrewd as it was large. When a rich community was piteously begging aid to build up its religious institutions, he said to me, "If they want a Bible, let them send us a barrel of flour;" and, when the Dorr Rebellion for a larger liberty broke out, though the object lay in the direction of his own hopes, the violent method he eschewed, and was, as I suppose, at that time as always, the great column on which Rhode Island leaned. The ship would not go over if the ballast did not shift! But his grain was no less gentle than firm. His affectionate humor flowed exhaustless. His wit always stopped short of malice. His arrow was sure; but he struck no one in unbending his bow. He could not bear to wound. I remember but one admonition to myself. Walking, one day, beside his somewhat portly figure, in a narrow path through the college-grounds, he quietly bade me "not to tread on the grass." I was thinking of him and his words more than of the greensward.

His humility was emphasized by faculties that might have tempted to boast. But you could not detect in him a particle of conceit; nor would you know from him how others regarded him. He never referred to his accomplishments or works, with what people sometimes call *a laudable pride*. I doubt if he would consider any pride very laudable. I never caught the flush of egotistic exultation in his cheek. There was no air of superiority. Though the dignity, God clothed him in, he could not put off, it was a garment he knew not that he wore. So I speak of one whose whole soul was shown to me transparent.

His piety had the same unconscious genuineness. His prayers in the chapel, as in his house, were unborrowed and

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absorbing exercises, conducted with such self-oblivion, that perhaps his hands would be in his pockets, while the fire of devotion on his tongue tingled through the atmosphere, and inflamed every ear.

Shall I name his sobriety too? He was temperate as a Rechabite or Nazarite, taking wine only medically, and seldom at all. One of his early pupils, when customs were more free than now, in his timidity and heart-sinking being about resorting to a dram to strengthen him to mount on the stage for his part, the president, amid all the dignity of the convocation, leaned over, and whispered, "Don't take that: you'll do a great deal better without it."

Another virtue in him was his *work*. In no man's fibre was it ever more stamped. Of what is called terrible toiling, he was a case. If he made any mistake, it was his disallowance of recreation. No theatre, no opera, no concert, no dance, for him! His constant look was as of one bent to his task, buckling to the oar in a race. I asked him what relaxation was allowed to a minister. He smiled, and said, "*A walk.*" When others went a journey, or took a vacation, or staid among the mountains or by the sea, he remained at home, as in term-time, at his desk. His capacity of persistence I was tempted to envy; but, if I remonstrated with him, he would say, gravely, "It is about as well." He chose a common room, like any under-graduate, within the college precincts, for his study. Hot summer afternoons, I have seen him there, busy in original composition, steadily writing and perspiring, when most men would have considered the stints of the day over. In the morning, he would go, for an hour or two, to work in his garden, more vigorously than anybody you employ for such a purpose, and as expertly as if gardening were all his business; for no gardener can show in his grounds a handsomer horticultural monument than still stands of him. He told me he believed in that sort of exercise which was also productive labor; and he alternated this effort of the muscles with equally severe exertion of the brain. We cannot be saved by our works, say apostle and saint; but, if any man could, it was Dr. Wayland. How

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often I have seen him, spade in hand, advising some caller, who had pursued him from the house! As a specimen of physical, intellectual, and moral ability to achieve, where shall we find his peer?

For a few months, twenty-five years ago, he did suspend his usual endeavors for a short European tour. But I imagine he, like some others so situated, was a little home-sick, sea-sick, and land-sick; not so well, in his hurried and lonely trip, as with his family, and at his familiar post. He went to Ashburnham for a specific service, and was putting a new and revised edition of his moral science in press, and had been wielding the implements in his grounds too strenuously, just before the blow of disease that ended all his earthly designs.

Designs so large as his, few men have had. He did not thrust his superiority upon you, but was familiar and near as a child. He made himself small as he could, though he could not be other than great. He was not in the clouds, or all on the ground. Applying the highest principles to the lowest details, he joined the planes of nature and spirit together, and filled the space betwixt the heavens and the earth. "I go on, from a dogged sense of duty,"—so he wrote me, about a matter in which some considered him deluded or premature. No man ever more saw the future in the present, in the improvements he longed and labored for, in society and the private lot; and gross people would call him fanciful but for the fruitful union in which he married thoughts with facts. His letters to me, on the momentous things that have been transpiring in these last years, seem like live coals as I look over them again, or as embers that would burst into flame if stirred, wrought up to the kindling point of conscience and humanity as they are. He could bear to be looked at closely underneath his fame. The sharper survey revealed his largeness and minute faithfulness, as the interior of St. Peter's no less than the outside must be examined to understand the temple's magnitude and finish. He wrought on what was out of sight.

Summing up his attributes, I should say, earnestness was

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the spur and girdle of them all. A certain ideal thirst was ever in his mind for practical good. Socrates, more than Plato, was his pattern. Not speculation or imagination, but burning conviction, in him predominated. Therefore his massive build never made him slow. He was more rapid in motion and utterance than smaller men, as a planet goes swifter than a dart. In his momentum, the velocity was equal to the weight. On account of the same impulse, his manifold talents never became miscellaneous. Preacher, author, philanthropist, statesman, political economist, patriot, moderator of a prison-discipline society and of great religious assemblies, as well as in academic halls, he discharged all his vocations with a concentrative, uniform competence. But he never loved any thing better than the pulpit; and, though he was either not suited or had not attended to oratory as an art, he was effective, and often overmastering in the eloquence of his speech.

He delighted to converse on themes of religion to the last of his days. Women and young girls sought the grave veteran, that drew them strangely, they understood not why, to open their heart and conscience as to a father confessor. He held dialogues with common men, farmers, and mechanics by the way, wherever he met them, with as much ease and good understanding as if he had been of every man's guild and society all his life. He was a close-communion Baptist, and a man of the widest fellowship. He was a liberal Christian, not, like some, from indifference, but from emotion. His very blame was not harsh, but quaint, and had often a kindly laugh in it. If a man were conspicuously selfish, he would not call him mean, but say, *his valves opened all one way*. Disputes of doctrine he would waive, and adjourn with the exhortation, "Only cast out devils, and I care not how you do it, head or tail." In the phrase of Napoleon, he might more truly declare, "My love has the dimensions of my mind." He owned the good wherever he saw it, though in a heretic's lane or a Jew's quarter.

The simplicity of his soul was the first quality of his style. His periods were clear, direct, and to the point. His general

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criticism on his friends' writing would be, "The sentences are too long." He wanted short directions, because he wanted prompt actions. He would affirm, "There is too much dogma in our churches, and not duty enough." His resolving of Christianity into doing good was evident on his pages, as in his deeds. He dropped what is called rhetoric more and more. He said to me, "I used to have more of that;" as though he chose to leave color for sculpture in his literary workmanship. But no man could employ language more warm and stirring than his. His discourses on the duties of an American citizen, — how lofty! and in his sermon on the moral dignity of the missionary enterprise, preached when he was but twenty-seven years of age, are touches of sublimity in the execution, as well as a comprehensive grandeur in the conception, which put it by itself alone among all the performances of the contemporary American pulpit. His various and voluminous writings have been scattered by the ten thousand all over our country, and some of them reprinted and widely circulated in foreign lands.

Of Dr. Wayland's friendships and private affections, the record is too wide and too sacred to be unfolded here, though few could have better title to dwell on them than myself. For more than a quarter of a century, I have enjoyed a confidence with him, which no misunderstanding ever existed to mar; and I hold his acquaintance and regard among the chief treasures of my memory, as they must be unfailing stimulants, so long as I live, of my hope.

It is more pertinent to mention his unwavering trust in God. He said to his physician, on the Sunday before his last sickness, "My course is nearly run. I have tried to be faithful; I have wished to do my duty: but I rely not on my own works, but on the pure mercy of God through Jesus Christ." Never was a more evangelical Bible-Christian.

Dr. Wayland had an organization whose amplitude and soundness in every part promised very long life. Most persons thought him older than he was. By excessive and unremitting stress and strain, his frame was too early broken down. The rest he had refused came suddenly and invol-

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untarily in the stupor of palsy. Hearing of his seizure, some of us went by the night-train to receive his blessing, and bid him good-by. But, in his painless state, — if self-conscious, he was only partly aware of those about him. His recognition seemed gone when we reached his bed; though, before he died, he pointed to different parts of the room, as if he saw visions. "Do you know me?" I asked him in the morning; and, to my surprise and joy, he turned his head immediately toward me, and with tardy difficulty, yet the utmost distinctness, from his paralyzed lips articulated affectionately the word "*Yes.*" When all was over, a clear smile, as of thankfulness, perhaps at resuming his activity, rested on his lips. Mortality, grander in ruin, I never surveyed. The very spectacle which said, This is the end of earth, to a finer listening said, This is not the end of a child of God, lover of man, disciple of Christ, and not the end of the beloved companion, or our partnership with him. He has gone to heaven as surely as a heaven there is. Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother! Very pleasant shalt thou not be again?

The noble personality, that I still love and thus celebrate, — where is it now? How can we help the question? Questions in mathematics, of number and measure, when scrutinized, are found to contain their own reply. Is not an answer wrapped up somehow in the moral question we put? Yes: there is a spiritual geometry and arithmetic, deciding that a grave is not the measure, and seventy years not the number, of the soul; that the goodness, which embraced the welfare of a nation and the world, is not extinct; that the orbit of virtue just touches or cuts our atmosphere to outrun immeasurably our sight; and that the eclipse of death is briefer than that of the sun, which the astronomer tells us is again at hand. The great spirit of a good man pursues its track. All spirits, offspring of God, share his immortality. The faithful keep company. As the Milky Way, that hangs in the Southern evening sky, is composed of stars, so our high vision of the pure departed is a cloud of witnesses in the firmament of heaven, made up of the friends of God and

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man, and he is among them. He who gave himself to all, practising on that motto of Dr. Payson, which he was fond of referring to, — "The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see," — and on hearing of whose death the convicts he had taught in their confinement wept, and made a long and silent pause, doubtless, on the Master's word, — "In prison, and ye came unto me," — has inherited the kingdom prepared for the blessed of his Father before the foundation of the world.

DR. HEDGE AND HIS CRITICS.

Dr. Hedge's recent book, called "Reason in Religion," has been criticised by two writers; one in the New-York "Christian Inquirer," and the other in the "Christian Examiner." The objections made, are of contradiction and vacillation. Statements in one part of the book are said to contradict, sometimes in terms, and often in substance, the statements made in another part. It is also said, that Dr. Hedge's mind, in this book, vacillates as regards the ultimate test of truth, which sometimes he regards as reason, and sometimes as an external form of revelation, — leaving it at last undecided which he really means. In one place, he says that "reason is the supreme arbiter in theology; and, in another place, that "we need the ultimate appeal of a given word to make our Christianity something more than a system of philosophy." In one place, he says that "science puts God out of view, and substitutes law instead; and that "it is the interest of science, so far as possible, to banish the supernatural; that is, to banish God from the actual world." But, in another place, he says, that "science, too, is a minister of God, — an evangelist, whose mission is to show us the Father, and regenerate the world;" and that "the gospel of Christ and the gospel of science have essentially one mission."

These passages, and others like them, certainly seem at first inconsistent with each other. But we do not think,

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whatever may become of the verbal statement, that the meaning intended in the one place is opposed to that intended in the other. The difficulty arises, probably, from this, — that the essays in this volume were originally written independently of each other, and with a parenetic, not dogmatic, purpose. They seem, in fact, to have been sermons, and very good ones. They all relate to the same general subject, and the pervading ideas are the same. But no preacher, whose sermons are good for any thing, is ever quite consistent with himself. The practical purpose, as in the case of one throwing a stone, puts him a little out of the perpendicular. To enforce one side of truth, he must, for the time being, ignore the opposite side. Beside, the language of a sermon cannot be the colorless expression of science, cannot follow exact forms, and therefore is never rigidly scientific.

Let us add to this, that a mind like that of Dr. Hedge, essentially metaphysical and systematic, always tends to so large a comprehension as to fail more or less in precise definition. To use the phrase of the optician, the *field of vision* in the telescope, or illuminating power, is greater than the *defining power*. More things are collected than can be arranged on the shelves. For system and order are not the same thing, but different; and a mind may be very systematic without being very orderly. The systematic mind has a place for every thing; but an orderly mind puts every thing in its place.

Now, the mind of Dr. Hedge is systematic and comprehensive to a greater extent than that of any other writer among us. It is more metaphysical than logical. But, for one metaphysician, we can always find fifty logicians. A metaphysician deals with ideas and their relations; a logician, only with words and their relations. To a logician, words seem to be things; whereas the metaphysician knows that they are changing forms, in which thought expresses itself, but never permanently dwells. No doubt, it would be better if the metaphysician were also always a logician; but, as this is impossible, we will be thankful for our logicians, but a great deal more thankful for our rare and occasional metaphysician.

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Let us now see if we can answer these objections to our author's book by showing what his meaning is, as sufficiently stated by himself, on some of the main points referred to.

Especially as regards the question of ultimate authority. What is to be the ultimate authority in religion? Is it reason or Scripture? Is it reason or the Church? What is Dr. Hedge's position here?

Most of the apparent difficulty in the relation to this question disappears when we make the simple distinction between the source of truth and the criterion of truth. The discriminating reason in man is not a source of truth; but it is the judge, and the *only* judge, of truth. It is not merely the ultimate arbiter, but the only arbiter. When the reason does not decide, there is no decision, and the question remains undecided. Suppose, for example, that I am a Roman Catholic, and accept the decisions of the Church as ultimate, — I still have to decide what those decisions are. I must understand them, if I understand them at all, by means of my own intellect. I judge for myself what the Church means in saying this or that. I accept the Church as a source of truth; but, unless I merely repeat by rote, like a parrot or a talking automaton, I am obliged to judge its meaning by the laws of my own mind.

Or suppose that I am a Protestant, of the orthodox school, and accept the Scripture as infallibly inspired. I then take Scripture as a source of truth, and regard every word as conveying some reality. But I must, nevertheless, decide what that meaning is by my own judgment. I must compare text with text, and deduce the meaning according to the analogy of faith. In fact, I must treat Scripture just as the man of science treats nature. To him, nature is inspired in her every word and letter: he considers some meaning to be hidden in the form of every minutest leaf, in the quality of every ray of light, or particle of earth. He believes, that God has some revelation of himself hidden in every thing. But, while *nature* is thus infallibly inspired in every part with divine truth, it is the work of his *reason* to find out what that truth is. By means of his reason he generalizes from

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the facts, and so obtains universal laws. By the help of these laws, he discovers new facts, or obtains the meaning of old ones.

Thus, reasoning from facts to law, Newton obtained the theory of the universe, which Leverrier applies, reasoning from law to fact, and so obtains the planet Neptune. But, even here, reason is not the source of truth. The law of gravitation and the planet Neptune are not found in the reason, but are found, by the reason, in nature.

Thus, in the Catholic Church, the traditions and decisions of the Church itself are regarded as the *source* of truth; but the reason of the individual must necessarily decide what the Church *means* by what it tells him. The Orthodox Protestant takes the Scripture as the *source* of truth, but decides by his private reason what the Scripture teaches him. The only difference between him and the Catholic regards the *sources* of truth. The Catholic goes to his Church as a source of truth; and, when he finds his Church teaching any thing as true, he accepts it. The Protestant does not.

Now, how is it with the Rationalist, who believes neither in Church nor Scripture as sources of truth? Where, for example, do Theists, like Parker or Miss Cobbe, go for truth? Where do they obtain the truth which they believe, concerning God, duty, and immortality? They would answer, probably, "From the intuitions of the soul itself, and from external nature." But these intuitions have to be examined, analyzed, formulated, and generalized, by the active reason. Once more, then, reason is the *judge* to decide what is taught, and not the *source* of truth.

Therefore to the Catholic, the Orthodox Protestant, and the Naturalist, the reason is never a source of truth, but is always a judge of truth. The religious world of mankind takes the testimony of many witnesses, but has only one judge, — one judge, sitting in many different courts. Mr. Justice Reason goes on his circuit, and holds his court in India where the Vedas and Puranas are the witnesses. He then holds his court in Arabia or Turkey, and there the Koran alone is allowed to testify. He holds his court in

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Rome, and the only evidence he accepts is that of the Church. He continues on his circuit; and, among Orthodox Protestants, he allows all the books of the Bible to testify. When he gets among the Theists, he receives the testimony of intuition and nature. Many witnesses, but one judge, — many sources of truth, but one critic to decide what they say.

Now, when Dr. Hedge declares that "reason is the supreme arbiter in theology," he asserts what we have just stated; but when, on the contrary, he says (page 436) that "we need the ultimate appeal of a given word to make our Christianity more than a system of philosophy," we think that he would admit that he wishes for the given word as a source of truth, but not as a judge of truth. When he says, "Reason or Rome, — there is no middle ground," he means by *Rome* the repetition by rote of what we are told. When he denies to the understanding the power of discovering the truths of religion, he by no means denies it the power of judging between those truths when presented to it.

There was a shallow Rationalism in the last century which considered the reason as the source of religious truth, meaning by the reason, however, merely the reasoning faculty. It took a quantity of religious and moral commonplaces which had become matters of general belief, and assumed that these were the results of reasoning. This floating stock of traditional opinions, which everybody had heard, over and over again, until they made part of everybody's belief, were assumed to be derived from the reason itself. This assumption was exposed by Coleridge in England as it had been by Kant in Germany; and, when Dr. Hedge denies the power of reason to discover truth, he denies this of the reasoning faculty. But he does not deny, that the intuitive reason sees God. On page 13, and in what follows, he speaks explicitly of the "*understanding*" as being incapable of discovering religious truth.

The great merit of Dr. Hedge's work does not lie in technical definitions, or in logical statements accurately dovetailed together. Its merit is in its depth and breadth. It gives us the philosophy of religion. For sagacious and

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candid thinkers, we do not believe there need be any difficulty in reconciling its antagonist statements. Antagonisms are not contradictions, and it is no objection to a work on religion to contain such. For nature and life abound in polar forces, seemingly hostile, but in reality most friendly. From them result the life and movement of the universe. Laplace detected, before observation, the revolution of Saturn's ring, because he knew that the force of gravity would cause the ring to fall unless it were antagonized by the opposing tangential force born of its revolution on its axis. We confess to our preference for a book like this, which sees and states antipodal facts and laws, rather than for those limited statements, perfectly logical in form, and altogether satisfactory until we come to see that they have omitted one-half of the facts in the case. J. F. C.

BABY'S LITTLE HAT.

THOU little hat lie here!
Dear little hat of straw, with ribbon blue,
All worn and torn with service long and true
To him we held so dear.

We look on thee and weep
That thou wilt shade no more that lovely head:
For we have numbered him among the dead;
Our darling fell asleep.

We look at thee and moan;
We long to see beneath the baby face,
We long to hold him still in our embrace,
We feel bereft, alone.

We look at thee and weep;
Where is the pretty head that was beneath?
He put thee off that he might take the wreath
The angels would not keep.

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He gently laid thee down;
He seemed to thank thee for thy shelter given,
But said he should not need thee now in Heaven,—
Would change thee for a crown.

He said his days were sweet,
And very dear were those who gave him life.
He blessed them for the gift, but feared the strife
Would bruise his tender feet.

He thanked them for his joy.
He said, "Most precious gifts you gave to me;
I could not now a happy angel be,
Were I not first your boy."

O large blue liquid eyes,
Had ye illumined this world long enough,—
Were ye so clear ye saw the road was rough
This side the starry skies.

O waving yellow hair,—
O broad white brow ending in golden mist,
How lovingly the angels must have kissed
The earthly boy so fair.

He pleaded, "Let me go!
'Tis not I love you less, but love you more;
I'll climb the stair and open wide the door.
Come by and by to Joe."

Dear little Joe, we come.
Though earth without thee looks dark in our sight,
Thy little feet have left a line of light
By which we see our home.

Oh, may we never do
Aught that shall grieve thy pure blue eyes to see,
But strive in thought and word and deed to be
To God and thee most true.

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ADOPTING CHILDREN.

It has become much more common in our time than it ever was before, for private persons to assume the charge of children not related to them. Perhaps this does not indicate that our age is more charitable than those that preceded it, but only that its charity is more wisely directed. Some may deny that charity has much to do with the matter, and assert, that, when people adopt children, it is not for the sake of the poor, but for their own; that they want to cheer their own solitude, and procure a pretty child where others would look for a bird, a dog, or a cat. There is something in this: but there are few of our actions with which self-interest does not mingle; and it is well if no worse feeling prompt us, than the natural desire for companionship. The presence of this does not prevent the co-operating influence of a truly Christian wish to relieve poverty, and to serve our Father by serving his children.

In old times, the only place for orphan children was the Asylum. Honor to those who founded such institutions! honor to those by whose charity they are still sustained! As long as there are children not taken charge of by individuals, orphan asylums will be needed; as long as there are Christian people, who desire to do something for the destitute, but cannot properly welcome them to their own well-filled homes, orphan asylums will be supported. Many a life of blessed usefulness has been passed within their walls, by those who discharged, to the utmost of their power, a mother's duty to the crowds of children who knew no mother's love. Their record is on high, and not the less approved by the Just Judge because they worked for hire; that is, because they were honorably supporting themselves by the same exertion by which they were useful to others.

But it is no disparagement to such excellent women to say, that none of them could fill a mother's place to fifty children as she could to two or three; nor do we forget the pleasure with which we have looked on the happy groups at play in

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the grounds of an Orphan Asylum, when we say, that we prefer to theirs the conditions of a child received into a private family, and enjoying there the comfort, the training, and the affection of a true Christian home.

We know not to whom the modern system, as we may call it, owes its first introduction; nor are we sure that it is as modern as we imagine: but our own strong impression of its value was derived first from a little paper, "The Orphan's Advocate," which had its humble but useful place in our periodical literature some ten or fifteen years since. In its columns, the arguments were well and forcibly urged, that, while a hospital could provide but for a limited number at a time, a system of private adoption was capable of indefinite expansion; that it required no outlay for buildings, no endowments; that it appealed for its support, not only to the good sense and the charity of the community, but to some of the strongest feelings and most tender wishes that God has implanted in the human breast, offering to those numerous married pairs, whose homes were gladdened by no childish laughter, the means of gaining a blessing themselves while extending it to others; and, finally, that such a system must be the best, because it approached nearest to that of nature, — the divinely constituted relation of parent and offspring. By the labors of the ladies who conducted that paper, by those of ministers at large, and by the establishment of temporary homes for destitute children, facilities were afforded for the twice-blessed arrangement, which has, at once, brightened many a sombre home, and found father and mother for many a desolate child.

While, however, we estimate thus lightly this form of charity, we are aware of some evils which have occasionally accompanied or resulted from it; and have thought that a few words respecting them, founded on the observation of various cases, might be not without interest and usefulness. We have spoken thus far as if the adoption was always that of orphans: but instances are not unfrequent in which one parent is living, if not both; and it is in such cases that some of the evils we have adverted to are most likely to occur. A

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woman with many children is perhaps deserted by her husband. Willing to be relieved of part of her numerous charge, she gives her little girl, of three or four years old, to the care of the lady who so kindly promises to bring the child up, and provide for it. But the station in life to which the child is removed is widely different from that of the mother. It is obvious, then, that continual troubles and heart-burnings must arise, unless they are entirely separated. The little adopted one is brought up in the enjoyment of luxury, while her brothers and sisters are among the common children of the street. There is a constant temptation to pride on the one side, and envy on the other; to any thing rather than brotherly and sisterly love on both. The mother, too, has her share of sadness, in seeing her daughter brought up to a station, from which hereafter she may look down on her. Perhaps affection might enable her to bear this; but, if so, that same affection, repenting too late of having allowed the separation, makes her unhappy under it, and a jealous observer of the manner in which the child is treated. We have known an instance, in which this observation, and the interference which resulted from it, were the source of great unhappiness. It was that of a young girl, taken in charge by a lady in whose family the widowed mother had formerly been a domestic. To guard against future trouble, nothing was said of adoption: the mother's rights of recognition and intercourse were reserved to her; and the child was to look up to the lady as her patroness, not as one who had taken her into the same rank with herself. This seemed rational: things appeared to be settled on the basis of nature and truth. But, alas! it did not work well for either party. The child's position in the family, between parlor and kitchen, was like that of the flying fish between air and water, — not perfectly at home in either. In the parlor she fared the best, though her place there was not the free and natural one of a "child of the house;" but the favor extended to her there spoiled her welcome among those of her mother's rank in life in the kitchen. And the mother, when she came to see her, criticised with jealous mind whatever she saw or heard

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respecting her treatment. At length the mother took her away, under circumstances which perhaps justified her in doing so, but yet to the great grief of the lady, who had formed a strong affection for her young charge.

The conclusion we would draw from such a case as this is, that it is not well to disturb the relations that nature has formed. If a child has parents living, let them retain their charge, unless there are strong moral reasons to the contrary. of poverty be the only ground for a separation, let that poverty be relieved without parting parent and child; if indolence be the motive with the parent to give away the child, let a better spirit be encouraged. And, if a home be so wretchedly vicious that its young inmate must be taken away as the only means of rescue, then, before a new connection is formed that is meant for permanence, let a legal relinquishment of all parental claims be secured; and let this be rendered effectual by a complete separation from the intercourse and knowledge of the unworthy parents.

In selecting, then, a child, of which to assume the charge, it is the dictate at once of prudence and of charity to give the preference to one that has lost its parents. As the apostle directed his fellow-laborer to give the bounty of the Church to those widows "that are widows indeed," so should the adopting love of private Christians be directed, in choosing among strangers, to "orphans that are orphans indeed." If you can adopt the child of a deceased relative, its claim on that account entitles it to preference, while the old connection renders the new more natural and easy. In such cases, it is commonly best to retain the language of that relation which nature instituted, leading the child to attach a tenderer feeling to the true name of "aunt" or "cousin," rather than borrowing as a substitute the sacred title of "mother."

The choice having been made, and the little one brought to its new home, the great question arises, which is heard in every thoughtful parent's heart, How shall I do my duty by it? And this question is the harder to answer because the relation is not one formed by nature, and for which nature

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itself provides. The real mother has two feelings which combine to give ease and success to her treatment of her children. One is that of natural right; of ownership, so far as one human being can own another. The other is that of instinctive love. These combine to create a calm certainty of power, and an assurance that the power will not be abused. There is no uneasy inquiry what people will say; there is no anxious adjusting of questions between firmness and tenderness; for these are not duties learnt by heart, but the spontaneous teachings of natural love and conscious right. I do not say that real parents never make mistakes: but they make the fewer from not being all the time afraid of making them; and, when any error is committed, the natural affection on both sides has a wonderful healing power. But the adopting parent, not being sure of this teaching of the heart, is constantly trying to graduate her treatment by some standard which is assumed to be correct. Well if it is not some ingenious theory of education, but only a few plain principles of religion and good sense. To bring up the child for God; to be calm, consistent, and truthful towards it; to love it, and yet to "make it mind," — such are the old, plain rules that have sufficed for six thousand years for this most important and almost universal duty.

Between the two extremes of which all who have the care of children are in danger, — those of indulgence and of strictness, — the mother by adoption is, we think, more liable to the latter. She wishes to have the child appear well: it must show to herself, and to all who see it, the excellence of her management. She is more tenacious on this point, on account of a secret consciousness that her management is something of an experiment. Therefore she is apt to be the more surprised and impatient when any childish deficiency occurs; and she has not that tender instinctive love that pleads in the real mother's heart that she must not expect too much of one so weak and imperfect. The sense of responsibility, the desire of promoting the child's real good, — these dictate an unbending course, which needs something of the grace and gentleness of true motherhood to make it that happy medium which will secure the happiest results.

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The best thing, then, that the adopting friend can do is, instead of being anxious about details of duty, to learn, as soon as possible, those lessons that mothers learn from nature, — the consciousness of love and of power. Realize that you have made the child your own; that God, the guiding of whose Providence you have reverently followed, has sanctioned the tie; and that it is therefore now truly yours, — given you by him, and to be brought up for him. All those feelings which the rite of baptism expresses — or rather used to express before our prosaic scepticism ceased to see any meaning in it — may be as rightly cherished in your heart as in that of the real parent. And among those feelings is that blessed one of trust. You are not alone; for He who gave you the child is with you to strengthen you for the task he has appointed.

One more word of advice. Be not overmuch discouraged if the child has faults: you only share in this the lot of actual mothers. Even if you find that there are some evil ways your little one has learnt in a former miserable and vicious home; though this might have directed your choice otherwise had it been known before, yet now let it teach you not impatience and aversion, but pity and care. Do not think of changing a child once adopted. The relation assumed is too sacred to be lightly laid aside. If you acted as a Christian, you did not select the child as a plaything, but assumed it as a serious charge; and you have to take the evil with the good. Nay, if your care be greater than you had anticipated, the greater will be your reward. You will have, if you act aright, the pleasure of seeing those early traits of evil gradually disappearing under the influence of your united love and firmness, and of those religious and virtuous principles which it must be your effort to inculcate; and yours will be the high blessedness, under God, not only of guiding, but of rescuing, a human soul.

We should feel much regret, did we suppose that the representations we have made of the difficulties attending the adoption of children would discourage any from treading in this path of blessed Christian charity. There is no course of

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usefulness that has not its difficulties; and, while it is the dictate of wisdom to view these in their full magnitude, it is the part of courage to encounter them, and of faith to show us whence the strength for that encounter is to come. We would not represent the charge as light, or lightly to be assumed; but we believe that none who undertakes it in a spirit of humble determination to discharge it aright will fail of finding it the means of high enjoyment and most useful service. And are not the objects in view worthy of some exertion, some self-denial, some anxiety? How dreary is a childless home, compared with one bright with young, happy faces, and enlivened with innocent mirth! And while earth is so full of suffering; while thousands of children, deprived of their natural protectors, appeal, in their mute unconsciousness of their great loss, to Christian compassion to supply it, —can those turn away from that appeal to whom Providence has given abundant means of meeting it, and annexed the assurance that it shall bring a blessing also to themselves?

As we draw near the conclusion of these brief remarks, our thoughts turn to a domestic circle, where the happiness that wealth and refinement alone could not have given, has been found in the judicious choice of children for adoption, and the faithful, loving discharge of the duty thus assumed. As I look on those who a few years since were destitute orphans, and see them now entering upon womanhood, with their talents developed by an excellent education, their characters formed by Christian principles, all bright around them in the home where they move, loving and beloved, I feel that my friends, of whose house they are the pride and joy, have won a blessing, even in this world, such as could only follow where good sense and charity were combined. Happiness attend your course, sweet girls, while you return the willing tribute of filial love for that which comforted and guarded your tender years!

S. G. B.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXXIV.

LOB SEY DIR, DER DEN MORGEN.

[Melody first written for "Valet will ich dir geben."]

AT MORNING.

PRAISE to thee, who the morning
Didst send us, after night;
We slept, all cares adjourning,
For thou hadst oversight.
Thou, who abroad dost number
The dewdrops and the rays,
Hast quickened in my slumber
The power to work and praise.

Thou, Lord, to me hast given
Whate'er I am or have;
But fast this life is driven,
And hastens to the grave.
Soon vanishes, and wholly,
The way each pilgrim tends;
Yet on it hangs, how truly!
The time that never ends.

Oh, high and dear believing!
I shall at length arise,
To earth the body bearing;
The spirit finds the skies.
This let me daily ponder
In Hope's grand mystery,—
What, in the bright world yonder,
I may attain to be.

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Who stoops and strains for treasure?
It will but cheat the heart.
Who pants for selfish pleasure,—
Its pay, remorse and smart?
Below here, in the earthy,
My spirit shall be clean;
A shrine not all unworthy
Of pure eyes to be seen.

Be brave, my heart! and weary
Grow never in the strife;
The peace of God will cheer ye
With trust and strength and life.
Be vigorous, not complaining;
And every effort bend:
This very day, at waning,
May see the conflict end. N. L. F.

XXXV.

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT.

[By Martin Rinkart. It was composed shortly before the close of the Thirty Years' War, 1648; and has been popularly called the German Te Deum.]

All hearts and tongues and hands
Now raise to God thanksgiving,
Who wondrous things hath wrought
For us and all the living;
Who, from our mother's breast
And infant nature down,
E'en to this very hour,
Has countless mercies shown.

The ever-blessing God
Bestow on all our being
A noble peace, glad heart,
And will with his agreeing;
And hold us in his grace,
As on and on we fare;
And fend us from all harm,
All times, and everywhere! N. L. F.

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER XI. — EXAMPLES.

THE spring was at hand. My first twelve months in the country were nearly completed, and the cycle of Arthur Ashton's life was fast drawing to a close. How many households know the effect of the sudden changes and raw winds of February and March, upon organizations enervated by disease, and the lassitude of long indoor confinement!

Not a day passed in which I did not receive intelligence, obtained for the most part by my personal inquiries at the house, of the mutations of his health. In that period, few will feel any interest beyond knowing that it was marked by frequent alternations of hope and of doubt, and that his cheerful acquiescence was manifested by a bright look that always lighted up his face, and by manners that reflected the calmness of an infinite peace.

I never before felt the force of the expression, — "the harvest of a quiet eye." The culture of his whole life seemed to garland and garner its fruitage there.

I began to think that he would not have strength for a talk on that other subject to which in our last conversation he had alluded. He could use his books, and at times his pen; nor, beyond occasional feelings of sinking and exhaustion, did he experience any thing that interrupted his studies. But his disease had so much affected his voice that he could speak, for the most part, only in a whisper.

On going into his room one day, I found him in bed, — the first time, I think, that I had seen him there. He beckoned to me to come close to his side, and then told me that he had hoped to have many pleasant talks on subjects allied to those of former conversations, such as the *resurrection*, the *new existence*, and the *connection of this life with the next*. "But it is not likely," he added, "that opportunities for such interviews will be allowed to me; and, after all, pleasant as

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these would have been, something better may be in store for me, — 'the open vision for the written word.'"

"No one of these, however, is the subject," he continued, "to which the other day I alluded. I had in my mind some examples of dying. The more I thought upon the topic, the more it interested me. I could not refrain from writing out some of the considerations which I had hoped to suggest in our proposed talk. I wish you would have the goodness to look over my paper, and tell me sometime what thoughts it has awakened in your mind. This will be next to the pleasure of a conversation. You will find my manuscript in the little drawer underneath my study-table. Thanking you from my heart for your kindness, I feel that I have not strength enough to say more to you now."

The paper, which with me took the place of a conversation, may answer the same purpose with my readers. It will be seen that it is a collection of suggestions to be amplified and illustrated, rather than a complete statement of his thoughts. But it needs no apology or preface.

ARTHUR'S PAPER.

"There is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behavior in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but, when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble."

So writes Mr. Addison in the "Spectator," and Montaign had said the same things before him. It is not improbable

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that a great statesman had his eye on these words, when, addressing the senate upon the death of a distinguished public man, he said, "One may live as a president or a sovereign; but he must die as a man. Death divests us of what is outward and accidental, and brings each of us to his pure individuality." For this reason, death, whenever seen, is instructive. It is the man we look at, not the office or rank.

Probably few study the phenomena of dying, except when these occur to a near relative or friend. Not knowing what to expect, they are taken by surprise, and consider as peculiar to that case what is common to nearly all dying persons. Thus, for example, the return of the look of childhood on the dying features of the mature and aged is often seen; but, for a hundred years, biographers have gone on representing this fact as very remarkable in the case they are describing.

Nature has a method in the things which appear most irregular. Penetrate apparently lawless phenomena, and soon you will reach a controlling and beneficent Will. It might be thought, that death, coming under such infinitely varied circumstances of age, disease, constitution, and treatment, could hardly present two cases exactly alike; but, even if this were true, it does not forbid the existence of many points common to all. We should recognize them at once in any extended observation.

The two facts which seem to be especially prominent are the almost universal final exemption from the fear of death, and the very general freedom from suffering in dying. The strong statements of a distinguished London physician, before quoted, are confirmed by any general perusal of biographies.

Particularly as to suffering, a view of the exceptional instances of a dying agony shows us how rare it must be. Sir Benjamin C. Brodie names only three kinds of death as subject to this. They are deaths from lockjaw, hydrophobia, and delirium tremens. How very few the deaths from these causes, compared with all cases of mortality!

A painless departure is what we should naturally expect from the general arrangements of infinite Goodness. Would it not have been more wise and grateful in mankind if they

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had not been so slow to believe that the fact corresponds to the expectation?

One does not like to look into that mass of fear and superstition, which, in the popular mind, is associated with the dying hour. The phrases, *struck with death, struggle with death, writhing under the king of terrors*, and similar expressions, sufficiently reveal the state of many minds.

Perhaps the pulpit and religious literature, seeking to make awakening impressions, are responsible in part for these false views. But, in all things pertaining to death and burial, men have been singularly conservative. Under various forms of religion and in different climes, the same modes of thought have been transmitted from father to son. It would not be at all strange if many of our opinions, feelings, and even expressions, were inheritances from our pagan ancestors of forty generations ago.

I think an extended examination of biographies would suggest to us, that different forms of the Christian religion, and even different countries of Christendom, have different impressions in regard to death.

The Roman Catholic faith, fostering an unquestioning trust in an infallible Church, and, through the ministrations of art, realizing and almost sensualizing the invisible world, inspires a more softened view of death than Protestantism, which, demanding a single and sturdy faith, throws each one on his own unaided individuality.

Countries where family traditions are continuous, sepulchral monuments ancient, and ties with the past numerous and impressive, inspire a reconciled view of death, compared, for instance, with New England, which has so brief a history, and so few monuments of former generations. The past is but little to us. To die is to be cut off from that earthly future which is so much to all. I believe that the chief wish about the future which Dr. Franklin expressed, was, that he might come back after fifty years to see what his country then was. With us, fear of death is often appalling.

Contrast all this with older countries. I remember that Madame De Staël says that one of the secret charms of Rome

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is, that it reconciles the imagination to death. Its obelisks and funereal urns, some dating from the foundation of Egypt, Greece, Etruria; its theatres, mausoleums, triumphal arches, temples, churches, as well as its chief wonders of painting and statuary, — all make one live in the past. A throng of the departed, she adds, seems to surround one wherever he goes; and "de notre ville solitaire, à la ville souterraine, la transition semble assez douce."

As regards biographical relations of last hours of life, it doubtless should be remembered that the phenomena of dying are reported, for the most part, only by friends, who are inexperienced and partial observers.

Besides, even the dying are not always natural. Men who have lived for effect have "the ruling passion strong in death." Of many a man, it may be said, in the words applied to one of the celebrities of the French Revolution, "Il dramatiserait son mort."

Add to all, biographers frequently write as if they had a case to make out. In order to prove the subject of their praise to be a hero even in death, his last expressions have frequently a meaning attached to them wholly wide from what the dying really intended.

When I have made abatements for all this, I must add, that I have derived interest and instruction from a brief study of the last hours of those whose biographers have simply and naturally described the closing scenes of life. What I have done is merely to look at those notices which may be found in a private library.

On the whole, perhaps this is enough. There is no reason why the cases examined should not be fair examples of thousands of others. The following brief glance at this subject may induce others to give a more extended examination. What we do for ourselves is always worth a great deal more than what others do for us.

There was something peculiarly beautiful in the manner of Petrarch's death. In his library, he was accustomed to recline with his head leaning on his book, following out those thoughts which his reading had suggested. In this posture

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he was one day found by those who had not the remotest idea of his death, so easy was his attitude, and so placid his face.

In some of his sweet musings, his spirit had taken wings: and thus was fulfilled the wish he had expressed, in one of his sonnets, that, if he had lived in strife, he might die in peace; and, if his sojourn here had been useless, at least it might have a decorous departure.

> "Sicche s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
> Mora in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza
> Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta."

In a similar manner, Milton passed away. He had been for some time afflicted by the gout, and was attended by two faithful servants. They were near the great poet, who was then resting on his bed, free from suffering. On coming to his bedside, they found he had expired. Not a groan, not a struggle, had given the least hint of the moment of his departure. So calmly and gently was he called from his sublime meditations, to see "the sapphire blaze and burning throne."

The death of another poet may be noticed in this same connection. I refer to Schiller. A severe sickness, accompanied by delirium, had at length exhibited mitigated symptoms; and he regained the full possession of his senses. In a tranquil spirit, he addressed words of love to those around him; and, when some one asked how he felt, "Calmer, calmer," was his reply. Soon he sank into a deep sleep. "Once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said, 'Many things are growing plain and clear to me.' Again he closed his eyes; and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening."

It does one good to reflect upon the noble courage and fortitude of many who have yielded up their lives as victims to oppressive power. Who can read the account of the execution of Lady Jane Grey, without feeling a timid weakness in the prospect of death rebuked? We are told, that,

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on the morning of the day when she and her husband were to be executed, she declined seeing him, as the tenderness of their parting, she feared, might overcome their fortitude: but from a window of the Tower she gave him a token of love as he was going to the block; and, when she saw his headless body, she was more comforted by the account of his constancy, than shocked by that sad spectacle. And then, when her own time came, the serenity with which she submitted to the adjustment of her garments, and her calm, unblanching look as she placed her head on the block, proved what a triumph the soul may have in the moment of death.

With what a dauntless spirit Sir Walter Raleigh came out from that same Tower, and submitted himself to the same death by decapitation! What a picture to our mind's eye his tall and handsome person makes, as he stands up, and solemnly thanks God that he is to die in the bright light of the sun, and not in the darkness of a wretched dungeon, and feels the edge of the axe, and says, "It is a sharp but sure remedy for all ills"!

What old Latimer, as he was burning at the stake, in Oxford, said to his fellow-sufferer, is familiar to all: "Be of good comfort, Dr. Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And, when the flames blazed up around his body, the historian says, "He, as it were, embraced them, and bathed himself in them, and died with very little pain, or none." How wonderful that the mind should have such power over the body!

When Sir Thomas More was brought to the block, he kissed the executioner, and said to him, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed therefore that thou strike not awry, for saving thy honesty." And, when the executioner would have covered his eyes, he said, "I will cover them myself;" which he did with a cloth he had brought for the purpose. On laying his head on the block, he asked leave to draw his beard aside, adding, even

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playfully, "That had never committed treason." And then, says his biographer, "with great alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe."

After all, I am not sure that these instances have affected me more than a fact I have read in an Italian book of a humble Florentine woman. It was in the time of the plague. One morning, she discovered the fatal sign upon her own person. To stay in her house would be death to her three children. She resolved to take the infected clothes of her bed, and go to an old shed, a mile or two distant, and die there alone. But she must steal away without letting her children know her design. It so happened, that, as she was leaving the house, they espied her from the windows, and playfully said, "Good-by, mother." To have betrayed any emotion would have frustrated her plans. She looked up smilingly, and returned the "Buono giorno" of her children, and then went off to her sure and lonely death.

The last moments of that peerless young man, Sir Philip Sidney, whose life Campbell called "poetry put into action," have been often described. Fatally wounded on the field of battle, he was borne off, faint, and parched with thirst; but, forgetting his own craving for a drop of water, he handed the untasted cup to a dying soldier, with those words, so often quoted, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." During his sixteen days of suffering, though his bones were in some places worn through the skin, he was patient, gentle, and loving; and, not long before he died, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and said, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world." After fervent prayer, he asked for music; and thus, says his biographer, "amid the harmonies of earth, the benedictions of love, and the incense of prayer, his spirit soared to the spheres of Mystery and Promise."

Old Isaac Walton's quaint description of the death of Hooker, the author of the Church Polity, is worth quoting: "On his sick-bed he said, 'O God! since I owe thee a death, let it not be terrible; and then take thine own time, and I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done.' With which expression, he fell into a dangerous

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slumber, — dangerous as to his recovery. Yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: "God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me, from which blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take away." More he would have said, but his spirit failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep."

The saintly Bishop Ken, for a year before he died, suffered much from infirmities of body, which no medical help relieved. But, prior to his departure, his sufferings left him; and he expressed himself in lines which bear witness to his grateful and devout spirit: —

"No language can reveal
The pleasing trance which now I feel!
My ease, my sleep, strange transports seem;
Of everlasting joys I dream;
Congratulate the blest,
And long to share their heavenly rest."

John Foster, whose spirit was so weighed down and oppressed by meditating upon future retribution, had a death as tranquil as that of Petrarch and Milton. A kind old servant slept in a room adjoining that in which John Foster was confined to his bed, in a sickness that created no anxiety. On going to visit him, early one morning, she found him dead. During the night, his spirit had quietly left the body. "His countenance," says his biographer, "was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep."

A fact named in the account of the death of Sir James Mackintosh has interested me. During his sickness, his mind appears to have been perplexed in its attempts to explain much that had been taught to him as Christian truth. As his children were around his bed, he asked, "What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and election?" They could not give him the name. He paused some time, and then added, "He cannot frighten me now." Not long after this, when one of his children asked him how

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he felt, he answered "Happy," and soon he breathed his last. His biographer adds, "Judging by his unruffled brow, his calm though increasingly serious and solemn countenance, he willingly yielded up his spirit into the hands of Him whom he had found to be indeed a most faithful Creator."

How many terrors have been conjured up by sickly brains! Nor is it the least service that death renders, that it has enabled many to say, of some writer of strong but appalling statements, "He cannot frighten me now."

The eminent German theologian, Schleiermacher, on his sick-bed, wished to administer the communion to his family and near friends. After he had distributed the bread and the wine, he said, "In this love and communion we are, and ever will remain, united." He immediately fell back on his pillow, and breathed his last, "with an expression of heavenly rapture on his countenance."

After preaching one Sunday, Dr. Chalmers was in unusual good spirits, and his friends never saw him happier. Next morning, his housekeeper knocked at his chamber-door, but received no answer. It was supposed he was asleep. After waiting some time, she entered the chamber, and found it dark. She spoke, but obtained no reply. She threw open the window-shutters, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. The body of Dr. Chalmers was there, half erect, the head gently reclining on the pillow. The expression of the countenance was that of fixed, majestic repose. The housekeeper took his hand, and touched his brow. Both were cold, and he had been dead many hours. He passed away without the least pain or conflict. His biographer says, "The expression of the face, undisturbed by a single trace of suffering; the position of the body, so easy that the least struggle would have disturbed it; the very posture of arms, hands, and fingers, known to the family as that into which they fell naturally in the moments of entire repose, conspired to show, that, saved all strife with the last enemy, his spirit had passed to its place of blessedness and glory in the heavens."

But these notices need not be multiplied. Enough has been said to indicate the usual method of His hand in with-

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drawing us from the world. Every one can see for himself, by similar inquiries, carried on through a greater number of cases, whether the actual phenomena of dying confirm the statements before made.

On one point only, may a word be added. I have glanced at the biographies of distinguished men, because, generally speaking, the biographies of other men have not been written. Could we have a minute account of the death-scenes of all good men in the private walks of life, who can doubt that the impression which I am seeking to make would be greatly strengthened?

Scholars, poets, divines, have generally led more artificial lives than other men, and, as a consequence, have often experienced more sickness and suffering. I believe it is not yet settled whether what we call a superior culture has not raised quite as many spectres as it has allayed. If we desire to know the real facts pertaining to death, we must study it, not in here and there a well-written memoir, but in the homes where death comes, and at large in the common experience of humanity. We shall then more surely learn, what, in the beneficent plans of Providence, it was designed to be, and what it actually is in the vast majority of cases."

THE PANTHEIST AND THE ASS.

THE following is from Mr. Alger's "Specimens," where it appears under the heading of "The Mystic Confounded." It is very pointed, as a theological *argumentum ad hominem*: —

The Brahman, Hargovind, maintained with pride
That no distinction was to be descried
Between a stone, a child, the sky, a pall;
For all things formed but One and One was All.

Shrewd Dévan pointed to an ass, and asked,
"Discern you what this object is?" He masked
His aim, but none the inference could miss:
"Since you are one with all, you must be this!"

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STREET TALK.

"You might get it up this way, my dear child," I said.

She looked up, and smiled, and very pleasantly said, "Yes; but I did not see that way till I had got it here."

She had a little wagon, and, in crossing the street with her load, had drawn it into the gutter, and the wheels were up against the curbstone, which was quite too high to let her draw her wagon up; while she might easily have gone around the corner a few steps, where the curbstone, as I saw, was very low.

Her load was a common one in the cities, and her untidy dress and uncleanly appearance in general corresponded with what she was carrying off, — the refuse from the kitchen. In a word, it was "swill." I never saw the child before; but I saw her trouble, and I really felt that I wanted to help her. I could not, in my street-clothes, have put my hand to the wheels, and lifted them for her. It would have cost me less to find a man, and pay for doing it. But it was unnecessary to do either. A strong woman from her own class, dressed no better than herself, perhaps her mother, gave the wheels a vigorous pull, and put them on the sidewalk, and, like the little girl, thanked me in an exceedingly pleasant manner, though I had only said, "You might get it up this way, my dear child."

Very likely I shall never see them again. Though in a very public street, engaged in work which probably she pursues every day, and on a walk where my occupations frequently call me, I might easily frequently meet her. But I had never met her before, that I know of, and so suppose that we have parted never to meet again. I hardly saw her face; only that it had its pleasant smile. She was good-looking, but not specially handsome; yet had she been my daughter, and dressed like persons of what is called respectable society, she would have looked exceedingly well. I thought of it again, after I lay down at night, and could not sleep awhile

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for thinking of her. I thought that I had no daughter to fold in my arms, to watch in her innocence and unfolding loveliness. I could not even adopt one, if I had wished to. Impossibilities forbade. But my heart went out after this strange child, in her uncleanly, disagreeable employment. I thought what perhaps she was, good, or, as perhaps the world would call it, bad; and what she might yet become, and what she might suffer or enjoy. I thought, too, of so many other homes as well as my own, where no daughters were, no children even, and none had ever been; and how much the childless suffer, though many do not know of their own sufferings. And how very happy, religiously happy, many people might make themselves by rescuing from the streets the desolate and outcast children; how they might make their homes radiant with loveliness, and their future world nearer to their faith by the greater largeness of their love. And I thought, too, of so many homes bereaved of children, — how, for many months and years, the silence of the child's footsteps and prattle and laugh is a suffering heavy to be borne, and its memory a frequent pang. And how, though no adopted child could occupy the place of one departed, and expel the memory, and lead on to forgetfulness, and render its name a word without interest, yet the old child might be sanctified by a new one accepted, chosen for God's sake and humanity's, and for salvation's sake. And the memory would be softer, and it would be far sweeter, in the consciousness of new loves growing up, as a rose might look far sweeter in the herbage of the field-side, or the garden, among kindred flowers, than if it grew in the midst of a wide desert of sand, among storms and rain.

The love that is to let in the world, with none to engage it, is an immensity of waste. No one that seriously thinks of it ever wonders at the pets that are found in solitary houses of solitary people. Cats and dogs, and birds in cages, we otherwise often wonder at, to think that people can love them. But sometimes, as we know, people must have something to pour out their love upon. Sometimes it is possible that people have not hearts large enough, high enough, to

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love a creature above a cat or a dog. It is possible, I repeat. I do not mean to charge it upon any persons, that they have not enough of heart to love a man, a woman, or a child. But when we see how contented, apparently, some are with their animal pets, — how, though they are cross to all the world of human beings, they are never cross to them, and will let a cat jump upon their shoulders, and sit in their laps, and will feed it at the table, though they would not willingly let a human being take them by the hand, and never want to hold another's hand in their own, and will let a dog lick their faces, though they never know the kiss of childhood's or of an equal's love, — then we think it possible that some cannot now love humanity, or not easily; not until some new life is poured into their hearts. And when we see again how, in the same household, there are sometimes bickerings and quarrels, — how those that might be most fondly attached and sources of infinite blessing to one another, are actually means to one another of acutest pangs of misery, wrenching, rasping one another's poor, sore, wounded hearts, — we ask again if such people are now capable of blessed love, and have not rather entered upon life's holiest relationships quite incapable of worshipping at the shrine such relationships enclose. The Roman general possibly was awed as he stood within the Holy of Holies, though only a profane curiosity impelled him to go in there; but many a profane one might have gone there, not caring for the sanctity that attached to the place, entered with a laugh of scorn, and come out with frivolous blasphemy. Some could do no more.

But, if there are any who cannot love in the world, there are millions who do not that could. They call for others' love, — for the soft hand that should stroke their cheeks, the loving eyes that should follow their departure, the smile that should welcome their return. To love, with them, is to receive. The world is meagre and desolate in their view, which can give them — nothing. Yet they may reflect how many much loved there are, to whom it is no pleasure to be loved. How many husbands, careless of fountains and floods of love poured out upon them; how many wives as careless; how

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many sons and daughters, whom their parents would have died to save, — whose wandering feet are followed by parental thought and anxiety as if by angels' footsteps, and whose sins, because they are beloved, cut or crush the living hearts of parents, which bleed and bleed, and no balm of patience is ever able to heal. Is it sure, that the love of others is enough for us, or that we know how to receive it, and surely could enjoy it?

What constitutes the good of love is its own activity. We always want life more than any thing else in the world beside. We defraud ourselves: we are not so much defrauded. We cannot love the unlovely: we think we cannot, and turn round and ask from others that they should love our own unlovely selves. Considering what is thought to be the degree and amount of human depravity, we scarcely could reason that God could love us. We seldom think of any world of angels above us, who are spending their time in loving us; or that, when we enter into another life, it will be to circles of angels that have known us, been interested in us, have talked about us with pleasure, and waited long for our coming. If we think that the unlovely cannot be loved, no such imagination can gladden our hearts. Yet God must love those not superior, but beneath; and angels, those also who are beneath. The pure always do. Mothers and fathers, that are good, never cease from love because their children turn out to be bad. And so we live in a world wherein the more there is of evil, the more earnest is the appeal to our hearts, and the more opportunity there is for us to exercise the activity and become sensible of the blessedness of loving. And the love which God requires from us toward himself, and which we acknowledge it to be our obligation to pay, must find its life not in sublime contemplation of infinite excellences impossible of comprehension by our finite minds, but in the sense of others' needs. The heart that would love the pure and good alone, cannot live. If it would rise to heaven, it must, like the plant, draw its life also from the earth, and have a deep footing in the ground. The sun, too, must shine on the weed and the waste, if it would have its

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light reflected from the gorgeousness of the earth and the stream, from moon and star. The wisdom of God is manifested in making the microscopic animalcule, as in the vast world through which telescopic vision searches. And we must love God in man, — such is Bible instruction, — in the beggar in rags, in the tempted and lost, if we would love him on his throne. What blessings for ourselves, — not for the beggars alone, — when the activity, the fulness, and the tenderness of our hearts can move us to labor for such as they are; to meet them with interest, and know them with love! We have tears enough in our hearts for their sorrows and dangers, if we only knew it, and smiles enough, not yet exhausted, for their encouragement and happiness.

Go thy way, then, dear child, young stranger. God give us another meeting, and let me see what I, your poor fellow-child of God, can do to redeem you from the loathsomeness of your occupation, or how, by respect and love, I, from my different place in life, may perhaps help a little to sustain your own self-respect, and show you that the world may love and honor you. E. B.

Corner of Congress Street, Sept. 16, 1865.

"It is vain to say, that this is the country of the 'white man.' It is the country of man." Charles Sumner.

True, noble words, which thrill the very soul, —
This country is for man, the human race;
Words, too, that should our policy control,
If we would not our fatherland disgrace.
This country is for all, of every name,
Reserved by Providence' all-gracious plan,
That each his proper dignity might claim, —
The right to be, and feel himself a man.
Here may the oppressed of foreign nations come,
And find, in our wide country, peace and rest;
The roving Indian reach a settled home,
In the broad prairies of the fertile West;
And here the slave, to manhood born at last,
Forget the wrongs and miseries of the past. J. V.

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FOLLOWING GOD.

THE Apostle Paul exhorts us to be followers of God, as dear children; and we need hardly be informed, but at most only reminded, that the *following* of God, which is here inculcated, means not merely the obeying of his words, but the observing and following of his ways, — although, in truth, the way of God's working *is* his word to the soul. To follow after God, moreover, implies a keeping close to him, *in order* to hear what he says, and see what he does, as well as the following-out, in our life and conversation, of what he does say and do, for our instruction and example. To follow God is to pursue his footsteps, not merely as a servant does his master's, or a pupil his teacher, but as the lover follows the object of his heart's affection, — as the artist follows with his eye the embodiment of his soul's ideal, or, finally, to come to Paul's own illustration, as the child, so soon as he begins to observe any thing, and almost before consciousness is awakened, follows the look, every flying glance, every light and shadow of his parent's face; and, as he grows up, studies and catches his moral lineaments, and copies his moral walk. "I will instruct thee and teach thee," the heavenly Parent and Preceptor is represented saying to his child, "in the way which thou shall go: *I will guide thee with mine eye.*"

In fact, the Greek word rendered *followers* here, means literally *imitators:* at the same time, there is a felicity in the present rendering in view of the connection of the text with what comes after; for it reads, "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children; *and walk* in love."

But there is an equal expressiveness in the relation of what we have cited from Paul to what precedes it also. The manner of its introduction, — "Be ye, *therefore*, followers of God," — takes us back to the thought with which the foregoing chapter ended, that of the kindness, tender-heartedness, and forgiving spirit of God as revealed in Christ; and thus our text is seen to be a happy reminiscence and re-enforcement

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of the appeal made by Christ himself, in the Sermon on the Mount, to the ways of God as a model for his human children. It is true here as there. The scope of the appeal seems to be limited by the special reference to the compassion and charity of the heavenly Father; but this will hardly appear a limitation to one who reflects what charity (or, in plain English, *love*) means, as a religious sentiment; and especially how much it comprehends in relation to Him of whom it is written, "God *is* love." In such an aspect, love is indeed "the fulfilling of the law," "the end of the commandment," the essence of religion.

In the portion of the Sermon on the Mount alluded to, Jesus had made the copying of the love, charity, in short, religion of God, equivalent to men's being the true *children* of their Father in heaven; and this is exactly the doctrine of Paul, from which we have started. Interpreters of Scripture have commonly thought it enough to say, that, according to the idiom of the Hebrew, or more generally of Oriental speech, the relation of childhood or sonship denotes, figuratively, moral and spiritual resemblance; "son of peace," for instance, signifying one of a pacific spirit; "son of consolation," a comforter; "son of thunder," a zealot; and "son of God," as part, at least, of its meaning, — a God*like* person. But, it seems to me, this kind of exposition hardly reaches the heart and spirit of the language in question, although on the road to it. Jesus brings us nearer to the heart and soul and life of it, — or *would*, if we did not make his word so much a superficial formula and a dead letter, — when he says, that *whatsoever things he seeth the Father do, these also doeth the Son likewise.* We may have been accustomed, indeed, to regard this saying as implying no more than the singular and sole relation of *this one mysterious* Son of God to the Supreme Being. But remember what the same Evangelist who records this says in the beginning of his Gospel, recapitulating the religious history of mankind; namely, that as many as received the indwelling Maker, *to them gave he power to become the sons of God.* And Paul says all who are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God. All Christians are called

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in Christ to feel themselves the children of God, and to be his sons, by adoption, *not only by his adoption of them*, but *their adoption of him as their model.*

And, in point of historical fact, what was it Jesus referred to, when, in his controversy with the Jews, he spoke of seeing and doing the things his Father did? Was it, think you, the miracle or the mercy that formed the prominent object in his thoughts? The double charge of his adversaries was, that he had broken the sabbath and called God *his* Father. In reply, Jesus *said*, that, whatever law of *theirs* he might be violating, he was really fulfilling the law which the spirit and providence of God set forth, when he used the sabbath day for doing good; for God and Nature (another name for God) kept on working sabbath days as well as secular days. *This* was, at least, a *part* of what he, a reverent, loving, and teachable child, had observed of the Father's procedure; and this much, namely, the preference, on God's part, of mercy to sacrifice, of charity to ceremony, and the exemplifications of the true kind of rest and sabbath which Nature (one form of God) affords, every child of the heavenly Father was invited to remark, to reflect upon, and to act upon; and they themselves, on the spiritual side, were no less truly God's offspring, as, on the corporeal plane, they were no less creatures of God than he. It is true, in subsequent encounters with these Pharisaic adversaries, he tells them that he speaks the words of *his* Father, and they do the deeds of *theirs*, meaning Satan; but then the very fact of his laboring with them as he did, proved that, though they would not know, would not own their Father in heaven, *he* knew them to be the creatures and children of God.

We have then, I conceive, the authority of the Master and of the Apostle, as well as the authority of our own common sense and common conscience, — of our best feelings and judgments certainly, — for saying that man's highest religion consists in following the example of the great Father in heaven, in studying and copying his spirit, in following God as a reverent, affectionate, and teachable child. I have already used the phrase, the *religion of God;* and I would now,

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in drawing nearer to the heart of my subject, say, that this expression not only *will bear* to be dwelt upon, but, in the view of a deeply thoughtful Christian spirit, will demand to be dwelt on in a profounder and more literal sense than merely as meaning the religion which God *requires of man*. There is a religion of God, meaning the religion which God himself shows, exercises, towards man, towards all his children and creatures. We claim a great superiority to the old heathen in our knowledge of God; but it has always seemed to me to show a fine instinctive presentiment, at least, on the part of the pagan poets, of something in the divine nature which Christian theologians have but seldom and faintly appreciated, when they apply, as you remember Virgil in his great poem so repeatedly and touchingly does, the term *pious* to the conduct and feelings of the highest heavenly beings towards the children of earth. And I have thought, when the great central doctrine of our spiritual faith, that God's giving is a sharing, not a condescension, but a communication, has been set forth with a luminous and copious cogency of argument, illustration, and appeal, that it was capable of still further and deeper and higher application in the sphere of religious sentiment, — that religion itself fails to be properly conceived until it is regarded not merely as something imposed upon man or required from him, but as something which God himself invites man to partake with *him*. God himself sets the example of disinterested, patient, long-suffering self-devotion, forbearance, magnanimity, religious respect for the souls of his children; and invites man, in the exercise of these heavenly qualities, to *enter into the joy of his Lord*.

The *religion of nature*, in the best and highest sense of that much-contested phrase, as meaning, not *our worshipping nature*, but nature's own reverent and patient working-out of the holy and beneficent ends before her, — what is that but the religion of God, whose mysteriously pervading spirit is nature's life?

How and where Jesus learned, by watching his heavenly Father's processes (if we indeed rightly understand him as

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intimating that he *did* learn in that way), to heal the palsied, open the eyes of the blind, and raise the dead, of course is utterly beyond our knowledge or conception; but in what school he learned those divine lessons of patience, forbearance, ceaseless and boundless beneficence, and self-forgetting charity, of which the sabbath days witnessed so many of his most memorable exemplifications, — *that* is no mystery to one who will observe how the very suspension of man's work only gives occasion for him to remark the more thoughtfully the unresting activity of nature's God, — the Lord of light and life. Jesus saw and felt what a poor travesty the sabbath *rusting* of men's souls under the old superstition was of the sublime *rest* and repose of the Supreme Soul in the busy harmony of creation. His religion consisted in following, as a dear child, the steps and the style of the Being who has breathed his own spirit into the human heart, and is constantly drawing man's attention to the wondrous and winning lessons of grace and love.

According to the common, worldly, and ecclesiastical estimates, and the superficial statistics of the human family, there is a considerable variety of religions in the land and in the world: but, in reality, to one who has the feeling of what true religion is, there are but two, different and diametrically opposite, kinds of religion, two churches invisible; and the lines dividing them from each other are not identical with any geographical or sectarian lines, but disciples of either principle are to be found, or both exist as tendencies at least in every nation and denomination of men. I call them both *religions*, because, although one of them is the very vital antagonist of religion proper, still it is held with a religious tenacity, a sort of bigotry, often, and clung to as if it were life, instead of death, with the stiff and stolid allegiance of the self-deluded soul. Of these two religions, the one, which alone deserves the name, is a large, generous, self-forgetting, soul-quickening sense of an infinite ideal, kindling in the spirit a constant dissatisfaction with its past attainments, and urging it on to new heights of truth and holiness; while the other false claimant of the name of religion is a narrow,

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negative, and niggardly principle of self-seeking penance and formalism, — pride in the guise of humility, self-complacency in the guise of sanctity, indifference and intolerance joining hands in a strange alliance to suppress the convictions, to quench the inspirations and aspirations, which are the soul's life and real religion's breath. This is the benumbing touch of winter to the tree of life and the free flow of the love of truth in the inner man; while the true religion is the glowing and growing summer of charity diffusing its genial atmosphere over the field of the heart's world, inviting forth the germs of good, swelling the streams of hopeful thought and action, and calling into existence a creation vocal with the praise of the all-loving Father. One of these religions is all-grasping, close-fisted, and exclusive; the other, all-bestowing, open-handed, and utterly "given to hospitality." The God of the one is that sublimation of selfishness which is the true and only Satan; of the other, the Being who hides himself, and veils the severe majesty of his sterner attributes that he may enter the human heart as a gentle Spirit of grace, or, rather, who is from eternity the pure and gentle Spirit of unselfishness, essentially free, loving, and communicative, the true and perfect friend, who, not satisfied with the interchange of gifts, would interchange souls and selves with his children and loved ones.

The two kinds of religion I have indicated, certainly we may hope the darker kind, can hardly be looked for in full and outright embodiment anywhere within the circle of our observation; but the true tendencies we have imperfectly described exist everywhere, and are probably at this moment struggling with each other in most men's hearts, — on the one side God, the Spirit of light and love and liberty, striving to enter, enlarge, and elevate the soul; and, on the other, self, blindly set to resist the divine influence.

That we may learn and live the true religion, we are invited to be followers of God, as dear children; in other words, to walk with God, to trace his footprint and his finger in the earth and in the heavens, to study the qualities of his working, and see what the Father does, that we as his chil-

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dren may do likewise. To be followers of God is not merely to follow what he said and did in a former age, but to wait upon him, and, with filial reverence, observe the wonders of his hand and the word of his mouth, as our senses and souls to-day and at this hour report them to us; to follow with admiring eyes and adoring hearts those movements of the mysterious element of light, which are the wavings of his garment, those gracefully undulating outlines, vanishing horizons, and mystic depths of light and shadow, in which, at once veiling and revealing himself, the Perfect One beckons the spirit onward along the ladder which leads from the finite to the infinite; to follow him in the depths of our own being and along the paths of our wondrous experience, in these thoughts that wander through eternity, in the mysterious whispers that sound out from above the dim stairway of memory, and in the hopes that greet us out of the infinite future. The devout astronomer (and the *un*devout one has been pronounced *mad*), the devout naturalist, the devout historian, the devout physician and metaphysician, — all these are truly followers of God as dear children. *These also see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.* But especially and emphatically do *they* follow God as dear children, who, thus meditating in this calm retreat of finite being his "milder majesty," —

> "To the beautiful order of his works,
> Learn to conform the order of their lives."

With a sublime egotism, deserving rather to be called self-appreciation, did the great astronomer, Kepler, declare the lesson he had learned from the patience of God, who had waited six thousand years for a mind to discern the law of the heavens. But there are heavenly laws, yet higher and holier, which our eyes need not travel far to discover, which are the ways of a God ever near at hand, and all around our daily paths, teaching us lessons of patience, purity, fidelity, and truth, in every leaf, and every ripple, and every stone.

Religion is manifested and tested in our patience, our charity, and our faith. We shall show whether we have learned our religion by following God as dear children, in our treat-

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ment and judgment of men and their works. Jesus said, "The Father judgeth no man." He said of himself, "I judge no man." He enjoined upon his disciples, "Judge not." But God does judge, and Christ judges, and Conscience (the Holy Spirit in man) judges man's deeds, whether they are right or wrong, worthy or unworthy, holy and wholesome, or unholy and deadly; and love itself rejoices in having the ways of truth and error, safety and danger, clearly discriminated. But he must be a very undiscerning and ungrateful observer of the ways of God in his own experience, who is not impressed with the fact that God gives us not according to what we deserve, but according to what we need. And, in the spirit of this lesson, we shall judge men's works, and judge the tendency of their doings, and what is best and most necessary for us to do with them, *without* judging *them*. The *spirit* of our dealing is what we should learn from God. Therefore there is a true theology in the homely counsel of a poet-philosopher: —

> "Help thou the foolish as thou wouldst a child;
> And help the bad, for none more poor than he.
> To the transgressor show thyself a man,
> As if God had his youngest brother here, —
> A blind man, who, going forth to find his way
> To his physician, groped about in vain,
> Wounding himself, and falling every step!"

In a word, the religion we learn from the way and spirit of the Father, is characterized by that love which makes us put ourselves in another's place, be he sufferer, be he sinner, — which makes us, in a word, practically own that the declaration of our being *members one of another* is not rhetorical emptiness, but solid truth. And the religion learned of the Father, which is charity, is a creative spirit, not a critical and cavilling, but a generous and life-creating principle. Its instinct is to seek out the good in every man and thing, and strive to give it the victory over the evil that obstructs and encumbers it. It always sets the good in the foreground, admitting the evil, and asserting the good; whereas the way of the selfish, worldly spirit is to assert the evil, and only faintly admit the good.

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Finally, the religion of God is that spirit of prophecy which is full of calm confidence, because it has the future, the substance of things hoped for, in the purpose of faith and faithfulness. We who preach to-day the doctrine that men should be perfect, as their Father in heaven is perfect, are well aware that we are preaching what is still in advance of the age, but no farther, I suppose, than it was in advance of his who preached it eighteen hundred years ago. And, if it were still eighteen hundred years ahead of *our* age, it would be the more, rather than the less, our duty to preach it. But we have observed, that the doctrine which is most apt to make men cry out, "You are in advance of the age," is precisely the teaching of the very truth or duty the age most needs in order to advance. A common and complacent reply to reformers is, "People must be educated up to your demand;" but where must be that man's eyes and sense, who has not learned, in these days of the Lord, that men's education consists as much in what they do and what they suffer, as in what they read and reason out, — that, in other words, it consists, not merely in being trained up, but in being *shaken* up?

To all, then, let it be said, and emphatically to all who meet on the Lord's Day to meditate his word and will, Be *ye* followers of God as dear children, — followers of his large charity, his perfect purity, his calm and long-suffering patience, his careful faithfulness, in a word, and that a most significant and comprehensive one, his utter simplicity. The apostle's calling us God's *dear children* has in it a twofold strength and pointedness of meaning. Every human being is precious in the sight of his Maker and Father; and therefore is the invitation given so affectionately to each to live near Him who yearns to have all partakers of his holiness, and so our happiness. But the applying to men in relation to God and the godly life the title of children, of itself suggests the one quality of the heavenly Father's spirit and working, which is perhaps among the very least appreciated, certainly in practice, — what we have called, not without Scripture example, too, the *simplicity* of God. It is a touch-

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ing thought, that, where we are told God "giveth to all men *liberally*, and upbraideth not," the same word is used as where man is instructed, whenever *he* giveth, to do it *with simplicity*. And how beautifully does nature express this simplicity of the divine giving, — and may we not add forgiving? — "and upbraideth not!" In other words, he simply gives because he sees before him a needy and suffering child; and the fact that sin produced the sorrow and the destitution, or even perpetuates it, makes the misery no less eloquent and moving to the tender spirit which feels the sin itself, to be the greatest misery of all. "Neither do I condemn thee," his human voice once said on earth: "Go, sin no more!"

If we obey the command to follow God as reverent and loving children, we shall deal with men and things in this spirit of divine simplicity. God is calling us to-day to be children in malice, and, in understanding, men; meekly and manfully to follow Jesus in his following of the Father, and learn of him, as he goes before us in the wondrous works of nature and ways of providence, the lessons of patient fidelity, fearless truthfulness, and tranquil trust. Not one day only, but every day, must we be learning and living our religion, if religion means following God as dear children; for there is a still, small voice ever with us and within us, saying, "This is the way of purity; this is the way of peace." That voice is felt in the hollowness and heaviness of a heartless and inhuman existence: it is felt in the dissatisfaction which *they* have such hard work to disguise from themselves who live for self alone, and who wage the unblessed war of the little self against the great and generous purposes of the universal Father. Listen to that voice, ye who *make* the mountains before which you stand bewildered, or, because you turn your backs to the light, project yourselves the shadows which grow to giants in your path. Turn to the Lord; follow his quiet leadings; and, as the prophet says, "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord: his going-forth is prepared as the morning." And the path of these who do follow him shall be itself as the step of morning upon the earth.

C. T. B.

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A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LESSON.

"Help one another."

"DURING the week that has passed, the subject of our last Sunday's lesson, suggested by the words 'Help one another,' has been so much in my thoughts that I have wished to pursue it farther; and, preferring to do so while it remains fresh in our minds, I take it up again to-day.

"As a guide to our present thoughts, as well as for the purpose of giving you a motto which I wish you might use to quicken the spirit of charity in your hearts, I will relate a little incident to me most beautifully illustrative of the principle we have been considering. I should have given it in our previous conversation, had it then occurred to me; but it has only since been brought to mind.

"Two little children, a girl and a boy, were on their way to the grocer's. The roofs of the houses and the grass were white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed; but the little girl had a sort of coat over her which she seemed to have out-grown.

"As they walked briskly along, she drew her little brother close up to her, saying, 'Come under my coat, Johnny.'

"'It isn't big enough for both,' he replied.

"'I guess I can stretch it a little,' she said; and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

"Warm indeed no doubt they were in great part by the aid of the heart-warmth that filled them, and made other covering unnecessary. You have felt all of you, at times, the power of a deep interest, an absorbing thought, to render you insensible to the extremes of heat and cold; just so love filled the hearts of these little ones, and made their one scanty garment to be all-sufficient for their needs. Now, is it not possible so to enlarge the spirit of love, of kindness, of charity within us, that it shall spread over a far wider surface than now it does, shall hold a far larger number of our fel-

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low-creatures in its embrace? Do we fail to find in our hearts any warm feeling of love for those around us, may we not increase that love within us? May we not, to use the words of that little child, 'stretch it a little'? We are little aware how much this spirit may be increased within us, how large a capacity of love is ours, till we have tried truly to exercise our affections, beyond our family and immediate friends, on all those whom the Creator has placed within reach of our regard. We must learn to exercise the love we feel, to know how great is the *power* of love which we possess."

"But how can we do this, Miss Ellis? How can we learn to love others more?"

"In many ways, but in no way it seems to me more effectually than by doing what we can to help them. We can never do the smallest thing to aid another, without being conscious, if we will analyze our feeling, that we have toward him a kindlier regard; and this must ever increase in the proportion that we strive to do him good."

"But, if our efforts fail to be appreciated, — if, as in some instances, they are repulsed, — can our love grow warmer then?"

"Yes: even then, I think, if the regard we feel is disinterested. If it is selfish, indeed, instead of increasing, it will, no doubt, diminish; but, if it is based upon the consciousness that those whom we are trying to aid are our fellow-beings and God's children, their indifference or their ungenerous return of our kind offices will hardly make our love grow cold; we shall rather feel, if our regard is true, that they have the greater need of it, and so will extend it to them all the more.

"One of the most beautiful arrangements of God's providence, it seems to me, is the dependence of human beings upon each other; and it is a quickening thought, that all which is required for the equal happiness of every individual is provided by his care. The adjustment of these provisions is in great part left to man: it is given to him, in large measure, to equalize the burdens and to distribute impartially the

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comforts and satisfactions of our earthly lot. Through this work of the rightful distribution of God's bounty, the Almighty has most evidently intended that his creatures shall be drawn together, and helped to be made one. Is it not clear to us, therefore, that, of what we have and which others have not, we are called upon to impart to them, and they in like manner of what they possess to extend to us? You have read the story of the lame man and the blind one: how, by means of the eyes of the one and the strong limbs of the other, they were able to make their way together without difficulty; whereas, without each other's aid, they had been helpless. An article in a Brooklyn paper, by a gentleman of that city, says that this story was forcibly brought to his mind by his own observation of a similar case. Walking in the upper part of the city, he saw two men dressed as laborers walking together. As they were going along for some distance the same way, he addressed to one of them some unimportant remark, when he discovered that they were each laboring under a terrible deprivation; one of them being blind, the other deaf and dumb. The sense in which either was deficient was enjoyed by the other. He who was blind could hear and speak for both, while he himself went confidently on his darkened way under the guidance of his silent companion.

"What is the lesson we should draw from such examples as these? Is it not what I have said,—that, as the opportunity is given us, we should impart of God's gifts to us to supply the need of those on whom these blessings have not been bestowed? Have we all our senses in perfection? Are there any whom we know who are blind or deaf? Certainly we know many who are partially so. Can we not make our sight and hearing serve their wants in a greater degree than now? Have we health? Can we not use it oftener than now to alleviate the sufferings of those who are deprived of it? Have we happiness? Certainly, if we have our trials, we have also much to make us happy; and can we not, through our own happiness, minister more to the comfort of the unhappy and the sorrowing? One of the pleasantest

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memories I am permitted to cherish is of one whom I once knew, a widow and childless, whom I was in the habit of visiting often. Though in disposition she was not wanting in cheerfulness, when she grew feeble, and unable to provide as formerly for her own wants, she was often sad. Going in frequently when she was feeling most lonely and unhappy, and passing an hour or half-hour in conversation or in reading from some book or paper, I almost invariably left her cheered and comforted. 'Oh, I feel so much better for your coming in!' she would often say at parting: 'it has done me good.' Though long since gone, I can see now the cheered expression of her face and hear her word of thanks, when I had thus been able to lift the burden from an otherwise weary hour; and I would not miss the thought of it for much. Be assured from me, my dear girls, that, the more we have of such memories as this, and we can make them many if we will, and of far more value to look back upon, the happier and the more satisfying our life will be. To help bear the burdens of our fellow-creatures will not make our own grow heavier, but lighter; and our bright days will be ever brighter for the good we seek to mingle in their earthly lot.

"There is one other influence of the spirit of kindness of which I wish to speak; and that is its power to arrest and conquer the vicious, and also to quiet and restore to reason the insane. Facts are not wanting to prove it to be a most efficient power in both these ways, a greater than men generally are willing to believe. One or two illustrations occur to me among many others which I have read, but cannot now recall. The following I remember to have read, taken from the papers of some missionary or foreign traveller: —

"Being alone one day in his hut, engaged in reading, the doorway was suddenly darkened; and, looking up, his eyes rested on the figure of an athletic man whom he knew at a glance to belong to the class whose criminal propensities urge them into a life of outlawry. His natural impulses prompted him instantly to bid him come in and sit down, and to set before him some food. He sat down, and ate for some time, apparently much abashed. At length he rose to go, but, pre-

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viously to doing so, told his entertainer he could not feel easy without confessing to him, that he had come there with the intention of robbing the hut, for which purpose he had fire-arms behind a tree close at hand. The kindness with which he had been treated, he said, had so affected him, that he not only could not carry his project into execution, but he felt inclined to abandon violent intentions, and carry fire-arms no more: then, pointing out the tree behind which his weapons were concealed, he told him he had better take them, and do what he considered best with them.

"In cases of insanity, I am inclined to believe kind treatment to be often the most effective means of restoration. When the superintendent of the asylum for the poor in one of the counties in Illinois first took charge of it, he found an insane man who had been loaded with heavy chains for years. Believing that this cruelty kept the man insane, he took the responsibility of taking them off, and gradually restoring him to liberty. The man at first raved, expecting fresh torture; then he doubted, and finally realized that he was free. He was overpowered with delight, exclaiming constantly, as he looked upon the outer world of sunshine, 'Oh, how beautiful!' Then gratitude to his liberator prevailed. At length he voluntarily went to work in the garden, though he had nearly lost all power of locomotion; and he became entirely restored.

"Mrs. Child, in her 'Letters from New York,' says, 'The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restoring maniacs; but experience has proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the Bedlam at Bicetre, many supposed his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, some ten years, some forty years; and, with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to remove their chains, and put on strait-waistcoats. At first they did not believe it, they had been so often deceived. When they found it

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true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became very valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.'

"To the same end, we have the following testimony of Miss Dix, our American Mrs. Fry: On one occasion, she was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully day and night, rent his clothes, plucked out his hairs, and was so violent that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Without appearing to notice him, she seated herself at a little distance, and began to read certain passages of Scripture filled with the spirit of tenderness. Soon his shouts ceased, and he became perfectly still. When, after a protracted stay, she rose to go, he said to her, 'No, you cannot: God sent you, and you must not go.' Finally, obtaining permission from him to leave, on her promising to come again, he said, 'Give me your hand.' Smiling upon him, she gave it. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness as he said, 'You treat me right: God sent you.'

"Beside the influence of kind and gentle words and acts, it is wonderful the power that resides in the human voice alone, when toned by the spirit of love and kindness. 'Hush, hush!' said an insane young man to Miss Dix, who had addressed to him some simple inquiry on passing him, after having led some twenty or thirty maniacs in worship. He was standing with clasped hands and a countenance of the deepest reverence. Sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, 'Hush, hush!' he said, 'there are angels with you! They have given you their voice.'

"At another time, when travelling over a lonely road, the driver of the conveyance, a young lad, her only companion, a man rushed out of the woods, and, stopping the carriage, demanded her money. She spoke to him kindly and gently, saying that she had but little money, and telling him of the

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use to which she devoted what she had. While she was speaking, his countenance became deadly pale, and he exclaimed, 'My God, that voice!' She then learned from him that he had been in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, and had heard her lecturing the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and now recognized her voice. He then desired her to pass on, expressing the deepest sorrow for the outrage he had committed.

"My dear pupils, I can only say to you, cultivate the spirit of love and kindness, and an influence shall go forth from your very tones to make happier and better those around you. Go among your fellow-beings earnest to do them good; and the time may come when those whom you have benefited shall learn even to bless your shadow, as the poor soldier of the Crimean battles learned to bless the shadow of Florence Nightingale."

THE CHRISTIAN'S FUNERAL.

While yet our brother walked on earth,
Jesus sustained his failing strength,
With daily manna fed his soul,
And bade him hope for heaven at length.

That glorious hope is now fulfilled
In the bright world of joy above,
Where doubts are fled, and sins forgiven, —
The heaven of God's unclouded love.

O thou who, through thy blessed Son,
Dost save the soul that trusts in thee!
Give unto us, as to thy saints,
O'er sin and death the victory.

To God, who gives eternal life,
To Christ, through whom that life is given,
Be everlasting honors paid
By all the saints in earth and heaven. H. T.

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RANDOM READINGS.

MRS. FRY IN NEWGATE.

THE following is one of Mrs. Farrar's reminiscences: —

"I visited Newgate with Mrs. Fry, and witnessed the thorough reformation that had been effected there. The female prisoners were classified; cleanliness and order prevailed, swearing and fighting had given place to reading and sewing, and a committee of ladies were constantly visiting the prison by turns. The morning I was there Mrs. Fry was to have her last religious exercise with sixty female convicts about to embark for Botany Bay. We entered a good-sized clean room and found them all seated on benches at the farther end of it. Mrs. Fry stood at a small table between her and the convicts. A few visitors with myself stood on either side of her. She read from the New Testament a few consolatory passages, and then proposed to pray with them. The women rose, turned round, and kneeled beside the benches. Mrs. Fry kneeled on a hassock before her table and lifted up her melodious voice in such a strain of tender supplication for help and comfort to the afflicted and sorrowful as I can never forget. She merged herself in them, and seemed as if she were bearing them up on wings of love to the throne of grace. Such a prayer I never before heard, and never shall again. It was sublime; it was divine, and it moved all present to tears. The poor women sobbed aloud."

REASON IN RELIGION.

"SOMEWHERE and somehow there must be an answer to every true prayer. For surely the economies of the moral world are not less exact than those of the natural. In the realm of matter, there is no waste. Not a grain of dust, not a drop of water, not a particle of vapor, can ever be lost to the sphere of which it is a component part. The dew which bathes the summer rose, and glorifies the meadow with its morning sheen, had its origin in what might seem to be the escapes and wastes of the planet. And, when rose and meadow have exhaled their dews at the touch

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of the sun, the viewless, imponderable vapor is not dissipated beyond recall; it is not all spent on the thankless air; it is gathered and garnered in the chambers of the sky, and returns again in due season, according to its circuit, in orient dews or refreshing showers. And shall not the finer exhalations of the soul, — the prayers which are breathed from the deeps of the breast, the secret vows, the God-ward thought, the devout aspiration, — shall not these also return again according to their circuit, and bring their blessing?" DR. HEDGE.

DANTE.

DR. PARSONS's translation of the Divina Commedia, if completed, must supersede all others for rhythmical harmony and transparent flow. The first seventeen cantos are already given to the public in a small quarto volume. It is a reprint of the author's earlier work corrected, with the addition of a few cantos. Prefixed are some very beautiful stanzas "On a Bust of Dante," written in Dr. Parsons's sweetest vein. We give the last three stanzas: —

"Peace dwells not here: this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace, —
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of Earth;
Baron and duke in hold and hall
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime,
But valiant souls of kingly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor old exile sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow:
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of DANTE's mind."

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LITERARY NOTICES.

History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. — Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street, New York, have brought out two more volumes, the third and fourth of their exquisite republication of this most interesting work. As we have already written of the previous volumes, the mechanical execution leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Froude's quality as an historian is of the best, and the history of England has not been read until his pages have been studied. His style is singularly fresh; and yet, unlike Macaulay, he does not give you the impression of one who is sacrificing truth to smartness. These two volumes cover a very exciting period of English story. We cannot resist the temptation of laying before our readers the following eloquent and truthful sentences: "This was the introduction of the English Bible, — this the seeming acknowledgment of Henry's services. Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius, if such a word may be permitted, which breathes through it; the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, — all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man, — William Tyndal. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him. His spirit, as it were divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air. His work was done. He lived to see the Bible carried no longer by stealth into his country, where the possession of it was crime, but borne in by the solemn will of the king, solemnly recognized as the word of the Most High God. And then his occupation in this earth was gone. His eyes saw the salvation for which he had longed, and he might depart to his place. He was denounced to the Regent of Flanders; he was enticed, by

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the suborned treachery of a miserable English fanatic, beyond the town under whose liberties he had been secure; and with the reward which, at other times as well as those, has been held fitting by human justice for the earth's great ones, he passed away in smoke and flame to his rest." E.

Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet, with an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By VINCENZO BOTTA. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

This work comes most opportunely, as a new interest is awakened in the life and writings of the great Florentine poet. The life, sufferings, persecutions, exile, and death of Dante, with a portraiture of his times, and a history of Beatrice, his early love, which finally sublimed into a divine ideal of heavenly grace, and burned intensely in his imagination, and inspired his song, are included in the 116 pages introductory to an extended criticism, or rather exposition of the Divina Commedia. The work is indispensable to full appreciation and enjoyment of the awful grandeur and exquisite beauty of the Poem. Dante was fully imbued with the science, philosophy, and politics of his day. The spirit of the Ghibellines burned in him intensely, and touched his pictures of torture in the Inferno with blacker shades. With Cary's hard, and sometimes very obscure, translation, the reader should also have that of Dr. Parsons, of which, however, only the first seventeen cantos are completed. The latter is done with admirable taste; the verse flows musically sweet, and with much greater perspicuty than that of Cary. Dante ought to be read and studied, not merely for his terrible sublimity, but because in him, and through him, the religious ideas of the middle age are reflected in lurid light, and more distinctly than any ecclesiastical history has given them. The seething imaginations of a whole century here determined into form under the plastic power of genius. For such study the present work merits unqualified commendation.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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NOTICE.—We send in this Number a few Bills to subscribers who are in arrears for the Magazine, and hope the amount due will be remitted before the January number is issued.

LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 134, Washington Street, Boston.

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RELIGIOUS TEACHING AND THE PUBLIC MORALS.

WHATEVER convictions we may have about the progress and ultimate perfection of society, there certainly is very little in the present aspect of the world that would lead us to look for their early realization. To say nothing of the fact, that Protestantism has ceased long since to make any gains from Roman Catholicism, and that Christianity itself has come to a dead stand in its conflict with heathenism, the past year has witnessed a most startling increase of irreligion and crime in the very heart of Christendom, oftentimes in the very face of the Christian Church. It would seem as if that great tide of evil running so long in one channel at the South, which we were rejoicing over as entirely destroyed, had burst forth in a thousand new forms all over the land. Almost every morning journal for the last six months has brought us the account of some new atrocity. Robberies of the most daring character are committed in open day. Men who have occupied for years the highest positions of honor and trust are suddenly detected in a deliberate and systematic course of fraud and vice. Intemperance and lust, extravagance and luxury, are breaking forth among us with fresh power. Our country, in opposition to every sentiment of honor and manhood and right, in the face of the most

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miraculous lessons of God's providence to be found in all history, is deliberately refusing to our brother-man his rights. The institutions of religion are becoming more and more deserted. It is estimated, that, in the United States, as a whole, only one-sixth of the people attend public worship; in New England, only about a quarter; and, even in Massachusetts, not more than a third. Everywhere the church has parted, in a large degree, with its prestige, and the name of Christian with not a little of its worth and power. We would not exaggerate. We know that every age has its evils, know the disposition there always is to magnify the past at the expense of the present, know that in the midst of these defects there are great and shining virtues. And yet, after making all the allowance which the case demands, it is impossible not to feel there is something among us, something not only in the outward list of crime, but in the very feebleness of the moral pulse, which is a rude blow to our dream of progress, and of startling concern for the interests of society.

What is the cause of this state of things? Why is it that Christianity, after working for eighteen hundred years in the world, should find itself face to face with such an array of evil? It will not do to call it an accident, — a mere happening to be so just at this time. Crime has its life-principle and its laws of development, the same as virtue, or knowledge, or any other form of growth. As the proverb tells us, "The curse causeless shall not come." And whenever it breaks forth with special virulence, we may be sure that, like disease, it has had violated, in some way, the great conditions of health. It is not a local evil, the result merely of our civil war; for we find it prevailing in Europe, and especially in England, as widely and darkly as in our own land. It cannot be ascribed to the inherent weakness of Christianity as compared with the wickedness of our human nature: for these are constant quantities, tending at the most to produce only a uniform result; whereas the great question is, why, at the present time, we should have such a special outbreak of evil. Neither is it to be explained by the relaxation of our personal

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efforts in the cause of Christ. We do not believe there was ever an age in which people were really trying to do more for human progress than at the present. Our missionary societies are hard at work. The churches of every denomination are laboring most earnestly in the promulgation of their faith. There is no difficulty in obtaining any desirable amount of money for the promotion of benevolent objects. Our pulpits have more eloquence, more learning, more absolute power, than ever before. The Christian needs almost an alphabetical index to keep up with all the reformatory associations of which he finds himself a member.

Are we not to look for the true cause deeper than this, — into our methods and principles of operation; into the kind of Christianity we are using; into the special objects and aims for which we are pouring out our zeal and strength? Christianity, with all its divine power, is something the control of which is placed entirely in human hands. Its strength in overturning evil and advancing the welfare of society, the same as with all other power, is always in exact proportion to the fidelity and wisdom with which it is used. And the very fact that error is able to resist its progress, and that sin and evil are breaking forth ever and anon in such sweeping forms, shows that a mistake of some kind, and a very deadly one, has been made in its administration.

We believe that one cause of our present condition is the division which has been so long made between morality and piety, practical goodness and the salvation of the soul, — the putting asunder of what God has joined together. It is notorious that with the great majority of Christian teachers stress is laid almost entirely on the pietistic element of religion. In the Roman Catholic Church, the prominent thing is observance of its outward forms. If the Irish servant girl forbears to eat meat on Friday, and is regular at the confessional, it is of very little consequence whether she lies, or steals, or neglects her work. If the Italian peasant only dies in the bosom of the true Church, he may have been ignorant, profane, licentious, a brigand, and breathing his last in a drunken fit, he goes all the same to heaven. Even in our

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Protestant denominations, with all the stress that is laid on sincerity of heart and spirituality of worship as superior to any outward observance, there is the same ignoring of the moral element as being of any Christian value. The great object of those plans of salvation which have occupied so largely the attention of scholars, is to find out some other way by which man can escape from the punishment of sin than by his own goodness. Nine-tenths of the pulpits of Protestant Christendom have been occupied for years in showing that personal merit has nothing to do with salvation, and that it is accomplished for us wholly through the merits of Christ. Take up the autobiography of a good man like Dr. Lyman Beecher, and you read, "The attention to-day has been very deep and solemn. In the morning I preached against morality." How often have we heard whole sermons devoted to the single purpose of proving that a good moral man — one who did right simply because it was right, and cultivated virtue from the direct impulse of his own heart — was worse in the sight of God than a downright drunkard or debauchee or thief! Even with those who recognize the great importance of morality, and make it a prominent part of their preaching, it is not as an independent principle of our nature, good for its own sake, but only as an offshoot of piety, depending for its value on its being done solely out of love to God. The highest virtues without "the atoning blood of Christ" have been stigmatized as "mere filthy rags." And while the good man, dying without a technical religious experience, has been represented as eternally damned, the villain expiring on the gallows after a whole lifetime of sin, who in his last moments has used some cant phrase of theology, has been pictured as entering at once into the peace and joy of heaven.

How could we expect that such a presentation of Christianity could result otherwise than in a flood of immorality? The tide of evil is sure always to break through at that point where the defence against it is weakest. The great motive-power of a virtuous life, the incentives to it which are drawn from eternity and the hope of heaven, have been deliberately

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taken away by that preaching which was meant especially to enforce them. It was inevitable, if good morals and good works are of no more value in salvation than good muscles and good health, — inevitable, if we are to be saved wholly by the merits of Christ, and not at all by our own, that this part of religion should be neglected. Men will always produce that in spiritual, the same as in material things, which will get them the most of good in the market to which it is sent, leaving that which is uncalled for, however precious in itself, undone. Let all the pulpits in Christendom go to preaching, that our own prayers, though well enough in themselves, are of no value in the sight of God; that they do not bring us any nearer to salvation; that all the praying which can help us was that of Christ done ages ago; and, in spite of the deep natural instinct of the human heart to reach forth unto its Maker, who does not know what the consequences would be? They might not take place at once; they might not be manifest in every individual case; but children brought up under such training would feel its influence, and we should see its evils finally in the broad scale of society. It is just this which has taken place in regard to morality. There are some errors as well as some truths whose seed it takes the ages to ripen. And the slurs which holy men have been casting for centuries at the value of morality and personal goodness, are now bearing their legitimate fruit in a harvest of robbery, murder, and lust.

It does not help the case to say it is not goodness itself which has been depreciated, but only its coming from the natural impulse of our own hearts, and that the pulpit has always labored to produce it as the outgrowth immediately of our higher spiritual nature. It is merely saying we have cast aside the root which God himself has provided for it, and striven to make it grow from another of our own choice. This whole theory, advocated by so many persons, that nothing is of any value in the sight of God which does not spring directly from the religious sentiment, is false and vicious. The religious sentiment, however much it may quicken and guide all the rest of our being, was never made

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for the production of any thing else than its own fruit, — worship, prayer, faith, love. We might as well expect that the skilful training of a rose-bush will make it bloom both with roses and lilies, or that the careful education of a child's mind will, at the same time, render it affectionate, as to suppose that the cultivation of our spiritual nature, if only earnest and faithful enough, will at last bear the two widely different fruits of morality and piety. God has created each part of our being for the performance of its own separate functions, — the senses to deal with material objects; the mind to search after truth; the conscience to lead us into moral goodness; and the spiritual nature, into love and worship. The only way in which we can have all the virtues of a Christian manhood is to cultivate all parts of our being, each from its own root. The great law holds good here, the same as everywhere else, that whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap. And there can be no greater blasphemy against the Divine Wisdom than to suppose, in opposition to it, that God is not pleased with those efforts of the soul, and especially of our moral nature, which arise out of the very faculties which he himself has ordained for their production. It is this law which has been systematically violated in our religious instruction. We have not planted to the moral nature, — not used the power of Christianity for the immediate growth of virtue, goodness, character. We have tried to make the fruits of morality grow from something else than its own seed. And now that we do not find them, now that we discover the part of our nature which has been neglected is covered over with nothing but tares, what have we to complain of except our own folly?

Another cause — one which accounts more especially for the disrepute and loss of power into which religion has fallen — is the way in which the old formularies of theology have been clung to in the face of its fresh and living thought. A few months ago, a national council of Trinitarian Congregational ministers met in Boston to consider the general interests of religion, and to unite their churches the more closely together. It represented all the most wealthy, free, and intelligent

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sections of the country, and was made up of the strongest and most energetic men the denomination could boast. In the course of their labors, the question of a new statement of faith came before them. And what was the result? Did they put themselves in closer contact with the great living world that was thinking, thirsting, throbbing around them? Did they seek to express the present form and dimensions of that mighty truth, rooted in Christ, which is to grow evermore till the whole earth is covered with its branches, and all knowledge and all science gathered into its heart? Did they forge a bond of faith that should unite them the more firmly in doing the great work of our day, — solving its problems, settling its doubts, helping its weak, its weary, its hungering souls? No: they went back literally into the graveyard of the old Plymouth pilgrims; and there, away from the world, away from all the mighty issues of the present age, declared their adherence to the faith substantially embodied in the old confessions and platforms of the synods of 1648 and 1680. And what are these famous confessions, revived and set forth in this nineteenth century as the substance of a true religious belief? Here are some of their doctrines: That God, for the manifestation of his glory, has predestinated and foreordained some men and angels to everlasting life, and others to everlasting death; that these men and angels are particularly and unchangeably designed, so that their number cannot be increased or diminished; that the elect are chosen without any foresight of faith or good works, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving them thereto; that no others than the elect only are called or redeemed by Christ; that elect infants dying in infancy are saved, as also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being outwardly called; but that others, not elect, cannot be saved, much less can men not professing the Christian religion, be they ever so diligent to frame their lives according to the light and the law of that religion which they do profess; that, by the transgressions of our first parents, they, and we in them, fell from original righteousness, and became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of body

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and soul; that they being the root, and standing by God's appointment in the room and stead of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and a corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity descending from them by ordinary generation, whereby we are utterly disposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to do evil; that every sin, both original and actual, binds over the sinner to the wrath of God, and makes him subject to all miseries, spiritual, temporal, and eternal; that works done by unregenerated men, though the commands of God, and of good use to themselves and others, are sinful, and cannot please God; and so on through thirty-three chapters and a hundred and seventy-one articles.

These doctrines the substance of our Christian faith! How would it be possible to strike a more deadly blow against all vital religion than by such an affirmation? There are some poisons taken into the system which are quicker to kill out its life than the thrust of any outward weapon. It is no wonder that men who are taught that these are Christianity, should pass it by on the other side with repugnance and dread. The great natural instincts of the human heart, God-given as its help from error, rebel against them. Better to throw aside the gospel, and go back again to the light of nature; better to know and worship God as he is revealed in the mountains, the flowers, the harvest-field, yea, in the earthquake and the storm, than to see him through the medium of such a faith.

Then, what a commentary is the affirmation of these creeds on the progress of religious thought! For two hundred years, the great scroll of the universe has been unrolled day after day with its mighty lessons: for two hundred years, the heavens poured down their radiance; the earth uttered its glorious speech of seed-time, summer, and harvest; history, written out in characters world-wide its interpretation of God's plans: for two hundred years, the generations of men, eager, restless, asking ever for more and more light, have come and gone over the face of the earth. In every other department of action, there has been the most dazzling progress.

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Mechanical genius has covered the world with its wonderful inventions. Natural science has made revelations of truth throughout the whole realm of nature, that have rendered all previous theories as only the mere alphabet of knowledge. Philosophy has risen up into a fair and magnificent temple of wisdom. Old ideas of government, of society, of political economy, have given way to new and grand principles of liberty, equality, and humanity. Yea, in the department of religious thought itself, ten thousand minds have been at work; the whole realm of knowledge ransacked for its bearings on Divine truth; and a flood of new light poured on the nature, the meaning, and the authority of Scripture. And yet these five hundred men have come together and told us, that, in the midst of all this progress, there is one branch of knowledge which has stood absolutely still, — that theology, the noblest and sublimest of them all, has forgotten no mistakes and learned no truths.

Nor is the action of this body an exception. The position which is taken by the Church at large is deliberately against all improvement, all recognition of new thought, new truth, new confessions of faith. In one of the largest and most influential theological schools of the land, — that at Andover, — where twenty or thirty young men are sent into the ministry every year, the professors are obliged, as the condition of holding their office, to give in their adherence every five years to the same old creed; or, in other words, are obliged to state once in that time solemnly, that, with all their studies, they have not learned and have not taught any thing new. Every person in England, as the condition of graduating from its universities, preaching in the national church, or, in most cases, we believe, of holding a public office, has to subscribe to those Thirty-nine Articles which summed up the religious faith of three hundred years ago. The creeds of all churches are efforts not to embody the latest and the largest truth, but to bind the human mind as firmly as possible to some dead issue of the past. The great ambition of our religious bodies is not to show that they have the forms, the truths, the usages, which are most accordant with the

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wants and the knowledge of our own day, as it is with our colleges, our schools, our literary and scientific associations; but to see which can trace them back the farthest into the darkness of a former age. Even in our liberal churches, we cannot publish a book of worship without ignoring the fresh vigor of our living speech, and going back to the uncouth style and the sacred formularies of other days, — putting our new wine into old bottles, as if the flavor of antiquity in the mouth would add something to the earnestness of devotion in the soul.

How can we expect, that, with such a record, such tendencies, such a position, there can be any deep and warm sympathy between the Church and the great heart of society; — how wonder that a body that is groping so blindly amid the ruins of the past, should have so little of controlling power among the issues of the living, active present? Suppose that a philosophical society should meet, and deliberately affirm its belief in the theories, wonderful as they were in their day, of Descartes and Paracelsus and Roger Bacon; or, that a college should require its professors to sign their assent every five years to believe and teach only the views of its founders fifty years ago on geology, chemistry, astronomy and natural philosophy; or suppose that a political party should come together, and put forth in their platform an exact and minute account of their position in regard to the national bank, the alien and sedition laws, the embargo, and all the questions which came up in the early history of our government, without one word of reference to matters which are now before us, — how soon would they be pushed aside and forgotten by the eager, rushing world? The wonder is, that the Church, lagging so far back in the past, has retained the hold which it has of the human heart. The man who crosses with his feet from the market into the meeting-house, has got to cross with his mind at least over two centuries before he can kneel in worship. And the fact that so many are found to do it, shows how mighty and deep is the religious craving of our nature, and gives some hint of what religion might do, if it would only press forward as a leader in the march of mind.

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But worse for the interests of the church than even these doctrines themselves, is the lurking suspicion there is that those who profess and preach them, do not really and heartily believe in them themselves. This discrepancy in the Church of England is notorious, — some of its most eminent divines openly contending, as scholars, against many of the articles in which, as preachers, they have deliberately affirmed their belief; and even so good a man as Archbishop Paley calling them articles of peace, not of faith. But, even in this country, is there not much of the same thing? One of the most distinguished professors at Andover has got the chief part of his reputation from the skill with which he has enabled his pupils to hold on to the letter of the old doctrines, while they empty them of all their original meaning. How many of the Boston council believe, according to any honest interpretation of the words, that mankind are "wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body;" and that, by their original corruption in Adam, they are "utterly disposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to do evil"? How many act in their daily lives under the conviction that God has ordained some men to everlasting death, and predestinated others to everlasting life, "without any foresight of faith and good works;" or that infants not elected, and all others in this catalogue, though "they be ever so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the laws of that religion they do profess," are eternally lost? But if they do not believe them; if they are professed only for effect, and because there is wanting the moral courage to come out boldly and deny them, what mockery to go down among the dust of those old Plymouth pilgrims, — men who did believe them as terrible realities, and who had forsaken alike the graves and the shrines of their fathers to hold them as the latest and brightest truth of God, — what mockery to go there, of all places in the world, and with solemn rites declare their adherence to them, and "invoke the help of the Divine Redeemer (we quote the very words of their declaration), that, through the presence of the promised Comforter, he will enable us to transmit them in purity to

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our children"! Yea, and what an effect must such insincerity have upon their own lives and characters! Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, a distinguished Orthodox divine, in a recent article, has openly accused the officers of the American Temperance Union, most of them clergymen, of loudly advocating total abstinence in public, while unhesitatingly they tipple in private or when in foreign countries; and refers to the fact that four ministers of the gospel, all of them speakers at temperance meetings, and reputed teetotalers, were lately seen at a dining saloon, each with a dish of oysters and a glass of beer before him. We know nothing about the truth of these allegations; but, if they are correct, the hypocrisy was learned in the school of theology, and not that of temperance. We know how impossible it is for a person to be insincere in one thing, without the liability to be so at last in others. The very words which the writer uses with reference to total-abstinence measures will apply almost exactly to the way in which confessions of faith are made up. "This code of Christian duties, which is set forth with such unctuous unction, is meant for the lower classes. It is esteemed a good thing for the rural districts. It will be voted through unanimously in synods and other mixed meetings, out of consideration to weak consciences and country members; but when you come down to matters of practical importance, as at the dinner-table, there is a good deal to be said on the other side of the question."

But with this conviction that the preaching of the pulpit is insincere, that harsh doctrines are insisted on, not because they are true, but for the sake of their effect on the weaker members, — a purpose for which even good old Dr. Beecher strongly implies that he used them, — the loss of the preacher's influence is inevitable. It is evinced at first among his own immediate hearers. If he holds them only for effect, they will learn very soon to do so also. The extent to which this method of believing is carried, even in some of the stanchest churches, is what an outsider would hardly credit. We remember, while a student in the office of a gentleman who has since become a high state official, asking him why it

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was he attended a certain church, — if because he believed the doctrines. "Oh, no!" said he, "I go because it is respectable, and because I think it is well for the sake of society to sustain some form of religion. And I am not different in this respect from others. I know nearly all the prominent Church members of this city, and there is not a quarter of them who really believe what they profess. We advocate them for the sake of the general good, and because, if we once take down the bars, there is no knowing where we shall end."

But this state of things in the Pulpit and in the Church cannot last a great while, without its influence on the world at large. If there is one place more than another in which the common sense of mankind demands absolute sincerity, it is in the house of God. If the Church is known to be insincere in one thing, why not in another? if it preaches doctrines for effect, why not duties? why not the most solemn verities of God and the soul? And when it comes to this question, the people are apt to ask still further, Why go to church? why sustain religion at all? Is not this the key which explains a large part of the indifference there is to public worship, to say nothing of the bearing, not very indirect, which it must have on the public morals?

Then, in contrast with the emphasis which the Church has given to obsolete doctrines, we have, as another cause of our present condition, the indifference or the open opposition which it has shown so often to the great living questions of reform. It must be confessed with sorrow, that it has not been the channel, especially during the last hundred years, through which Christianity has exerted its most powerful influence on society. None of our great reformatory movements — temperance, anti-slavery, social equality, religious toleration — have originated in its bosom, or gone forth to the world with its benediction. It has looked upon them, in all their early days, with coldness, indifference, scorn, and owned them at last only when they had attained in some degree to popularity and strength. Phillips, Garrison, Parker, Channing, Emerson, are held up as the heretics of all evangelical

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religion. The New-York Tract Society, the great organ of all the stricter American churches, while it was rolling out tracts on the Trinity and dancing by the thousand, not only refused to advance any thing new against the buying and selling of human beings, but actually expurgated from its republication of foreign matter every thing which alluded to the subject. The Boston council, last summer, which professed such a minute acquaintance with all the mysteries of the divine and human nature, and with the plans of God from the remotest eternity, was quite uncertain as to one of the greatest questions which is now before the country, — how we shall suppress the evils of intemperance. And in all our denominations, not excepting even the most liberal, the kind of work which, during the last dozen years, has caused the most of division and hard feeling, and has been looked upon, even by good Christian men, who had the interest of religion close at heart, with the most of suspicion and distrust, is the application of the gospel made in some of our pulpits to the mighty issues of the day.

Nor is the position of the Church any better at the present time. What are the great subjects which are occupying, just now, the chief part of its attention? In England it is all taken up with the arithmetic of the Pentateuch, — how big was Noah's ark, and whether the children of Israel numbered sixty or six hundred thousand. The prominent question in New York is, whether a minister belonging to "the genteelest and best educated of all the sects" shall be allowed to preach the gospel of Christ in any other than his own denomination? The triennial Episcopal Convention, which has been in session the last month at Philadelphia, while voting peremptorily not to thank God for the establishment of the national authority over our whole country, and for the removal of the great occasion of national dissension and estrangement, appointed a special committee to consider whether there should be a comma or a semicolon in the Prayer-book. All the great ecclesiastical organizations of our country are discussing, not how they shall unite the several parts of the nation again in the bond of one hearty

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union; not how they shall fuse the two hostile races, the white and black, in one loving, helpful brotherhood in Christ; but how, with the least difficulty, they shall get their unrepentant traitors back into their own ranks. How is it in the Unitarian denomination? To be sure, it has some true and noble works in hand. But the question which most occupies its attention as a Church, and which enters the most largely into its literature, is harped on the most in its pulpits, and is doing the most to divide it, is that of Theism and Christianity, — the question, not whether man shall do right at all, but whether he shall do it on the authority of the Bible, or simply on that of the soul. The lines of cleavage along which the Christian world is divided into its countless sects are not the great issues of duty, of reform, of practical godliness, but the nature of the Godhead, about which we never did and never can have any knowledge; the mode of baptism, whether by dipping or sprinkling; and the question, whether the clergyman shall offer his prayers from the printed page or from the depths of his own heart. The chief inquiry, in settling a minister, is not whether he is devout and patriotic; whether he is alive to the spirit and need of the times, but whether he is sound on the metaphysical problems of a thousand years ago. It was only last summer that a Congregational council, assembled in Portland, Me., refused to install a minister, though unexceptional on every other point, because his mind was filled with doubt whether heathen and others not having the privilege in this world may not in another have the offer of salvation. What a burlesque on all religion! Here is a world lying in wickedness, and thousands of souls, in the dearth of religious teachers, passing every day into eternity, and, as these men believe, into eternal woe, without ever hearing one lisp of the gospel; and yet this body refusing to send another laborer into the field because he is not absolutely certain that God will refuse the heathen all chance of repentance. What is it that is brought forward most prominently in the creeds which are held so important by many of our churches? Not charity and honesty and righteousness and brotherly kind-

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ness. We never saw the creed yet in which the least emphasis was laid on those doctrines which our Saviour calls the sum of the law and the prophets; but statements about the Trinity, and total depravity, and the vicarious punishment of Christ. And what are the topics which are set forth most largely in our pulpits? Not the duties of the market and street and home; not an exposure of the sins of avarice and lust and dishonesty and the hatred of our brother man, occurring right around us; not the old, homely, everlasting truths and motives which strengthen the weak, console the tearful, and feed the hungry; but all the changes that can be rung on the doctrinal significance of our Saviour's death; not "Christ and him crucified," but "him crucified" alone; the duty of keeping holy the sabbath day; the sins of Peter and Judas, and David, and Adam and Eve; and, in our more liberal churches, all the elegant conceits that can be conjured up about God and man and virtue, with a special care to have them such as were never expressed before. Everywhere it is the tithing of anise and mint and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of law and judgment and mercy and of a deep and living faith.

It is this, more perhaps than all else, which has robbed the Church of its prestige, and opened the gates for the inflow of evil. It is only as a leader, helping society ever and ever into a higher state, that religion can be a power. Suppose that, instead of taking the time-serving course it has, hushing up the voice of freedom, and supplying the enemy with some of his choicest weapons, the Church, fifty years ago, had placed itself at the head of the antislavery movement, what a new glory would now have encircled its brow, and what a claim it would have to-day, and for ages to come, on the respect and support of the American people! The world is too earnest, is interested too profoundly in the pursuit of its own realities, to be turned into shady places with the lure of any mere vanities, no matter how much they are baptized with holy names. The human heart may be fed with husks fifty and a hundred and a thousand times, but not for ever. There is not one of those subtle questions which the circles of

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theology are now discussing so vigorously, with which society at large has the slightest affinity. It will listen to nothing, only so far as help is promised in solving the immediate practical problems that are pressing upon it with such tremendous force. And the very fact, that more than five-sixths of the people of the United States are absent from the house of God, shows that for more than five-sixths of the people the house of God is able to satisfy no real and pressing want.

Finally, in view of all these causes, do we not have a most powerful lesson in regard to what needs to be done, not only for suppressing the present outburst of evil, but for carrying on the great work of social progress to its full perfection? Christianity must be freed from the bondage of dogma and form; brought up from the darkness of the past; brought up from its grinding in the mill of metaphysics, and set, like the river, like steam, like the lightning, like science, like all the other powers of God, at work directly for the interests of the living present. The "change of base" that we need is not from one point of theology to another, — not from the Unity to the Trinity, or the Trinity to the Unity; not from Christ to Theism, or from the Bible to the soul; but away altogether from speculation to practical work; from the councils of Nice and Trent, the synods of Westminster and Boston, to the market and the street, to the merchant's office and the workman's bench. The Church of the future is to be, not the one that has the truest theology, the holiest ritual, the pedigree which reaches back the nearest to Peter and Paul, but the one that does the truest work, that throbs with the holiest feelings, and that gets the nearest to the human heart. The faith which is to move our mountains — those of evil and vice — is not faith in doctrines, in Noah's ark, in Sinai, in John's memory, or Paul's logic; but faith in man, in virtue, in Christ, the eternal word, and in the ever-present God. There is no need of despair. The very weakness of our present position will tend to bring us the quicker upon the ground of our true strength. The whole history of Christianity is that of growth from decay, the rising of beauty from

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ashes, the dying in vice and error only to re-appear in the glory of a new holiness and a diviner truth. We are now merely in one of its autumns, not its old age, not its graveyard. The spring will come. And, through many springs and autumns, through bud and blossom and the rustling leaf, through hope and fear, joy and shame, we shall surely realize at last the fulfilment of its divine prayer, — "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

J. C. K.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.*

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XXXVI.

O JESU, MEINE ZUVERSICHT.

[Melody: "Durch Adam's Fall ist ganz verderbt."]

From the fifth verse.

STAND by me in this need of mine,
A gracious pity taking:
Lord, free me while in bonds I pine,
And heal me where I'm aching.
Give me Thy light that I may see
Myself with wakened senses;
And let Thy truth a mirror be,
To show me my offences.

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* ERRATUM. — The third stanza of Hymn 84, in our last number, was erroneously printed, —

"Oh, high and dear believing!
I shall at length arise,
To earth the body bearing;
The spirit finds the skies."

It should have read, —

"O dear and high believing!
I shall at length arise;
Though earth to earth lie cleaving,
The spirit finds the skies."

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Make softer Thou my stubborn heart,
That it may yield before Thee;
And, pierced with a repentant smart,
Acceptably implore Thee.
Ah! make it, through believing, clean,
For good works ready ever;
Yea, be Thyself a guest within,
O strength of my endeavor!

Break off from me all evil bands;
Break off all evil willing;
And what Thy holy Word commands
Thy spirit be fulfilling.
In me, let meekness, temperance, —
Those spirit-fruits, — be growing;
Set right thoughts marching in advance;
Set holy fervors glowing.

'Tis Thine in us to will and do,
O Father! as Thou carest;
Vouchsafe the strength to carry through
The work Thou first preparest.
Let Thy sweet peace upon me light;
Spread hopes before, behind me;
So shall I strive as in Thy sight,
Fulfilling what's assigned me. N. L. F.

XXXVII.

ES WOLLE GOTT UNS GNÄDIG SEYN.

May God reveal to us his grace,
And pour his benediction;
And fly before his glorious face
All glooms of earth's affliction!
That we may view his works aright,
And scan his wondrous dealing;
And Jesus Christ's propitious might
Show all the world its healing,
And turn them to the Father.

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So thanks to Thee, and praise to Thee,
Lord God, from every nation!
The song of joy and jubilee
From all the wide creation!
For Thou on earth art Judge and King,
And wrong shall not be master;
Thy strong decrees protection bring,
And bind all kindreds faster
To keep thy just commandments.

Let not Thy people's praises cease;
Good works their reverence showing;
Their land bring forth its full increase,
Thy word more prosperous growing.
Oh, bless by every holiest Name,
The Father, Son, and Spirit!
And come that kingdom with acclaim,
Which all true souls inherit!
Now from your hearts say, Amen. N. L. F.

When the past and the future cheat us, it is through a charm to which we consciously abandon ourselves: we know how much the landscape gains in each case from the atmosphere through which we view it. But the present is the true deceiver: its clear, cold daylight hides much, in appearing to conceal nothing from us; for it is possible to look at things so closely as not to see what they really are. We catch the mean detail: we miss the grand, comprehensive outline. We must stand farther off, so that we may see the whole. 'When the great Athanasius lived on earth,' says Pascal, 'he did not appear in the light in which we now regard him: he was only a man called Athanasius.' Yet was the great Athanasius *the true Athanasius*. And even thus greatness ever stands among us, as 'one whom we know not;' know not, even because we think we know it so well.

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THE LOT OF THE CALLED.

A SERMON BY F. H. HEDGE, D.D.

"And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him." — MATT. iv. 18–20.

ALL great and permanent reforms, especially all religious movements that win for themselves a permanent place in the world, originate with "the people," — I mean, with the humbler classes, the uncultured poor. All religions have had this origin; they have risen from beneath, they have struck their roots in the lower strata of society, and gathered to their symbols the masses of the people, before winning the assent of the learned and the great, who, at last, are dragged in in spite of themselves, and swept away by the overpowering current of popular opinion. Confucius complained that the princes of his day rejected his doctrine; but the doctrine of Confucius became the State-religion of China, and has been so for more than two thousand years. Zoroaster found an ally in the King of Iran; but the Magi and the courtiers and the men of influence in the land were leagued against him. Buddhism stooped to the vile and despised, and won its great triumph by its great condescension. Mohammed was spurned by the pride of the Koreish, and found his first disciple in a slave.

Of this humble origin of wide-spread religions, Christianity is the supreme instance. When Jesus, by private exercises of the spirit and by providential leadings, had become persuaded of his high calling, and moved to undertake his saving mission, he deemed it necessary to associate with himself some trusty companions, to whom he could impart his mind and purpose, and who should assist in disseminating his doctrine. It was a matter of prime moment what manner of persons should be selected for this office. The first thought of an ordinary reformer would have been to draw to himself men of high position and commanding influence, to secure

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to himself the interest and prestige of rank and power. In our day, when a project is started which aims at social and moral reform, it is judged expedient to gain over people of mark, — the accredited leaders of society, — and to give the new movement all the authority which social distinction can secure. It appears that Jesus had received overtures from men of this stamp, but gave them no encouragement. When a ruler of the Jews undertook to treat with him, he told him plainly, It is in vain for you Pharisees to think you can enter this new kingdom, which I proclaim, on the strength of your old position: you have got to be born again. Your aristocratic traditions will avail you nothing here: you must throw aside all that, forget all you have learned, and begin anew. And so he turned from the leaders of the nation to its humblest citizens. The first whom he chose for his associates in this great work were two fishermen; then two more of the same craft; then a tax-gatherer; and so on, — obscure men, poor, unlearned, rude.

Why did Jesus select such before all others for his disciples? Why peasants of Galilee, rather than educated Pharisees and Sadducees? — members of the Council, the aristocracy of the land? He might have had such for his followers, had he chosen to accept the advances they made. Why not such? Men who, by virtue of their commanding position would make an impression on the public mind, and authorize a strong impression in favor of the new doctrine, would give it forth as from a height, that so, the heights being gained, the plains and valleys might be overawed and secured. It is impossible to say how much of prudential calculation there may have been in this selection. I rather suppose that Jesus followed a divine instinct which taught him that these rude men were the fittest instruments for the work assigned to them. He perceived in them something which especially qualified them for that vocation. Had the purpose of his mission been a system of theology such as after-ages have extorted from the gospel, he would, it is likely, have chosen men of erudition and intellectual discipline to be its missionaries. Then Scribes and Pharisees would have been the

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fittest expounders of his doctrine. But this was not the mission with which his disciples were charged. This was not the object which Christ had in view. He did not want teachers of theology, but competent witnesses, faithful reporters; men who were open to receive, and likely to deliver as they received, the truths which he taught. This was what Jesus required in his disciples; and, for this, Galilean peasants were better instruments than phylacteried Rabbins. They possessed one quality at least — the natural fruit of their condition — which the learned and the rulers would have lacked, and which was very essential to constitute a competent minister of the New Testament, namely, simplicity, freedom from prejudice and self-conceit. Had Rabbins undertaken the charge of the gospel, they would have made of it a Rabbinical affair; would have overlaid it with their traditions; have perverted it to uses and issues very wide of its original import. These men had no prepossessions of their own which would color or mar their testimony. They were unsophisticated. If they had much to learn, they had comparatively little to unlearn. They needed not, as Christ said to Nicodemus, to be born again to forget their prejudices; they needed not to become as little children before they could see the kingdom of God. They were already in that condition; they possessed this qualification in perhaps as great a degree as could be expected of any who were otherwise fit for the work.

We see the same thing in every new manifestation of the Spirit. The most apprehensive of new truths are they who are least pre-occupied with theories of their own. And it seems, as I said, to be the law of all reforms that they originate with the unlearned, and grow, as the plant grows, from an obscure root in the earth, — grow gradually up into power and greatness, instead of descending from the heights of the world. Humanly speaking, it would have been well if all the fathers of the Church had been men of this stamp. We should then have had at this day the pure Christianity of Jesus, instead of that compound of dogmas and speculations, of Jewish and Gentile traditions, which has borne the name

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and honors of the gospel, and in which it is so hard to sift the wheat from the chaff. I say, humanly speaking; for there is another view of this subject, — a providential historical view, — according to which the very additions and foreign speculations and uses, which have gathered around the evangelical nucleus, have had their value and fulfilled their part in the scheme of Divine education. Pure Christianity is perhaps too pure, too ethereal, too spiritual, to act as a social organized power, to constitute a visible Church, without that body of extraneous matter which it gathers to itself from the various circumstances, spheres, and minds amid which it is planted; as the seed which is put into the ground, in order to appear an organized body, must take to itself something which is foreign to itself from the earth and air which surround it. The seed still maintains its proper type, and modifies these foreign elements more than they modify it. And Christianity, though somewhat qualified by the medium of ecclesiasticism in which it works, on the whole subordinates that medium, and makes it the instrument of its own peculiar power. Indeed, all healthy, efficient organism is a compromise between the ideal and the caricature of the principle embodied in it.

Such were the two brothers, Simon and Andrew, whom Jesus summoned from their fishing to help evangelize the world: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." "And straightway they left their nets, and followed him." There was no magic in this. It is not necessary to suppose that this was the first meeting between Jesus and these brethren. In all likelihood they had often met before, and were mutually acquainted. Jesus had seen something in these men which marked them for his own; and they had known him as a teacher and prophet, — had looked to him, perhaps, as the promised Messiah. There is nothing wonderful in the readiness with which they accepted the summons, "Follow me."

But what did they understand by it? What views and expectations did they connect with it? I suppose they thought very much as the rest of their countrymen did of

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the national Messiah. They saw in him a reformer indeed, and one who would rebuke the sins of the people; but they saw in him also a potentate and prince who would overthrow the foreign usurper, and restore and occupy the national throne. In following him, they followed a victorious leader, who would not fail, when he came in his glory, to reward his own. We shall do them no injustice if we suppose that they obeyed an impulse of personal ambition in accepting the call to become fishers of men. Vague visions of Messianic prizes were floating before their minds. When they thought of the goal of their discipleship, they clothed it in purple, and saw themselves in imagination sitting at the right and left of royalty. Little did they know or suspect of the real issues of that future which took such rosy promise in their imagination. Had they dreamed of the doom which their mission had in store for them, — the disappointment of their cherished hopes, the life of persecution and the martyr-death to which the Master was calling them, — they would hardly have been tempted to quit the old fishing-ground, and the safe though humble profits of their vocation. They would have been as prompt to reject the call as they were to accept it in the light in which they saw it. They accepted it in one sense; it was interpreted to them in a very different sense: they accepted it as the earnest of future triumphs; it was interpreted to them as a martyr's crown. And yet, when the real nature and result of their calling was revealed to them, they met it without shrinking. With the trial came the courage and the strength. Step by step, each coming event brought its own preparation and support; and they welcomed at length the martyr-death of the Christian confession with the same alacrity with which they would have taken their places by the side of the conqueror's throne, had such been the lot appointed for them.

A significant picture of human life is set before us in this example; significant lessons are taught by it. Our condition is essentially that of these Galileans. We begin our career, like them, with expectations which are never to be realized in the way we had fancied, but in a way very different, if at all.

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We seek a kingdom, how different from the true one! Our kingdom of heaven, — we may not call it by that name, — the good which we seek, by whatever name we call it, we see postponed from year to year. It comes not, but, instead of it, comes to patient continuance in well-doing a good which we did not seek, and could not understand till it came. Our expectations are not fulfilled in form, but they are fulfilled in the spirit to all who merit success. The highest good, as we understand it, that in which all our hopes and wishes centre, is the kingdom of heaven for us. Our life is an experiment to find that kingdom. The young man rushes on the future which tempts him with its prizes; he sees profits, honors, social satisfactions, — external advantages of every sort. These at first are his kingdom of heaven, and these accordingly he pursues. God permits us to indulge in these pursuits to our heart's content; he has placed no caution at the entrance of those paths, and all things lure us onward. We follow trustingly the temporal Messiah in hope of a temporal kingdom. We delude ourselves with a dream of happiness which flies before us as we pursue, and will not suffer itself to be clutched. No man ever found what he sought in that way, but we find something else which is better. The pursuit has not been vain; the time spent has not been lost. If it has not brought the satisfaction we desired, it has benefited us in a way we did not expect. It has served to educate us, to call forth our powers, to school our affections, to discipline our hearts. The industry and intellectual vigor to which it has trained us; the habit it has formed of seeking happiness in action; the trial it has furnished to our virtue; the power of endurance it has brought out in us; the lessons of patience and renunciation which have come to us from its very failures and disappointments, — these are the prizes which have come to us from our pursuit. They did not enter into our calculation when we engaged in it. We were thinking of quite other things. We followed a temporal Messiah. It may be we have attained those other things also, but we have not found what we sought in them; they have not yielded the looked-for satisfaction. It is not from them that our peace

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has come. What looked so tempting in the distance has turned out to be something very different when grasped We may call it ours; but we cannot appropriate it with any such fruition as it promised in the pursuit. The temporal Messiah has disappointed us; but the true Messiah has been revealed. The kingdom which we had in our minds at the outset has failed. It never existed but in our imagination; but, instead thereof, an entrance has been administered to us into another and better kingdom, — a kingdom of enlarged insight, of ripe experience, of self-command and kind affections, of patience and of peace.

The calling of these fishermen teaches, that the life of the privileged, of the eminent, of those who are *called* in a special sense, is not a happy life, as happiness is commonly understood. It is not a life of ease, but of hardship. Those who are called to power and honor are called to toil and struggle. The greater our privileges, the harder our lot.

No doubt these fishermen seemed to themselves, and were thought by their countrymen, to be peculiarly favored in being made the intimate companions of him who was expected to restore the kingdom to Israel. They were so, indeed, but not in the way which they had conceived. What seemed to them an omen of dignity and splendor, proved to be the herald of hardship and suffering. We are apt to look upon distinction as so much enjoyment. We think the most eminent, the highest placed, the loudest called, to be the happiest. They are so in one sense, since the highest happiness for man is the most thorough education and the most intense action of his powers; the most complete development of all that is in him. But if happiness means enjoyment, then eminence, so far from being synonymous with happiness, is synonymous with sorrow. For every privilege which God confers, he imposes a corresponding burden of care and toil. The higher we ascend in the scale of being, the more life ceases to be enjoyment; the more difficult it becomes; the more of trial and of conflict it involves.

Happiness is the property of children, the gift of God's love to that period of life, but not the destination of man.

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The destination of man is to labor and endure, to strive and produce. The higher his position, and the greater his privileges, and the more distinguished his endowments, the more apparent this destination becomes, the more sensibly it is felt, the more certainly it fulfils itself. It is written, "All dignity is painful. For the son of man there is no crown, whether well worn or ill worn, but is a crown of thorns."

Who have been the most eminent in the world's annals, — the heroes of history? We find them, for the most part, among the great sufferers of history; and the more we learn of their private life, the more we find it to have been a life of conflict and sorrow. Their private confessions, where they have come down to us, show them to have been often weary of life, and to have felt their burden greater than they could bear. Even from the strong and high-hearted Luther escapes not unfrequently the sigh for the rest of the grave. An overshadowing earnestness, bordering on sadness, characterizes the portraits of the great poets, — Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, Goethe, — and seems to have been the distinguishing trait of all who are most renowned in the world's annals. The hero of our own history, the most honored of our countrymen, is said never to have smiled during all the period of the war which established our national independence.

Need I remind you how strikingly this trait was exemplified in Him who stands in our grateful and affectionate reverence for all that is sublimest as well as for all that is holiest in man? An immortal sadness clings inseparably to his idea. All the representations of him, in the paintings of the old masters, show how universal the impression, — perhaps we should say, the tradition of this trait. And so intimately is this sadness associated with the idea of Christ, that Christianity has been termed by those who have reflected most profoundly on its spirit, "the worship of sorrow," as exhibiting one who devoted himself to privation and suffering and death in the service of man, as the price of man's highest and eternal good; and as calling on the followers of Christ to follow him in this also, — willing, if need be, to suffer with him,

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that so they may reign with him; "bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus might be manifest" in them; seeking their life, not in comfort and ease, but in toil and sacrifice. This is the doctrine of Christianity, — a doctrine for the most part peculiar to Christianity. For though traces of it, as of all great truths, may be found in the ancient philosophies, yet the spirit of those philosophies, on the whole, was eudæmonism, was Epicurean: it made happiness the highest good. And this, I apprehend, whatever their theory, is still the practical philosophy of the greater part of mankind, — not the worship of sorrow, but the worship of enjoyment.

Enjoyment is the childish ideal of good. It is this that floats before the mind at the entrance of life, and with many during its entire course. Where even ambition prompts to unwearied exertion, and persuades renunciation of present ease and sensual satisfactions for honors and possessions in the distance, which seem more desirable than present enjoyment, it is still enjoyment in one shape or another which they pursue. It is still some phantom of future independence and ease, or of future mark and consequence, which beckons them on, and which renders endurable the sacrifices it demands. And not only does worldly ambition look to this end, but how often is religion itself degraded to a worship of enjoyment by the representations which are made of its ends, and the motives by which its obligations are urged; enjoyment with which some future state is to reward the toils and sacrifices of this! Men are taught to worship enjoyment under the name of heaven. And the popular doctrine has been, that, after suffering the inconveniences of righteousness in this present life, we are to take our ease in the life to come.

Long time is required to correct this false ideal in religion and in all the pursuits of life, and to teach us that enjoyment is only a phantom with which God permits us to delude ourselves for awhile, until we learn the deeper meaning and use of life, — until we learn that labor is the end of labor; that its use is to educate us for further and endless toil; that, when

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we have done well, the reward of well-doing is the power and the privilege of doing better; having been faithful in few things, to be made rulers over many; not with additional comforts and ease, but with additional responsibilities, care, and toil. If we have been sharply tried, and have borne our trials well, the reward is new trials, which multiply so long as we are able to bear.

God teaches all this by gradual discipline, if we are open to instruction. He has his ends with us quite distinct from our own. We set out with a theory which we have to unlearn; we amuse ourselves with plans which we have to renounce. We mean to labor for a given time, and then take our rest. But God does not mean that we should rest so long as we are capable of labor. He keeps us at work; and the more we do, the more he lays upon us. If we have toiled for money, he does not permit us to sit quietly down and enjoy our gains, but keeps us at work as his stewards, or takes our riches from us that we may begin our work anew. If we labor too covetously, he makes the care of money at once our punishment and his treasurer. If we have done well, and earned credit in any undertaking, he does not permit us to sleep upon our laurels, but goads us on to new undertakings. If he sees in us a patient, brave, and self-sacrificing spirit, he does not afflict us once and then dismiss us, but heaps trial upon trial. At every turn he baffles and disappoints us, and yet wrings from us at last the strange confession, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee;" and, correcting our false ideal, teaches us to find in brave and efficient service the kingdom of heaven, which we once sought in selfish enjoyment; instead of getting the uttermost, to seek our satisfaction in doing our best

So it fell out with these poor fishermen, who left their nets to follow the call of Jesus, not knowing whither they went. They embraced that call with buoyant heart and high hopes, seeing conquest and glory and golden crowns in the distance, and finding at every step disappointment, privation, danger, and ending with a martyr-death. Assuredly the life of the called is not a happy life, in the ordinary sense of the term.

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The greater our privileges, the harder our lot. The more we have and can, the more we are called to do and to bear.

But courage! The God who appoints the discipline and the task is the same God who worketh in us to will and to do. The internal support is equal to the outward pressure; and as our day is, so our strength. Had Andrew and Peter foreseen the trials in store for them, how would they have spurned the Master's call, and shrunk with terror from such a life! But they did not shrink when the trials came; they found the strength where they found the call. And though one of them, in a moment of weakness, was tempted to deny his discipleship, he amply atoned for that weakness by his subsequent life, and, according to tradition, by his heroic death. Wherever there is a call to do or to bear, there is strength corresponding to that call; and what seemed impossible once, will seem easy and natural as we grow up to it by the gradual discipline of life. "It would not do for me to enlist," said a young man of feeble health and delicate organization, at the breaking-out of the war, "I should prove a coward on the field of battle." But he did enlist, impelled by the irresistible call of patriotism, and showed himself, when the trial came, as brave as any veteran on the field; and cheerfully, in the supreme hour, paid the tribute of his life to the sacred cause he had espoused.

The life of the called is not a happy life, if happiness consists in selfish enjoyment; nevertheless, it is a blessed life, if blessedness consists in consciously filling a place in the army of the faithful, and the fellowship of that spirit which animates all the brave and good. The limits of enjoyment are soon reached, the season of enjoyment is soon past; but life and blessedness have no bounds. The time is near when the having possessed a little more or a little less of this world's goods, the having experienced a little more or less of earthly delights, will no longer be matter of pleasure or regret. But the consciousness of having paid with our best for values received, of having borne our share of the common burden, and contributed something to the general good, will be rich compensation in view of all the past, and ample support in

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view of all the future; will be a satisfaction which we can take with us to our final rest, assured that the sundering of soul and body cannot wrest this treasure from our life, and that wherever, in the Divine economy, our waking may be, it will find us sound and furnished and girt and ready for the new career.

SABBATH BELLS.

How sweetly sound the sabbath-bells
A summons to the house of prayer,
High over hills, down in the dells,
Through the soft summer air!

Come — says their accent, sweet and shrill —
To holiness of beauty here!
God's house celestial glories fill:
Draw near, divinely near!

Already, presences of grace
In the bright courts of Zion shine.
Yet, there is room: come; in your place,
The great assembly join!

Jesus is here; his heavenly smile —
Rapture for angels — beams for you:
His glory gilds the wave and aisle,
The pulpit and the pew.

He fills with God the frescoed dome,
And the heart's temple penetrates.
To-day, if ye will hear him, come,
And throng his open gates!

Hark! For the Holy Spirit fills
The organ's voice and chant and chime,
And through the preacher's accent thrills,
In this accepted time! R. F. F.

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"BEAUTY FOR ASHES."

To many persons there is nothing on earth more dreary than a country burying-ground, a genuinely old-fashioned, neglected spot, with its solitary mounds of earth linked together by briars and tangled vines, as in the fraternity of a common destiny. It is humiliating to stand in such a place, and reflect that the silent dust at your feet once stirred with the passionate pulses of life; that youth and beauty and strength and genius and power have their unfailing representatives in the saddest, obscurest churchyard!

"Ashes for beauty" is all that most persons see in the falling headstones, and the decaying remnants of those records which even love cannot render perpetual.

In the course of a day's excursion to an old seaport town, I strolled through an enclosure once set apart as the resting-place of the dead, but long unused, and, I was assured, rarely visited except by strangers. Situated almost in the centre of business, the sounds of activity swept past with a strange cadence: carriages rolled by on either side; and the laughter of children at their play, and idlers lounging upon the sidewalks, mingled with the low rustle of stirring grasses. Even the sunny warmth of noon, pervading the atmosphere, left chill and damp the dark undergrowth at our feet: only here and there, a sunbeam glanced into some flower-cup lifted for its touch. The eternal calm sealed upon the sleepers around seemed like a palpable presence.

How long since rest came to them! since the sorrowing ceased to grieve; the heavy laden to bear life's burden; the anxiously striving to fail and fall! If regretful longings clung to the beauty of earth, they can never re-awaken; singing birds, and sighing breezes, and the myriad voices with which the world echoes, touch but the surface of these green graves. If powerless to recall the sweetness and the joy of existence, neither may they summon back the long possession of its sufferings and sicknesses of mind and body.

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Very few names and dates were legible upon the stones remaining upright, and these touchingly repeated the words of faith and consolation which are ever new with every fresh affliction. Whatever weakness of human vanity, of charity which, "thinking no evil," speaks lying words in praise of virtues which never existed in the dead, may disturb the living, they die in insignificance before the grandeur of the voice breathing of resurrection and immortality.

Gradually Nature unfolds her own flowery epitaph over every couch where the children of earth are hidden. The lettering may be homely and common, traced in simple weeds; but the message of peace is recorded no less by them than by the most exquisite blossoms. She awaits tenderly the exhaustion of that terrible, heart-wringing agony which is mocked by the approach of sympathy: upon the bare, bleak newness of the rough clods nature lays no hand. But, as weeks and months go on, and calmness distils upon the bereaved soul, a corresponding change is wrought in that too-suggestive clay heaped over the form lately instinct with life. The dews of heaven fall, and the sun shines, not in vain. Leaf by leaf, spire by spire, the mantle which in time shall wholly conceal that unsightly prominence is revealed. Ah, God loves us! if he makes one garden desert, he fails not to pour into it a thousand tiny rills from the deep fountains of his abundant healing. They are soft and blessed tears that answer the beauty which nature offers as her best compensation for our losses. The stronger and richer vitality is quenched; but from its ashes spring the lilies of the field to symbolize that providence upon which the struggling heart may repose.

Years succeed each other, and, alas! one affliction opens the gate for many another to enter. So when the lesson of suffering endurance has been learned, or rejected and forgotten, and each grave has performed its part as a special reminder of mortality, the ground becomes level as if never upheaved; and, but for the marble reared upon it, nothing might suggest its former use. Still the process of assimilation between dust and its kindred dust goes on, more noise-

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lessly and surely than art can fathom. The stone sinks slowly, slowly down; mosses creep over its face like a veil. When the name has dropped from the circle of its former association, why should it be syllabled by careless lips? No cruel fate, but a just and kindly ordinance, effaces at length every remnant of the tragedy which death rehearses, and whose grimness earth would fain soften.

These thoughts, with more or less distinctness, occurred to me as I forced my way through the graveyard, whose rank verdure choked every pathway.

The sun shone, and the delicious air woke no discord even there; the blue waters of the beautiful bay flashed through the trees, and the sky bent itself near to the listening earth.

> "There is life in the summer meadow,
> But death is in the world!"

After quieting itself with a little philosophy, my heart returned to that natural creed, to the pathos and yearning of an older poet than the one above quoted, who says mournfully, —

> "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

But Job, sending his cry into heathen darkness, ought not to stand as a type of the sorrowing in all ages; and, after the coming of Christ, why do we turn at once and instinctively to the shadow of the narrow valley, and shut our eyes to its sunrise light?

If we, as Christians, have risen above the plane of our mortal existence, and are learning, in any just degree, to value the sweet and bitter things that encompass us, we can remember with no undue regret, that "the world and the fashion of it passeth away." It is right that we should love the home which our Father has so wonderfully adapted to our use and enjoyment here: it is *not* right that we shrink with dread from a summons to the mansions he has prepared for those who love him, though the passage thither be through a forgotten grave! We cultivate too much a morbid misanthropy, which weeps over the physical details of death,

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neglecting to strengthen the faith that illumines and transforms them.

With such loving insight, Vaughan sang: —

"Dear, beauteous Death, thou jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark."

Will humanity ever learn to distinguish the fine, clear harmony that underflows the decay and discord of time?

C. M. P.

ON AFFLICTION.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

As the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound, —
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound:

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield;
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire:

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And, through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled!

From "Christian Life in Song."

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MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER XII. — CONCLUSION.

From the indications from time to time given of the state of Arthur Ashton's health, the reader will hardly be surprised at the event now to be briefly described. Though it brought the most profound sorrow not only to Morning Side, but throughout the neighborhood, and indeed to the whole town, it shall be my endeavor to allude to it in that calm spirit which marked the whole of his life.

I think I have before referred to his quickness in obtaining knowledge pertaining to any subject which interested him. This was true of farming, of road-making, of schools, of natural history, of every thing to which his attention was turned. When he began to perceive his health to be failing, and perhaps to feel some premonitions that life with him would be short, nothing could surpass the eagerness with which he sought to understand what death is.

The previous chapters of this book show how much he thought and read upon the subject; and the effect of all this upon himself I observed with much interest. I have heard him quote an Italian proverb, that "it is one thing to talk about death, and another thing to die."

We sometimes see men assume an indifferent and flippant air towards death, as if it was a journey that gave them only small concern. I believe that this is almost always a shallow affectation. It might do for the old Stoics to write treatises "De contemptu mortis;" but under no title of that sort, it is probable, would there be expressed the feelings that become a Christian. If he schools his heart to contemplate death with resigned composure, it is not that he may run into another extreme of ceasing to view it with thoughtful awe.

While Arthur Ashton would have been offended by any want of profound reverence in the thought of this great mys-

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tery, he had so much studied the phenomena it presents, up to the remotest point to which our intelligence reaches, that nothing took him by surprise. For the successive stages of his disease he seemed prepared, and he yielded himself to them in the spirit of a child in the paternal arms. I heard him repeat the following words with a solemnity and pathos which gave them a meaning to my ear deeper than they ever had before, — "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

I used sometimes to wonder what had weaned him so much from the world. No sharp trials had ever assailed him. He had a grateful and hearty relish for life, and, apparently, he had every thing to make life happy, — property, occupations to his taste, affluence of affections, and a cheerful and joyous nature. It is true, he had not entered into the closer relations of husband and father; but he had a strength of faith which would have subordinated all earthly relations.

The paternal character of God, the merciful and loving ministry of Christ, the benignant change of death, the continued and uninterrupted life of the soul, — these points, which with him had been something more than abstractions for years, seemed now to come out in greater distinctness, and to stand before him in a more solid reality.

There was still another thing that contributed to his calm peace. He had done something more than study the change of death as far as our intelligence reaches. The future world was not to him a land of shadows. While no science can penetrate it, and revelation has not lifted the veil that hides it from our view, still there are certain leading probabilities which are suggested by our nature, and which become in a sense illuminated and established by prolonged and devout meditation.

If to thousands of dying persons the future world be a blank, can it be any wonder that they have no adequate Christian supports? To Arthur it had certain salient points more assured than any thing here. I have deeply regretted that I had not talks with him on the subjects he named in that low whisper at his bedside; and, though he left some

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papers relating to them, how much more should I have learned from his voice and eye and deep-loving heart!

On one point his decline presented a result different, as I imagine, from what he expected. I think it was more prolonged than he anticipated. The changes through which he knew he had to pass did not succeed each other, I suspect, with the looked-for rapidity. He had not, perhaps, made sufficient allowance for the tenacity of life. It is an error into which observers of more age and experience often fall. There was no impatience manifested; nor am I at all confident of the correctness of my conjecture, which perhaps may have been chiefly suggested by his early readiness to depart.

I have read in the lives of the early Christians, as also in the memoirs of some of the devout men whom the Roman Catholic Church has canonized as saints, of the holy joy they felt in the near prospect of death, as if they were about to receive the highest conceivable distinction and glory, for which they desired the congratulations of their friends.

I dare say, if any one had observed the expression on my face, in perusing these accounts, he might have detected an incredulous look; as I have supposed that all such statements were grounded half in the nervous excitement of the dying, and half in the strained imagination of their friends.

I have been taught to see what a shallow conclusion this was. Day after day, week after week, I have myself witnessed this holy joy. It was authenticated not by strong words and earnest protestations. Throughout his decline, Arthur was true to his own quiet nature. But his joy, his heaven, was apparent in his whole air and manner, — in his voice, which had tones of an unearthly sweetness; in the look of his eye, which revealed depths of celestial peace.

I remember once, as I went from his bedside to my house, I read again his brief account, given on a former page, of the death of Sir Philip Sidney, who said, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world." And I said to myself, "When I read that, two or three weeks ago, did I believe that Sidney really *had* such a joy? No. I regarded it as the extravagance of excitement, — as a few words gath-

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ered out of the incoherent and perhaps unconscious utterances of the dying, and not to be accepted as a deliberately uttered and literal truth."

Thus did my foolish scepticism blind me to a fact of which there have been ten thousand witnesses, all of whom would have made but little impression upon my mind but for this witness under my own eye.

And why should it be thought to be an incredible thing, that the good man, dying, should feel as if he ought to be congratulated upon some approaching and transcendent glory? Whence comes the doubt, if not from our worldliness, the film of which has fallen from the eye that is soon to be closed in death? If this life be but the vestibule of true existence; if trials and sorrows be laid aside at the grave; if the true and final home be *there*, where an uncounted number whom we have known and loved are waiting to receive us, then sighs and tears do not seem to be the most appropriate surroundings of a death-bed: and who can doubt, that, when we have a more lively faith in immortality, they will be exchanged for expressions of triumph and of joy. "O præclaram diem!" said the old Roman, in view of his departure; and may not Christian faith have even greater confidence and exultation?

The different light in which the living and the dying look at death, creates a conflict of vision which, as we have reason to suspect, often gives one of the most painful trials to the departing spirit. Sighs and tears reflect only that earthly atmosphere which he has left. It is with a sort of shock that he sees that his friends are wholly immersed in it, and incapable of sympathizing with that heavenly air now his, and which he feels should be wreathed with sweet smiles of joy.

There was with Arthur an acuteness of sensibility on this subject that quite surprised me, because my attention had never been called to this point before. I see how natural his feeling was when he said, with the utmost emphasis, "Do not come into my room with sad faces: come with cheering smiles."

It is melancholy to think how often our worldliness sur-

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rounds the dying with dark shadows, when they would be so thankful for a light from one cheerful and cheering look to shine on the way they are to go.

At length, when came the night which would probably be the last in this world for Arthur, he sent word that he wished that Uncle Ephraim and I might be with him. We were at his bedside through the long watches. We had but little to do; for he was in a dozy state most of the time, and once or twice spoke in his sleep. The names of "mother," "father," and "Sarah," were distinctly heard.

Few things leave a more marked impression than to watch through the night at a dying bed. In that still and dimly lighted chamber, what an oppressive anxiety marks the heavy hours, while the great world outside is wrapped in peaceful and unconscious slumber! Perhaps we lift the curtain, and look out upon the stars, and think of the mystery of the soul's leaving that body fast perishing by disease, and going, perhaps, to one of those far-off shining orbs. And when the gray of the morning is descried, and the first faint sounds of awakening life are heard, it seems as if they were only trifling and fleeting shadows which the busy world will eagerly pursue. I remember that Uncle Ephraim asked, "What would become of this world's business, if God had not made the shadows we run after seem, for a little while, like things of substance?" It is death that shows their real nature, and wakes us from this kindly dream.

As the day dawned, Arthur felt some restlessness, accompanied with a slight degree of faintness. He thought he would be better if he could be lifted up to sit in his chair, front of the window, to see the sun rise. We gently raised him, and placed him in a large arm-chair, which we soon moved to the spot he named. Just as the cloudless sun was rising, his head fell back on the pillow behind him; but no groan, no struggle, marked the final moment. The sun of his immortal life had its rising in like unclouded splendor.

The funeral customs of New England had often been criticised by Arthur Ashton. We endeavored, therefore, in

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making arrangements for his obsequies, — though he left no directions on this subject, — to act in conformity to his ideas.

The assembly of a large number of acquaintances, oftentimes invited through the newspapers, at the house of mourning, and the forming of a long procession to the grave, involve the necessity of much domestic and millinery preparation, at a time when a bereaved family most long for quiet; while the crowd of carriages at the front door, the presence of a score of officials and drivers of horses, and the gathered idle lookers-on, open the inmost recesses of grief to a public and unsympathizing gaze.

We imported this fashion from abroad, he used to say, though we have had the good sense to lay aside some of the hollow paraphernalia of grief, such as the flowing weepers and the nodding plumes. You may frequently see these pompous processions in the Old World, where the friends of every private citizen ape the customs of the great; and the consideration a man enjoyed while living is measured by the length of the procession that follows him when dead.

Of course, there may be fit occasions, now and then, for impressive public solemnities, with the long procession of mourners that go about the streets, —

> "Sometime let solemn Tragedy,
> In gorgeous train, come sweeping by;"

but, in our ordinary funeral rites, why need we follow bad precedents at third-hand? why should we not have more simple and soothing burial ceremonies, suited to our own convictions of propriety?

He had so often conversed upon this subject that some desired changes had already been made. I remember his telling me that it used to be the custom for mourners to take their last look of the departed in the presence of a crowd of spectators. He added, that the groans and shrieks he had heard were an outrage upon all Christian self-control and submission. He had persuaded mourning circles to bid adieu to the loved remains of their relative in the privacy of their chamber.

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Some signs of another change in burial customs were beginning to be seen, — that of having prayers at the house, in the presence only of the nearest friends; and then, at some convenient hour afterward, to have the body quietly, and with no parade, attended to the grave only by the nearest male relatives.

Let it not be thought that he ascribed undue importance to this point. To the sorrowing and stricken heart, nothing can be more grateful than the quietness and seclusion which this arrangement favors; and the holy impressions of death are not broken up and driven away by bustling cares. The consideration of cost would not be here alluded to, if we did not see, every day, families in humble circumstances incur, in the inconsiderate hour of bereavement, wholly useless expenses, which they find it hard afterwards to meet.

If we think that those about to leave the world must be indifferent to all these arrangements, it may be well to remember that, perhaps, we who are still immersed in the world-element may not have the same feelings as those who are just emerging from it. The closer they approach to all unmasked realities, the more sensitive may be their dislike of any parade and show, and the stronger their attachment to severe simplicity and sincerity.

When Burns, who belonged to a military company, expressed, in his last moments, a wish that the "awkward squad might not fire over his grave," perhaps it was through that mysterious longing that the body should have a sacred privacy after death, with which every delicately-minded man may, in his last moments, most keenly sympathize.

Of course, a large number of persons came to the house, to see once more the face of "our Arthur," as everybody affectionately called him; but at the funeral there seemed to have been a general delicate regard to his well-known feelings, and there was no bustle of a crowd. The large parlor was filled with relations and most intimate friends; and, both before the religious service and after it, there was the quiet of a private, holy hour.

As our church was then, and had been for some time,

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without a pastor, a young clergyman from a neighboring town, a college classmate of Arthur, conducted the religious service, which he prefaced with some remarks that seemed to us all to be appropriate and comforting. I afterwards obtained a copy of them from the speaker, whose permission I have to insert them here. I am sure that, by those who heard them, they will be often read, in recalling the impressions of an hour that can never be forgotten.

The brief address was as follows: —

More meet it is, as it seems to me, that I should sit in that silent group of mourners, than stand here to conduct these funeral offices. There can be no deeper mourner than I. From the time that I first knew him, eight years ago, to the day of his death, no ties of blood could unite us closer than these ties of love.

I well remember the impression he made on us all at the beginning of our college life. We noticed his extremely youthful appearance, his slender form, his calm blue eye, his gentle manners, and an air of saintly purity which never deserted him, — the bare presence of which among us was always an inspiration to every thing that was good.

When, a year ago, I came to live where Providence hath cast my lot, the place to me had an attraction, because I could descry from thence the smoke of his chimney; and the skies that canopy these neighboring towns and these fair hills seemed to cover me like a home, because they enclosed one whom it was the greatest privilege of my life to know and love.

In my repeated interviews with him, during his decline, our talk has chiefly been on subjects which you, who knew him so well, can readily name, — the purpose of life; its blessed enjoyments and privileges; its connection with the future; and the gentle and benignant change of death. To me his chamber has been a place of instruction, where I have received impressions that can never be effaced.

To you, who saw the daily beauty of his life, has been accorded a privilege which, much as you may now appreciate it, you will hereafter more adequately prize. If you live a hundred years, and range through all the altitudes and depressions of human experience, it is not likely you will meet with any thing that will leave a more sweet and holy flavor.

It is not becoming in me, nor is it just to him, to indulge in

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indiscriminate praise. A stamp of perfection, seen nowhere in this world, was not impressed on him. But his very defects — his quickness of temper, and his too unyielding persistency of purpose — only endeared him more to our hearts, since they showed that that character was human and imitable, which otherwise we might have deemed to be above our poorer humanity. The reality of human virtue, the possibility of saintliness of life, have been demonstrated in a way we cannot gainsay or resist.

Should we hereafter meet with hard and unjust treatment from our fellow-men, the remembrance of the fruit we have seen our nature here bear shall soften our heart and restrain our condemnation; yea, this one full, golden ear from our fields we will hang up in the chamber of memory, as a prophecy of that harvest which the reapers, who are the angels, will gather, in coming times of more favoring culture.

But, meanwhile, we too, in our appointed hour, must go in that path of the dead along which he hath now passed. To us shall it be as peaceful and as radiant as it was to him?

I should fail to give you that lesson which I know, above all others, he would have me impress, if I did not say to you, Lead the life of a good Christian, and then never have fear of death. As saith the holy apostle, "Death is yours," — that is, in your power, — yours to subdue; yours to triumph over; yours to abolish, so that you shall never taste it.

Christians are divided in this world into many sects, some of them separated from each other by mere metaphysical distinctions of little consequence. For one, I would be a member of a new sect, should it arise, that would treat this subject of death more in the spirit of Christ, — that would take it out of the old pagan darkness and horror in which it is still enveloped; that would teach us that it is a gentle and kind step in our immortal progress, and would surround it with the light of Christian faith and the smiles of undying love.

Farewell, for a little while, friend of our youth, and forerunner to the bright Spirit-land! Thou wouldst not have us shed one tear at thy grave, but exchange even there words of congratulation and joy. Nor will we deem thy departure untimely. "Wisdom is gray hairs, and an unspotted life old age." Thou wilt give us the hand of welcome when we meet thee on those distant shores.

The above address was followed by a prayer; and then, perhaps a couple of hours later, a simple carriage, containing

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three or four male friends, accompanied the body to the spot in our cemetery, since marked by that marble slab on which so many wreaths of fresh flowers are often hung.

On looking over Arthur Ashton's papers, I found many hymns which he had composed. I had at first thought of inserting several of them here; but, on reflection, I have changed my mind. It is not likely they would have any interest beyond the small circle of his intimate friends; and for them they will have a sacred charm in his handwriting, which they would lose if submitted to the public eye in print.

There is one, however, which is in such accordance with the spirit of his life, and of the chapters of this book, that I shall here insert it. It is as follows: —

HYMN.

"And the way ye know." — John xiv. 4.

To hail, new-born, this world's fair light,
To clasp fond parents at my side,
To welcome love, to know the right, —
Behold the ways that I have tried!

Thou hast ordained another way,
In equal love, for me to tread:
Thy will unquestioned I obey;
I take the way trod by the dead.

It is a way that doth not run
Where is not felt thy loving hand;
And brighter light than this world's sun
Illumines those that near thee stand.

It is a way where peacefully
Thy holy Son passed through the grave,
And proved, obtaining victory,
How ample is his power to save;

A way in which the wise, the good,
The dearest we have known on earth,
Thy saints, — unnumbered multitude, —
Ascended to their heavenly birth.

O Father! when I hear thy voice,
To thee, without one fear, I go;
In the last look of earth rejoice
That death is through a way I know.

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One word, now, of myself, and my task is done.

The reader will justly conclude that one of the chief joys of my country life has been taken away. But in my walks to the grove, the brook, the glen, I have an invisible companion, of whom I am reminded at every step. It is true

> "Lycidas is dead; dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer;"

but I can say, in the words of another majestic master of song, —

> "O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves!
> Forbode not any severing of our loves;
> Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;]
> I only have relinquished one delight,
> To live beneath your more habitual sway.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> We will grieve not, rather find
> Strength in what remains behind;
> In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering;
> In the faith that looks *through* death."

And what is the result of all? It is that my acquaintance with Arthur Ashton unsealed a fountain of spiritual light within, and has proved a life-long blessing to my soul. The world has a new meaning to me, life a new plan; and death is not the end, but is a new beginning. The visible universe is a MORNING SIDE.

H. A. M.

A WORK is set before the day we live in, a necessity is laid upon it: it sees and accepts its calling, content to labor in the thick smoke, and weary itself among the very fires of speculation. Let but our age apprehend a cause or an idea as worthy of its devotion, and it will not fail to be furnished with apostles, with confessors, yes, if need be, with martyrs; so strong is the passion of its onward march, so steadfast the ardor of its perseverance. And thus in how many a fair and still extending region of human thought and labor we have already arrived —

> "At the winning and the holding of a prize,
> The hope of which would have been once deemed madness."

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

It would be a sin to suffer such a year as this which now hastens to a close to complete its months and days without a word of devout gratitude, and the confession of a God of whom we can hardly say any more, "He hideth himself." Those of our readers who are the youngest, and shall live the longest on earth, will never see such another twelvemonth, — such changes from darkness to light, and then presently from light to darkness; such a melting-away of armies; such a silencing of boastful voices; so rapid a passage from war to peace; such a tragedy in a nation's life; such joy uplifting, and such sorrow weighing down, a nation's heart; such a Fast Day as that on which the funeral honors were paid to our murdered President; such throngs in cities and villages, as, on more than one occasion, the people bore their dead to the last resting-place; such a thorough discomfiture of those who presumed to measure their strength with the Spirit of Humanity, in the vain effort to put the world back for centuries. I am sure we have not thanked God, as we should have done, for all his mercies to this people. It will do us good to compare the month of December, which is before us, with the same month in the previous year, especially if we find ourselves compassed about by new cares and oppressed by new anxieties. A nation with an experience like ours during the past year has a right to believe that God proposes for it a great work and a high destiny, of course through added labors and sufferings. Our noble army of martyrs, rejoicing now in the success of the cause for which they died, have purchased for us the privilege of doing and bearing yet more; they have lifted our nation's life up to a higher plane, and have put within the reach of our fidelity and earnestness and continued self-sacrifice a genuine Republic, in which every man shall be politically equal to every other man. What a significant symbol it is, that a me-

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chanic, and he of a class which in times past has been especially despised, should be at the head of our country! The successes and the disasters of the year, with their joys and sorrows, have brought us, under God, so far, and have marked out for us the path in which we are to walk soberly and prudently, yet with courage and settled determination, until it shall appear that our young men and our noble President have not died in vain. As the year closes, we find ourselves not free from hinderances and anxieties. We find those who have not been taught by defeat, and who still cherish the delusions which have wrought such mischief in times past; we still have great need of patience and laboriousness; we shall be tempted to heal the hurt of the people slightly, to take words for works, to rely upon promises that will not be kept: but all this ought not to lessen by one iota our gratitude for all that we have compassed, or minister in any way to discouragement. The time has been when no price would have been esteemed extravagant in return for the results which the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-five has put beyond all peradventure. We have seen the end of chattel slavery in the United States: what we want now and must have, just as soon as schools and a true humanity can prepare for it, is a complete citizenship for every nominal citizen, and meanwhile protection for the weak. There is so much in the circumstances of the times to draw us together in mutual helpfulness; there are so many who have done what they could for us, and now ought not to be compelled to ask us to do what we can for them; there is so much to provoke us to charity of heart and life, — that we hardly need to be asked to give much of the time which may remain, before the record of the year shall be closed, to earnest communion with the Spirit that is ever seeking our spirits, and would lead us safely and profitably and peacefully through the changes of time into the Rest of Eternity. Truly his mercies, like his days, are without number; and all things work together for good to those who love him.

How many, during the closing year, have wept great bitter tears! It has seemed to me at times that the shadows never lay so deep and dark before, or that the hope of man became so suddenly disappointment. Doubtless, however, the experience of others has been the opposite of all this; for a wise hand blends the light and the darkness in just proportions. Let us hold fast by the faith that the night is far spent, and the day at hand. E.

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DID PAUL HAVE FITS?

[The following article is from the "New-York Observer." In our allusion to Strauss, we were perfectly aware that we were putting it "mild;" and, if the editor of the "Observer" will look into Strauss himself, he will see that he does a good deal more than "intimate." Strauss, through page after page, tries to prove that the whole story of Christ's resurrection is a fiction resting on the imaginations of nervous women, or of men who took the visions of their own minds for facts, of whom Paul — probably subject to epileptic convulsions — is a specimen. To these bodily and mental peculiarities he attributes the vision which was the proximate cause of his conversion to Christianity. S.]

THIS question is agitated in certain quarters just now, and with some degree of zeal. A short time since, the Rev. E. H. Sears, in an address at Cambridge, Mass., made allusion to the views of Strauss, the German Rationalistic critic, and employed the following language in speaking of the conversion of Paul: —

"There was a man who started from Jerusalem towards Damascus, on a mission of persecution and murder, proud, cruel, and vindictive: he came from Damascus with a heart yearning towards all mankind, with the humility of a child, and with affections as tender as a woman's love. He went towards Damascus with an intellect narrowed down to a rapier's point, and harder than its steel: he came from Damascus with an intellect broadened and fused with divine fire, and with a logic so invincible, and with its links so warm with the Holy Ghost, that it moulded the thought of the world for eighteen centuries. What changed him? *Epileptic fits*, says Mr. Strauss. He was liable to swoons, and seeing spectres, which he called his 'thorn in the flesh.'"

A writer in the "Christian (Unitarian) Register" denies that Strauss taught such a sentiment, and cites an extended passage from his writings, the passage to which Mr. Sears alludes in his discourse. Strauss, alluding to Paul's experience, says: —

"In the passage of Galatians, he designates his conversion as the revelation *in him* of the Son of God, thus himself making the principal fact *an inward experience*, and signifying that he had not only seen and heard Christ, but had also felt his heart possessed by the knowledge of Christ the Son of God. Still *we cannot doubt that he believed that he had really seen the transfigured Christ*, and that he gave to this appearance the character of an external

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manifestation. But with the discrepancy in the account of the Acts, which would constrain, in this respect, our conviction if we took it to be strictly historical, Paul alleges nothing which obliges us to share his view, or hinders us from considering the appearance *an inward fact and a purely psychological phenomenon.* The apostle himself tells us that he was subject to certain peculiar and ecstatic states of mind. If he wished to glory, he wrote to the Christians of Corinth, he could boast of the abundance of visions and revelations with which he was favored; and here he relates the fact already cited of the man caught up to the third heaven. But lest the greatness of his revelations should awaken pride, a thorn in the flesh was given him, and an angel of Satan buffeted him. This may suggest convulsions, perhaps of an epileptic character; and this conjecture seems to be confirmed by the fact that he speaks elsewhere of the weakness of his body, and of his mean appearance."

The language of this passage is sufficiently explicit to justify any one in saying, that Strauss teaches that Paul was subject to epileptic fits, and that his extraordinary visions were to be attributed to his constitutional peculiarities. The whole passage is one of the clearest exhibitions of the infidelity that would find a natural explanation of every supernatural event in the Sacred Scriptures. It intimates that Paul did not see what he believed he saw, — that there is a discrepancy in the narrative, — that we are not required to share the same view that Paul took of his experience, — and that we are at liberty to regard it as a purely psychological phenomenon; that he was subject to convulsions, *perhaps of an epileptic character*, and these peculiarities are to be taken into the account when forming a judgment of the story of Paul's conversion.

Mr. Sears, so far from doing injustice to Strauss, comes far short of intimating the extent of his unworthy attempt to depreciate the experience of the apostle. It was a mild way of putting it, to say that Strauss attributes his wonderful experience to *epileptic fits!* He might have gone much further, and made a stronger case.

If there is any man in the annals of Scripture who had a sound mind, that man was Paul. To attribute his experiences to ecstasies or imagination or convulsions, is scarcely less ridiculous than it is impious.

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NEW LIFE IN OLD FORMS.

There is a vast deal of this new life in the Church of England at the present day; and we think that many persons who seem to regard themselves as endowed beyond the rest of the world with the divine humanities, and are accustomed to speak almost scornfully of old churches and rituals, would be amazed to find how rich are some English Churchmen of the straitest sort in the spiritual treasure, old yet new, which the Lord is giving to the world in these times. In reading the sermons of some of the modern High-Church divines, we are almost led to imagine that our own Transcendentalists, as we have called them, are addressing us, — we get all that was positive, and therefore good, in those men, without their negations. As little as any do these believers after the old type care for the mere letter even of Scripture. They insist upon penetrating beneath the word and the surface, and carrying us along with them into the deeper places. They are realists, and deal with realities. They love the body for the life which is tabernacled in it; the form for the substance of which it is the vehicle. They are not content with a revelation which was once a revelation: they must be brought near to God here and now, and hear his voice, and feel upon their hearts his quickening and soothing hand. A form of sound words, which is only that, does not content them; and much and rightly as they prize the objective, and steadily as they refuse to be satisfied with moral ideals or with "pictures painted in the air," they must have for the object something more than an ancient book, however sacred. They listen for the Spirit that speaks to the churches to-day, not less earnestly but more earnestly, because this Spirit, according to the word of Jesus, will take of the things of Christ, — the Christ, indeed, that lived and taught in Judea; the Christ that died for our sins, and rose again the third day; yet also the Christ who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Of course, in the writings of these Churchmen we find much from which we are compelled stoutly to dissent; much which, as we think, they would not have written had they opened their minds as fairly to the new learning as they have opened their hearts to the new life: but often we can earnestly assent to what they *mean*, if not to what they say; and are refreshed by the atmosphere of faith and love

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in which they live and write and labor. We count them amongst the real forces of the time; and many of the things which they are trying to strengthen ought to remain.

We have been moved to set down these sentences by the reading of a volume of sermons from Rev. Thomas Thellusson Carter, Rector of Clewer, Berks, — a volume which, better than many other collections of discourses, deserves to have reached, as it has, its second edition. If we had any influence with the excellent Messrs. DUTTON & Co., we should counsel the republication of these sermons, for the edification not only of the particular branch of the Church to which they minister in their vocation, but for the good of our whole Zion. We will transcribe a few paragraphs, as our eyes fall upon them, for the instruction of our readers, and so make good this unsought, but we trust not unwelcome, commendation.

It may interest our readers to know, that Mr. Carter is a clergyman in charge of one of the "Houses of Mercy," which are illustrating practical Christianity in Protestant England, not only by maintaining within consecrated walls a daily service of prayer and praise, but also by showing forth that religion, pure and undefiled before the Father, which is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. E.

REASON AND FAITH.

It is needful to reconcile the claims of reason and faith, which to many seem to be at variance, their minds being uncertain whether simply to accept all that is presented to them as of God without inquiry, or to limit belief to what they are able to comprehend; the end of the one course being superstition, of the other rationalism. The error lies in supposing that reason and faith are opposed, and proceed on contrary principles of thought. They are rather similar operations of the mind employed in different spheres of knowledge. By reason, the soul embraces what it is able to apprehend according to natural laws of thought; by faith, the soul embraces what the Spirit of God reveals to it, according to laws of thought operating through his gracious aid above the natural powers of reason, yet in intimate accordance with them, if not an actual development of them, by a divine energy animating and exalting the soul. Faith is as a sublimed and transformed

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reason, having its instincts and laws, which the soul acknowledges and feels to be supreme, without losing its own properties or freedom of action. Faith is the expansion and exaltation of the soul, neither disparaging nor contradicting any one of its own true functions, although raised into a conscious union and co-operation with the mind of God. Faith ponders the truths of a higher world, as reason those of this lower world. Faith draws its conclusions and grasps its ideas in the supernatural, as reason deals with its kindred objects in the natural world. Reason leads us to the threshold of the sanctuary; faith enters within it. The great sages of heathen Greece and Rome prove what reason can do in searching after God; the saints are witnesses of the truer, higher reach of faith. They do not differ as to the laws of thought. The saints still sit at the feet of the ancient sages, learning of them how to regulate and strengthen the powers of judgment, and testing, by the authority of their master-minds, the processes of thought employed even in the profoundest theology. But they are advanced far beyond them in the spheres of divine knowledge, their capacities indefinitely enlarged, their perceptions purified and quickened, their hold on the True and the Eternal maintained by His very Presence, dwelling in them, who is the perfect Light, who desires to reveal himself ever more and more to every soul that seeketh him.

The grace of faith neither absorbs nor sets aside the operations of reason. It recognizes reason as God's chiefest gift to man, intermingles with its powers, and acts through them; it is itself the highest reason, or rather the superadded, the crowning glory of the rudiments of high intelligence with which the Creator endued unfallen man. To separate faith from reason is to dethrone reason, to evacuate it of its truest greatness; for reason needs faith to reach its intended height, to become capable of apprehending the highest verities. To disparage reason for the exaltation of faith is to deprive faith of the groundwork of its development and the safeguard of its truth; for grace, while raising humanity, acts according to its natural laws.

But faith is not to be regarded merely in its connection with reason. It has a wider range within the soul, being the superadded grace of every faculty. Faith quickens and exalts every faculty, as it enters into and transforms the reason. We live by faith, all our inward powers being raised by its influence to em-

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brace God and the unseen world. The imagination is kindled and sanctified by faith, soaring into highest mysteries under its sure guidance. The conscience judges with more solemn authority, by faith realizing the inner Presence of the Eternal Judge speaking through its voice. Hope wears a brighter radiance, and with a freer confidence amid all changes and chances of a world of trial, clings to unchanging Love by an instinct deep as life, which faith feeds. Faith is the stretching forward of our entire nature towards the Eternal and the Invisible; the going-forth of one's whole self beyond one's self to reach unto God, to lose one's self in God, to be found again in him as one with him. Faith animates the whole life, not losing any portion of true humanity, but drawing it more and more within the veil, till it is hidden with Christ in God.

CHRIST REVEALED TO HIS DISCIPLES.

The loss of the sensible Presence of Christ is, as even our natural reason may discern, necessary for the exercise of this discipline. An unchanging vision, palpable to the sense, would have been as incompatible with this economy of trial as the complete hiding of his countenance from the forsaken soul. In the one case, it would have been all rapture; in the other, all despair. What is needed is the vision of faith, which is a seeing, and yet not seeing; a seeing neither clearly nor darkly, but an inexpressible intermingling of experiences which are neither fulness of sight, nor yet blindness. And this wonderful discipline of the soul began in earnest, as the law of our regeneration, when our Lord withdrew himself into his ascended glory, and the invisible and incomprehensible Spirit came forth to be the second Comforter.

It is important to mark in the text the significant order of the words, "A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." The attention rests on the idea of "seeing" as the end, the closing prospect of our Lord's promise. What if it had been reversed? what if it had been, "A little while, and ye shall see me; and again a little while, and ye shall not see me"? The order of the words, as they now stand, causes the mind to repose in the blessed assurance, that this clouded, fitful state is not to last, but is the incipient stage of a growing communion with God which is opening into, and at last will rest in, the full and unchanging vision of his glory. The order of the words that fell from our Lord's lips corresponds with those

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of the prophet in the passage just referred to, who, after describing the "day known of the Lord," not "day nor night," adds, "but at evening-time there shall be light." The unchanging light is the consummation of the clouded day of the prophet. "Ye shall see me" is the point in the horizon on which our Lord bids us rest; as the end of the period during which this weary alternation of seeing and not seeing must continue, to be succeeded by the one cloudless vision of the Living God.

And what is our support now in this our trial-state? It is the blessed assurance, that every training and exercise of our spiritual faculties, during this our present imperfect but most real communion with our Lord; every sacrament of which we partake, even every sacred symbol, — is the means of a continual advance, a constant drawing on towards that ever clearer and unchanging Vision. They are in their several degrees the shadows through which the glorious light is streaming in, as we are able to bear it, under which the plants which cannot bear the full blaze of the noonday sun are being nourished for a "little while." "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself;" but it is only because we cannot yet see thee and live, that thou shinest upon us with tempered ray suited to our weakness: but our dim eyes strain after thee, and seek to discern thee more and more, not merely in the special means and pledges of thy Presence, but even in all these outer forms, these visible works of thy hands.

A GOD WHO CARES FOR US.

These descriptions bring home to our apprehension some faint view of the movements of the secret mind of God. There are two ideas more or less prevailing, instincts created by the fall, which cloud the whole thought of God in most men's minds. One is, that the Supreme Godhead cannot be interested or concerned, in any real sense, in the condition of his creatures, still less be moved by their joys or sorrows. This idea took a definite shape in one of the ancient philosophies, the Epicurean, which pictured the Godhead as having no sympathy with the creature, and rapt into a wholly separate sphere of undisturbed and even unconscious repose. This heathen conception was but the exaggerated expression of a thought which is universal, and one so inwrought in the human mind as to need a positive and earnest effort of faith to remove it. It seems to arise chiefly from two

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causes: (1) from the difficulty of conceiving how God, having no parts or passions, can nevertheless feel what corresponds with them, with our joy and grief, our desires and regrets; and (2) from our inability to comprehend pure, disinterested love in its highest forms. Another idea, as extensively prevailing as the former, is that one so perfectly holy cannot have sympathy with a sinner, — the feeling which was symbolically expressed in Adam's hastening to bury himself in the trees of the garden, out of the reach and sight, as he hoped, of God; and such as broke forth from Manoah, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God;" and again from the lips of St. Peter, when he first felt the nearness of God, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

How different is the view which our Lord reveals in the imagery of these parables! The deep moving of the Heart of God in his secret home; the strong yearning, arousing him from his place; the intense anxiety, as he stretches forth to recover, as he bends over, the fallen; and then the extreme rejoicing, as he recovers the long-lost object of this fervent love, — such are the features exhibited in these descriptions. We may be unable to connect this view with the ineffable peace, the undisturbed beatitude, the essential separation of God from his creatures. We fail to reconcile the two ideas. Yet neither can we lower, nor need we fear to embrace trustfully, the outward expressions of divine love which these parables disclose. It is as a reflection of this perpetually strong movement of compassion in the Heart of God towards the lost, that the angels are stirred to a continual joy in their recovery. Their joy is not a feeling which arises in them first, as what belongs to a creature sympathizing with creatures; but is a consequence of their pure life being strung in perfect harmony with what passes in the mind of God. It arises in him first; it then thrills from him through the highest orders of pure creatures. What we on earth feel of joy at the recovery of the fallen, is but the distant echo dying away of that same intensity of love, ever arising in the Godhead and from himself, pervading the heavens. The visible anxiety of Christ to win back the lost to himself, was the expression of a deep eternal movement in the Divine Nature itself; and the actions and feelings of his humanity, at which the Pharisees were so unutterably amazed, only betokened a yet more amazing wonder, the intense concern, the inexhaustible compassion of God himself.

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REMINISCENCES OF REV. DR. NICHOLS.

A PERUSAL at this late day, for the first time, of the little memorial volume, "Remembered Words," from the sermons and letters of the late Dr. Nichols of Portland, has recalled most pleasantly the remembrance of two or three charming days, passed at his hospitable home during the summer of 1851. Having previously had no personal knowledge of him, except from listening to his profound discourse before the Alumni of the Divinity School in Cambridge, I was prepared to find him merely a scholar; a person in whose presence one might have a painful sense of inferiority. Never did such an idea take its flight more instantaneously than did this on hearing his first salutation, so kind, so paternal. The metaphysician, the stranger, became at once the friend; and, before the second day had ended, the heart had spoken to him from some of its deep places.

He and his nearest friend could not have fully appreciated the pleasure they gave in that brief season, nor have realized that it would often recur to the memory of their guest as a privileged period. Many a wayside flower may the Christian drop unconsciously as he passes on, to be woven by some unknown hand into its life-garland of beauty and fragrance. Were all but faithful to their opportunities, the desert might indeed blossom as the rose.

During that visit, Dr. Nichols conversed much in his study with another guest, an aged clergyman, who was also a man of much thought, on subjects of such a nature, that, as the latter afterward said, his mind had not for a long time experienced such quickening as it had done from these conversations with Dr. Nichols.

How beautiful was this union of scholarship and profound thought with those sweet, genial, and Christian graces, which put the stranger at ease, and adorn the home! Would that the combination were not so rare!

As for the volume which introduced these reminiscences, it seems peculiarly fitted to be a daily companion, lying on one's table, ready to be taken up at any moment. It contains gems of thought and Christian experience; exhortation, encouragement, and consolation. Many of the sentences are so condensed as to be easily retained in the mind, and act as a stimulus to high

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endeavor. It would be an excellent gift-book to the bereaved. The paragraph suggested by the passage, "The people said it thundered; others said, an angel spoke to him," is full of beauty and inspiration. Many a mourning heart must testify to its truth. The friends to whom we are indebted for this collection of choice passages have done a good work, and deserve our thanks.

†

FINISHING THE WORK.

"Let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." — *Second Inaugural Address of* PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WHILE men, with ceaseless strife, in Church and State,
About the means of doing good contend;
The wounded man is left unto his fate,
And, in the means, forgotten is the end.
Lo, for a thousand years, the Church has striven
To guide the nations in their heavenward way;
But, by conflicting sects and dogmas, riven,
Too oft, alas! her light has led astray.
And lo the State, still struggling to be free,
Oft wastes the precious years in wordy strife;
Forgetting the great end of Liberty,
And the great work of every nation's life,
To raise the low, instruct the darkened mind,
And live in lasting peace with all mankind. J. V.

RAPPINGS RAPPED.

CONCORD is just as idiotic as ever in relation to the spirits and their knockings. Most people here believe in a spiritual world, which no respectable junk-bottle which had not met with a slip would condescend to contain even a portion of for a moment, — whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would blackball. Their evil genius is seeing how it can

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degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs, is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things which they believe, I should make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather. Where *are* the heathen? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet, I suppose, there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa, with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise, — the rainbow and the evening, — the words of Christ, and the aspirations of all the saints! Hear music! see, smell, taste, feel, hear, — any thing, — and then hear these idiots, inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, "Please, spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table"!!!!!! — *Thoreau's Letters.*

JESUS CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

The one thought which I wish to make clear, and impress deeply on your minds, is briefly this, that the man of Nazareth is the fountain of all our best religious ideas, — our ideas of God and of human nature; not the only source of religious truths (I do not mean that), not the only mediator. There is not an atom that exists that does not tell us of the Unseen, that does not mediate between the human soul and the things invisible and eternal.

But in all history, in all nature, the cardinal fact is the life of Jesus, — his personal life. There is that obscure Nazareth, in that far-off land, —

> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross, —

there, on the bloody mount of Calvary, burns the central light. There is the key to the whole great mystery. Just as we take the history of that one life, as we think of Jesus, and appreciate his word and work, his doing and enduring, so do we learn to think of the Supreme Object, and to know his will and our duty.

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There is the light, illuminating the whole sphere of our vision, of which most of the lights that men are now following — so far as they really are lights — are only the pale reflections. — *W. H. Furness, D.D.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

The Plain Talks consist of nine lectures which Dr. Holland has delivered before Lyceums in various parts of the United States. He has a popular and homely and very forcible way of putting things. He sometimes uses the keenest satire against popular sins and follies. He makes no attempt at fine writing, but throws out a constant stream of common sense, set off with figures and illustrations, which send it home to the common mind and heart with much point and humor. His subjects are Self-help, Fashion, Work and Play, Working and Shirking, High Life and Low Life, The National Heart, Cost and Compensation, Art and Life, The Popular Lecture. These Lectures were received with much favor when delivered, and now make a very racy and readable volume.

S.

Life and Character of J. H. Van der Palm, D.D. Translated from the Dutch. By J. P. WESTERVELDT. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Van der Palm was a divine of the Dutch Reformed Church, distinguished in his own country and time for learning, piety, and eloquence. He was born at Rotterdam in 1763; was educated at the university of Leyden, where he became Professor of Oriental Languages and Antiquities, and of Sacred Poetry and Eloquence. The Life is written by an ardent admirer, and in a high strain of eulogy. Appended are ten Sermons of Van der Palm, very florid and devout, and, though without any freshness of originality, written in an eloquent and flowing style, and which must have been very effective with the charm of delivery which his biographer ascribes to him.

S.

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The Poetry of the Orient. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Alger here finds a subject congenial with his tastes and his somewhat oriental fancy. The Historical Dissertation, comprising ninety-two pages, illustrating the distinguishing characteristics of Eastern poetry, with copious quotations, is written with the best qualities of Mr. Alger's style, and warmed and vivified with his glowing imagination. His analysis of the genius of the Supis is very charming, a theme where he is evidently at home. In the "Specimens," which comprise the second portion of the volume, we are disappointed. They are short and epigrammatic, and abound in wit and fancy, but they do not fulfil the expectations raised in the introductory dissertation. They answer, however, the main purpose of the volume. They give the reader some conception of the genius of the Orient, and make him desire a more intimate acquaintance with it. S.

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare: with an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865.

The reader may have learned, from a brief article in the body of this number of the journal, our high appreciation of this volume. It tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning the life and character of the great dramatist, and that in an altogether pleasant and satisfactory way. An ardent admirer of Shakespeare, Mr. White is not also a blind idolater of this king of writers; especially is he free from the fond imagination, that all wisdom is hidden in his words, and must needs be found in them. The book is admirably printed, and in every way made readable, as such a book ought to be. E.

Lyrics of Life: by ROBERT BROWNING, Ticknor & Fields; is the fourth of the illustrated series which these Publishers have published as "Companion Poets for the People." They are in a cheap, portable form, and are the choicest of English poetry. Two more volumes are announced as nearly ready. They are good little books for one to take with him on a journey with the contingency of long stops at railway stations, or to fill up any leisure moments with the golden melodies of the language.

S.

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A Poem by R. A. Fuller, Esq., commemorating the fallen soldiers of the town of Weston, and delivered at a memorial service held for that purpose, has been published by order of the selectmen of the town. The writer, we understand, has a poem on kindred themes, descriptive of the war and its victims, thoroughly patriotic, and abounding in humor and pathos, delivered elsewhere, and fitted for Lyceum occasions. The following extract is from his published poem: —

"And there were martial forms who went away
And bade farewell, — but greet us not to-day!
And yet the muse has not a heart to weep
For heroes who so nobly fell on sleep.
Weston with tenderness their fallen brave
Has brought and made at home their martyr-grave,
Where bloom their laurels of immortal sheen,
And tears shall keep the sod for ever green,
With kindred care; — and who is not akin
With those who died their country's cause to win?
That country is their mother; all the free,
While time endures, are their posterity.
Sleep where they may; — in green Earth's quiet breast
Unknown, or in the church-yard here at rest;
Or in Mount Auburn's consecrated shade, —
To them through time be grateful honor paid!
Their fitting epitaph a poet wrote:
'The brave' — these are his touching words I quote —
'Die never. Being deathless, they depart
To change their country's arms for more — their country's heart.'"

Recollections of Seventy Years. By MRS. JOHN FARRAR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The reader will not find a book of more agreeable gossip than this, if that word can be applied to well-told anecdotes of things and characters with which every person, at all conversant with English literature, has a living interest. Mrs. Farrar passed her early life in France and England, became acquainted with many of the distinguished characters of those days, treasured up a fund of information, personal and general, and now that those characters are dismissed from the scene, she can publish it without any violation of propriety, in a few instances suppressing names or giving fictitious ones. These anecdotes refer to Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. and Mrs. Opie, Benjamin West, George the Third, Elizabeth Fry, Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, Crabbe, Buxton, Joanna

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Bailie, Miss Edgeworth, the Princess Charlotte, Mrs. Somerville, and many others. Her descriptions are made with charming simplicity, abound with incidents of travel, and illustrations of English customs and social life half a century ago. S.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1866.

Mr. Spencer has brought together within these covers two articles from the "Westminster Review" of April and July, 1865: the one, devoted to an exposition and candid examination of Comte's philosophy; the other, occupied with a survey of some of the later speculations of the modern expounder of Positivism, especially in his character of Hierophant or Priest of the new faith. The book contains as much as the general reader will need or care to know about Comte's opinions, and from an admirable expositor. Mr. Mill has rendered a very important service to short-lived and care-burdened men in preparing this *résumé;* and Mr. Spencer is to be commended, and should have his reward, for rescuing such valuable matter from the receiving tomb of old reviews. E.

Songs of Seven. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

They are songs of human life from childhood's days of freedom and gladness, to the time when our eyes are turned forward and upward to the heavenly city; and they are simple and sweet, not as joyful in their ending as one might desire, and yet true to much human experience. Messrs. Welch, Bigelow, & Co. have set forth the stanzas in the best style of their noble art, and have made, with the aid of the artist's pencil, a very pleasant gift-book for the sevens and the seven times sevens, and those who are on the way from the beginning to the ending of our mortal life, and through the lights and the shadows of earth. E.

We have received from Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, "Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson." We promise ourselves much pleasure in reading and calling the attention of our readers to volumes that have long been eagerly looked for. E.

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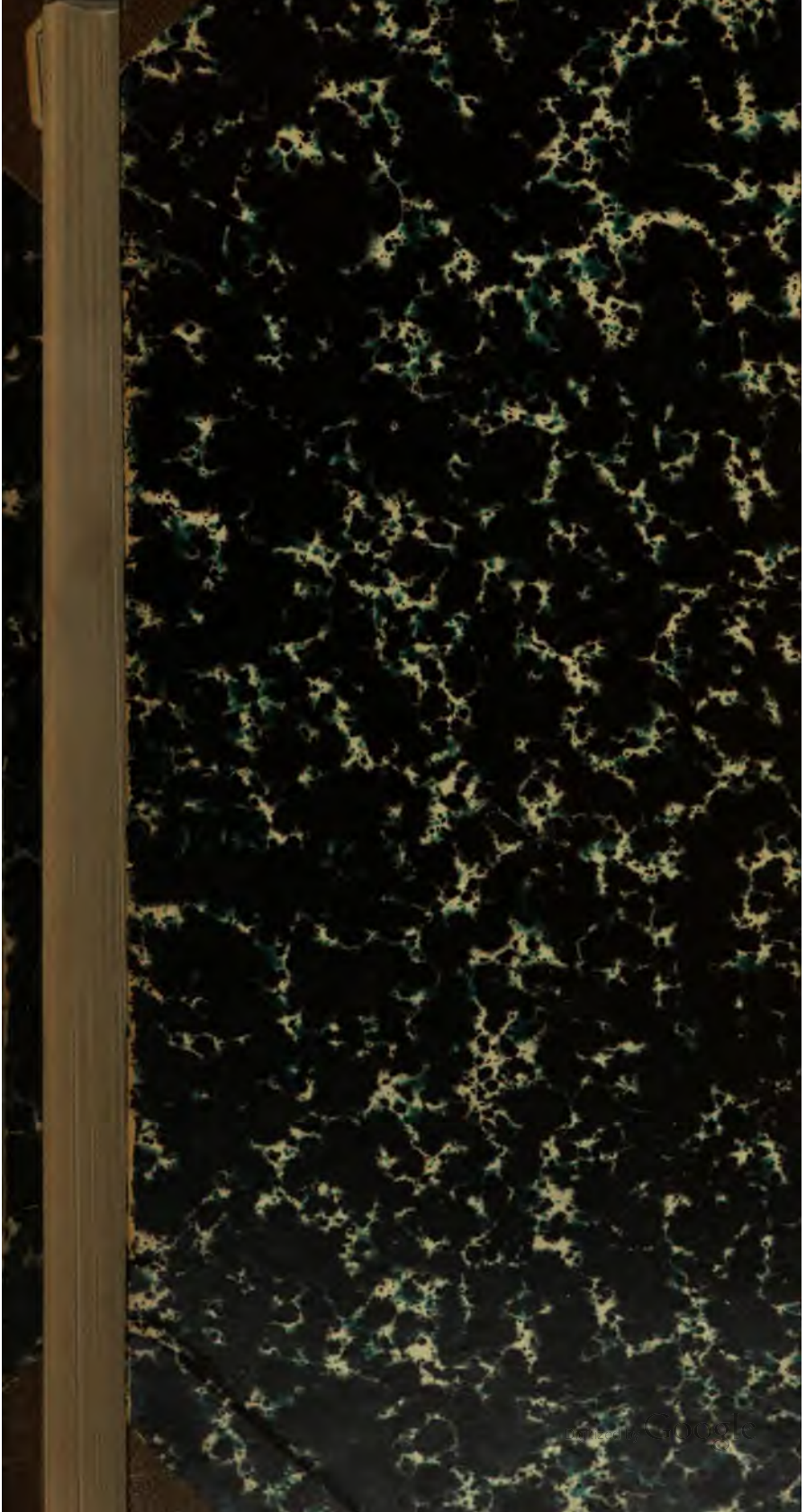
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